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1914

THE MOUNTAINEER

GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
MOUNT STUART
VOLUME VII · 1914

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Volume Seven

Nineteen Hundred Fourteen

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LAKE MC DERMOTT *L. T. Neikirk*

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Greetings:

From

Chief Eagle Calf

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ECWKT NPYI ECWKT NTCY ECWKT
CNTPY. HEGNGT MCTKCE MYTPY
OGTPYGNI. ETKNSE, OGIPYKNE
HEGTREY.OGGPE NPYI. HEGOGYAE
MGSPG MIYTKPGE OKGE
HEGPMSI IGOTEIEGPGE, APEYI
MEGKGE GOGTGE. .
NMGTIMTK, MEGKGE, O-KY.
NMGTIMTK, INGOE IMKGTPY
OGNYE.
NEI-PT-NG-TI.

Listen, Old Man! Listen, Sun! Listen, All Above People! Give to all Mountaineer people full life. Make their bodies strong to enjoy the Great Outdoors which their spirits crave. Old Man, give them strong legs and sure feet. Help them to hear the Great Spirit speaking in the mountain tops.

We welcome you Mountaineers. O-ky! Ever welcome in Glacier National Park of the great land of the Red Men.

Chief Eagle Calf.

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The Mountaineer

Volume Seven Seattle, Washington Nineteen Fourteen

A LITTLE HISTORY OF GLACIER NATIONAL PARK

WILLIS GIBSON

IN the matter of dates the American Indian as an historian is very vague. By the accounts of their old chiefs the Blackfeet nation first hunted in, and laid claim to, that section of the Rocky mountains of Montana which today has been made Glacier National Park, "many generations ago." Somewhere in that long-ago time, according to these old chiefs, Sour Spirit descended from his Lodge of the Sun, and taught the Blackfeet how to shoot straight with the bow and arrow, how to build commodious tepees, and how to slaughter the buffalo, herds at a single chase, by driving them through brush-built runways and over precipices—and then, before his return to the Sun, for an inspiration to the tribesmen, by magic wrought the likeness of his face on the granite crest of Going-to-the-Sun Mountain. Following on Sour Spirit's visit, their historians have it, the Blackfeet much of the time dwelt in great prosperity in and about the Glacier Park country, camping along the lower reaches of the Swiftcurrent, the St. Mary, and the Two Medicine, securing quantities of buffalo in the valleys and on the plains, and ranging through the mountains in famous forays after bears, moose, and goats, looked up to by all of the neighboring nations because they possessed the finest skins, lived in the most handsome tepees, and dined on the most toothsome game.

Eighteen hundred and fifteen is the first authentic date that can be set down in the history of the Glacier Park country. In that year Hugh Monroe, a youth of seventeen, commissioned to establish trade relations with the Blackfeet hunters, arrived from the north, with a Blackfeet party visited the St. Mary lakes, and became the first white man to glimpse the mountains of Glacier Park. Monroe took up his abode with the Blackfeet, married a Blackfeet maiden, and was given the name of Rising Wolf—for him, in later years, Rising Wolf mountain was named. In 1846, while accompanied by the missionary, Father De Smet, Monroe christened the St. Mary lakes. During the sixties and seventies Monroe, now become a free trader, in company with his family, maintained a permanent camp at the mouth of the

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Swiftcurrent. Monroe, however, at no time was an explorer or a mountain climber; during his life he penetrated into the present park only for insignificant distances.

In 1869, a little party of prospectors, Joseph Kipp, John Wrenn, Charles Thomas, and another, bound from Fort Benton to Canada and following the Rocky mountain trail, made a detour to the head of Upper St. Mary Lake—after Monroe the first white men to glimpse the peaks 'roundabout Going-to-the-Sun Camp.

The years of the late seventies and the early eighties were important years in the history of the Glacier Park region. They marked the passing of the Blackfeet as the overlords of the Montana Rockies, the establishing by Uncle Sam of that tribe on the Blackfeet Reservation, and the making of the treaties between the several interested tribes and the Government that transformed northern Montana and Glacier Park's mountains along with it from Indian territory into Government lands and led, later on, to the mountains being incorporated into the Flathead National Forest.

The early eighties were notable also because it was in this period that J. W. Schultz and Dr. George Bird Grinnell took the first steps toward the exploration of the Glacier Park mountains. Schultz, a sportsman, writer, and "out-of-doors" man, in 1882 settled on the Blackfeet Reservation with the purpose of making a book about that tribe, and in the autumn of that year paid a visit to the St. Mary lakes, and climbed and named Flattop Mountain. Much impressed with the region, Schultz interested Grinnell, then the owner of "Forest and Stream," and between 1883 and 1888 Schultz and Grinnell in successive expeditions—accompanied at different times by George Gould of Santa Barbara, Henry L. Stimson, in after years Secretary of War; Lieut. J. H. Beacom, U. S. A.; J. B. Monroe, William Jackson, Wm. H. Seward, Jr., and Yellow Fish of the Blackfeet tribe—thoroughly explored a good share of the Park on the eastern side of and along the summit of the Continental Divide, scaled a great many of the Park's mountains and glaciers, and gave to many of the peaks the names that they bear today. A Schultz-Grinnell party in 1884 accomplished a successful expedition to the headwaters of the Swiftcurrent, in the course of which Grinnell Glacier and Grinnell Mountain were named in honor of Grinnell, and Appekunny Mountain was christened after Schultz, Appekunny (Spotted Robe) being the name given him by the Blackfeet. In 1888, again, a Schultz-Grinnell expedition carried out another noteworthy exploration—this time of the mountains about the headwaters of the St. Mary River. Gould Mountain, Stimson Mountain, Seward Mountain, and Mount Jackson perpetuate the members of these parties. By their writings concerning their discoveries and adven-

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CHIEF EAGLE CALF

He is a Carlisle graduate and interpreter for the Glacier National Park Blackfeet Indians—the same chief shown in the frontispiece.

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A. H. Denman

NYACK LAKE CAMP Crossing Dawson Pass, on the Continental Divide, and dropping down into Nyack Canyon, the Mountaineers found a charming camping site beside Nyack Lake. A peak yet unnamed looms in the distance.

tures during these years Schultz and Grinnell did much to acquaint the people of the United States with the wonders of the Glacier Park region.

In the early nineties the Great Northern Railway came to the Glacier Park country. On its way westward from St. Paul to Seattle the Great Northern carried its transcontinental track up the Marias River to Marias Pass in the Continental Divide, and thence pushed it on westward through the main range of the Rockies, following first Bear Creek and afterward the middle fork of the Flathead River, and so for some sixty miles skirted the south peaks of Glacier Park's mountains.

As a result of the coming of the railway Lake McDonald, on account of its nearness to Belton station, became the objective for occasional sportsmen and sightseers; the Glacier Park region began to become more or less known as the Lake McDonald country.

In 1895 Dr. Lyman B. Sperry, a pioneer "See-America-First" man, originally a professor at Oberlin College, and later a writer and lecturer of note on travel, visited Lake McDonald. For eleven years after that Dr. Sperry was a tireless and invaluable campaigner on

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P. M. McGregor

LAKE ST. MARY — Rugged mountain buttresses, long forested slopes with glimpses of low hills beyond, make up the varied panorama which greets the voyager on Lake St. Mary.

behalf of the Glacier Park region—through the summers an enthusiastic explorer of, and guide to, the mountains and glaciers, and through the winters, both from the lecture platform and in the press, an eloquent disseminator of publicity concerning them. Dr. Sperry superintended, and with his own hands built much of, the horse-trail from Lake McDonald up to the glacier which was named for him, and also cooperated with the forest rangers in the construction of the first trail across Gunsight Pass. He was one of the first to advocate Glacier National Park.

In 1905-1906 the movement toward the creation of Glacier National Park began to take shape in earnest. Because of the relative familiarity of the people at large with that section of the region, it was at first proposed to set aside only Lake McDonald and the peaks immediately on the north and east of it; however, through the efforts of those who had adventured through the wonderful land along the crest of the Divide and on the east side of it, the boundaries of the proposed national playground were presently fixed as they are today. The original bill for the creation of the Park was introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Carter of Montana in 1907. After nearly three years of strenuous effort on the part of its friends the Park bill became a statute on May 11, 1910, and Glacier National Park became an actuality.

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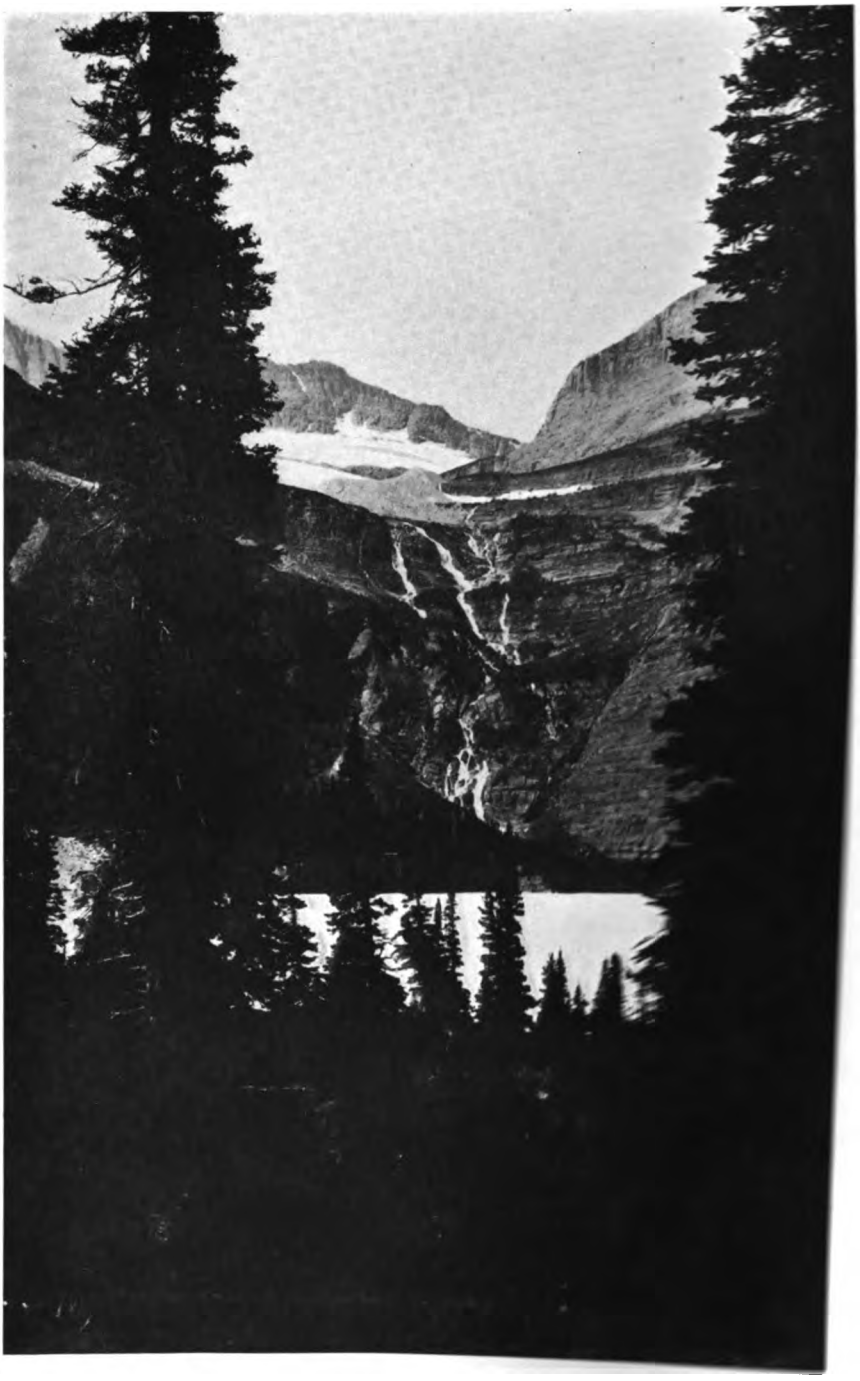

GRINNELL LAKE

The lake, named for [illegible] the trail to Lake McDermott. The lake is fed by Grinnell Falls, which flow from [illegible]. A party of Mountaineers crossed the [illegible] explored the upper slopes of the [illegible] from above.

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THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK OUTING

MARION RANDALL PARSONS

THE GLACIER NATIONAL PARK in Montana, created in 1910, stretches from the Canadian border southward along the apex of the Rocky mountains for about fifty miles. It embraces the headwaters of rivers that flow across the width of the Continent and reach tidewater in the Pacific ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and Hudson's Bay. To most of the one hundred and fifteen Mountaineers who enjoyed the 1914 outing in this park the Rocky mountains were unknown ground, and their sculpture and coloring, their forests of low-growing and slender trees, and their open character, with wide horizons revealed at every rise in the trail, were both novel and interesting.

Our long railroad journey brought us to the eastern portal of the park, Glacier Park Station, about noon of August second, and after lunching on Midvale Creek we started at once upon the trail. Behind us lay a wide brown plain; ahead hills of green and brown rolled up toward low rocky summits. Woods of firs and two-leaved pines and groves of aspens shaded our trail, which was bordered with gay gardens of paintbrush, asters, gaillardias, and harebells.

From our comfortable camp on Forty Mile Creek next morning we caught our first glimpse of the wild life that was to add so much to the interest of the trip—two bighorn sheep on Bison Mountain, silhouetted against the sky. Our climb up the high ridge above camp gave us glimpses of Lower Two Medicine Lake and of the brown plain to eastward. Later, as we reached the divide, we overlooked Two Medicine Lake with its gray guardian, Rising Wolf Mountain, and the wilder group of mountains at its head. Some of the party turned aside here to climb Mount Henry (8,875 feet), an interesting ascent, though the smoke from a forest fire prevented full enjoyment of its fine view.

At Two Medicine Lake is one of the established camps, an attractive chalet whose veranda overlooks the lake and the high pyramid at its western end, Mount Rockwell. One of the novel features of this outing was the contrast between our free life of the trail and the comparative conventionality of these camp hotels. They are conducted with admirable simplicity, however, and had always a cordial welcome for our vagabond crew. Many a party we met, afoot or horseback, traveling through the park from chalet to chalet and enjoying its beauty to the full. It is remarkable what has been accom-

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plished in the way of development in four years. I know of no other national park where the interests and convenience of the traveling public are so considered.

We were up and away early in the morning over the trail toward our first crossing of the Continental Divide at Dawson Pass. Beyond the lake and the open meadow under Pumpelly Pillar climbing began in earnest, over 2,500 feet of steep trail under a hot noonday sun. But in recompense came the exhilaration of the higher mountains—the sheer cliffs and boldly sculptured summits, the glimpses of snow-fields, the growing wealth of meadow flowers as we pushed upward where spring lingered.

The wind had been blowing gustily all morning, but as we approached the Pass in the early afternoon we faced a furious gale against which we had to brace ourselves with all our strength. Hats went sailing merrily aloft, and falling far below us, close to the edge of precipices, became the quarry of many a spirited chase. One blast of particular violence actually blew five stalwart Mountaineers off their feet. The blazed way down through the dense brush and timber to Nyack Canyon was hard enough for Mountaineers but doubly hard for the pack-train. Long after we had reached the canyon floor the animals could be seen high above us slowly making their way down the steep wall. It was after dark before the whole train was in; one horse, indeed, was not located until morning. We ate a belated dinner by firelight with the moon looking down on us over Mount Helen and filling the whole upper end of the canyon with misty white radiance.

It is strange what a world of difference lies between one's first impression of a wayside camp and the feeling with which one bids it goodby. Nyack camp had little charm for us that night. Its sandy commissary, the bunch of willows that served as dormitory, the wind that chilled us to the bone and made us yearn for tardy dunnage bags, all seemed to promise irksomeness and discomfort for our portion during the day of enforced rest which followed. But the alchemy of the mountains changed the dun prophecy of the evening into a day of golden memories: the dawn with its white banners of light streaming from Mount Helen and Mount Morgan; the bathing pool with its boulder-strewn shore; the laundry scenes; the long afternoon of drowsy idling; the fun and jollity and picturesqueness of the Indian pow-wow campfire; the porcupine that walked by night and furnished such fruitful material for our rhymesters.

In Nyack Canyon, too, the confused impressions of the new scenes began to assume more familiar form, and the beauty of the Rocky mountains to impress itself more cogently upon us. Apart from their unaccustomed forms and sculpture—their pyramidal summits, precipitous cliff ramparts, and sloping bases of shale—their infinitely

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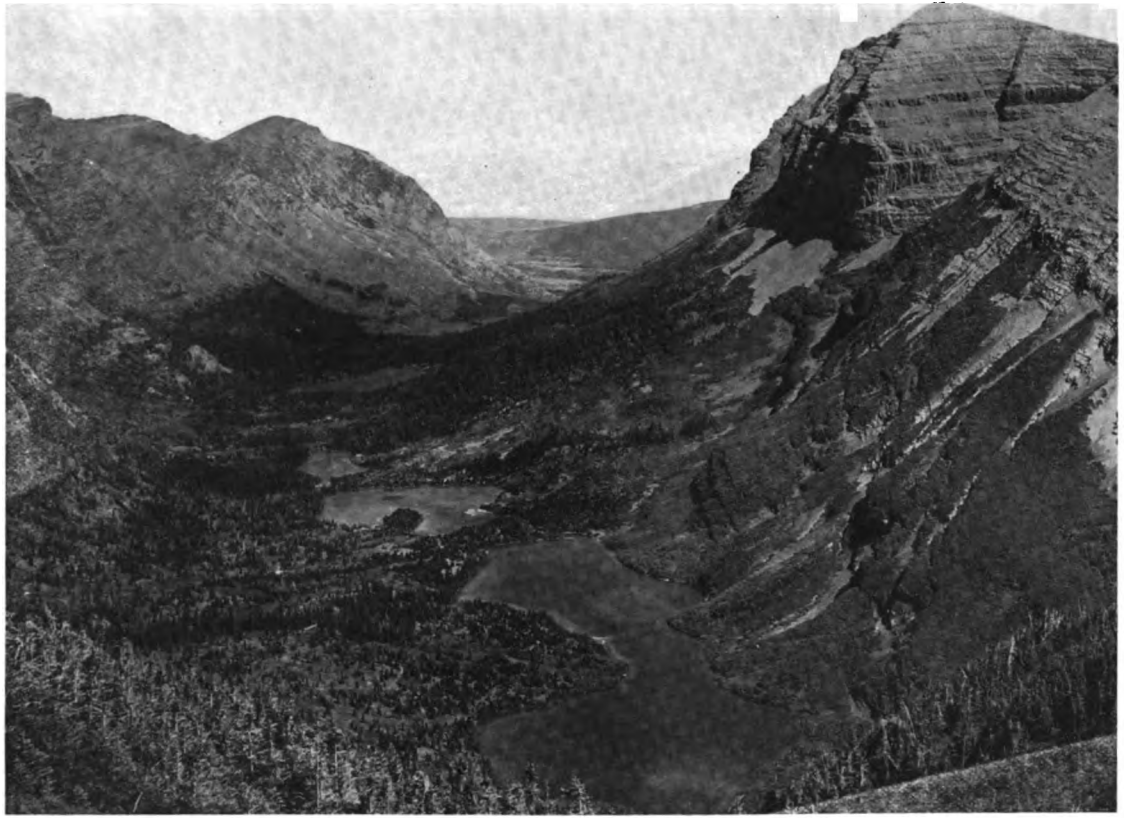

A. H. Denman

CHAIN OF LAKES FROM SWIFTCURRENT PASS

After leaving Lake McDermott one is repaid for the steep climb up the Swiftcurrent trail by the wonderful view. The rugged summits of the walls, the dark green of the forested slopes, and the exquisite coloring of the series of unnamed lakes, make a picture of unusual beauty. Lake McDermott lies around the shoulder of rock at the right.

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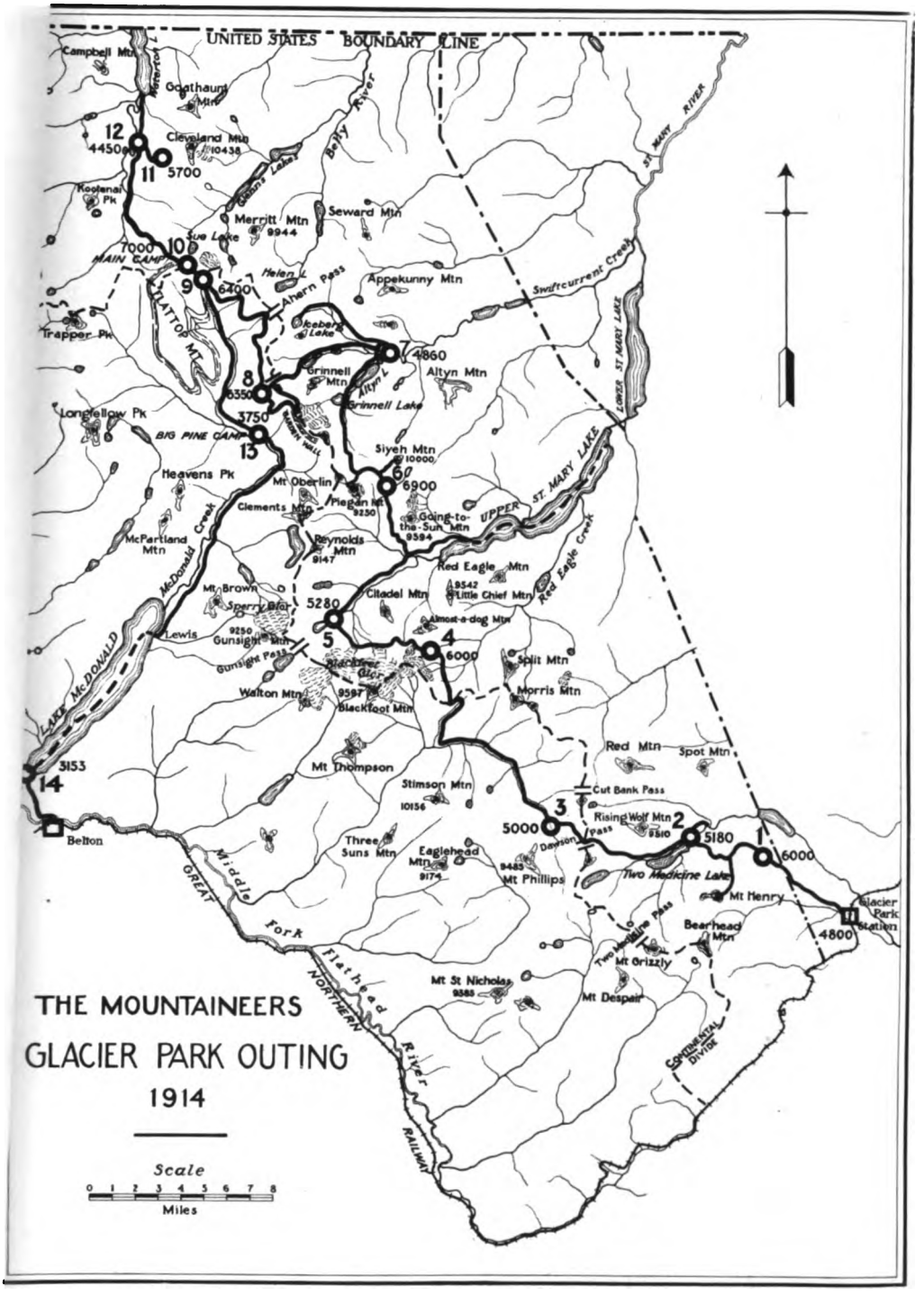

Done by R. H. McKee and M. D. Hargrave

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varied color is perhaps the most striking feature of the Rockies. Their stratified limestone walls show tones of brown, green, yellow, red, and gray, further diversified by the white of waterfalls and snow-fields and patches of glacial blue. Their lower slopes, frequently very steep, are clothed in varying shades of green, the dark tones of fir and spruce, the bluish green of willow patches, and the brilliant vernal green of meadows and alder thickets. Many of the trees are familiar to Washington and California eyes—Douglas fir, two-leaved pine, mountain pine, white-barked pine, hemlock, cottonwood, and aspen. Less familiar are the western red larch, the Engelmann spruce, and a slender graceful birch. Blue harebells and yellow gaillardias were the most striking of the new flowers.

Our course next day lay down the Nyack Canyon for eight or ten miles. The forest in general was more luxuriant, the individual trees larger, than those on the eastern side of the range, though still stunted in comparison with the giants of Cascades or Olympics. Lovely twin-flowers, Linnæa borealis, the red berries of the dwarf dogwood, the blue, berry-like fruit of the clintonia, and frequent patches of ripe huckleberries, lent the charm of accustomed things to the new and strange scenes about us. The deep-cut sculpture of the stream bed is another attractive feature of this canyon. Its cascade-hung ledges and mossy banks, and its bright bed of many-colored rocks, patterned like a gay mosaic, made Nyack Creek one of the loveliest we saw in the park.

Where the canyon makes its wide swing to the southwest we left it to turn up a side canyon to another crossing of the Continental Divide at Red Eagle Pass. Behind us as we climbed rose Mount Stimson, indistinct, almost vision-like behind its blue veil of smoke. Beyond the pass lay an open plateau which sloped gently eastward from the steep cliffs of the summit peaks to the brink of a second precipice, walling a lower valley. A mile to the north lay a still higher bench that stretched upward to the Red Eagle Glacier. An unnamed, sharp-toothed peak on our left and Almost-a-Dog Mountain ahead were the most striking of the surrounding mountains.

Over the upper plateau, in, out, and round about, we now wandered, seeking a place to camp. On one side were sheltering trees; on the other a stream, but nowhere could we seem to find the combination of wood and water that spelled home. However, close under the wall of Almost-a-Dog, across the main glacial stream, we at length found shelter of a sort and a spring of clear water. A day's halt at this camp gave opportunity for a try-out trip on the Red Eagle Glacier and a lesson in coasting, as well as for a more comprehensive view of the beautiful Red Eagle plateau. On its higher levels tall 'outstanding piles of rock lent a picturesque ruggedness; next came smooth stretches with summer flowers still in the full flush of beauty—pink

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Marion Randall Parsons

TWO MEDICINE LAKE AND MOUNT ROCKWELL

The picture was taken from the veranda of the Great Northern Chalet about one half of a mile from the Mountaineers' camp. The Mountaineers followed a trail along the north side of the lake en route to Dawson Pass.

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and yellow mimulus, paintbrush, daisies, St. John's-wort, and the shaggy seed-heads of mountain anemones; still lower lay wooded slopes fringing the edges of the secondary precipice over which plunged several fine waterfalls.

The winds that all day had been blowing upon us rose higher during the night and brought with them a cold rain. Drearily enough we packed our damp dunnage, which was to meet us again at Upper

A. H. Denman

THE WHITE BARK PINE — Isolated specimens of trees modeled by the elements are one of the striking details of a mountain trip.

St. Mary Lake, and waited for the clouds to lift above the trail-less pass over which we were to adventure. The men presented somewhat the appearance of a band of dromedaries with mackintosh capes and other waterproof garments draped over their various-shaped knapsacks. The women, through the courtesy of Mr. Louis Hill of the Great Northern Railway, were to be provided with bedding at the Gunsight Camp.

Our course across the divide between the Red Eagle and Blackfeet glaciers was in the main an easy one, though above the first slope

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of shale rose a chimney where tenderfoot terrors ran high. With the aid of a rope and a helping hand here and there, all climbed it in safety, however, and gathered on the high shoulder above it for a brief rest. The Red Eagle country now lay beneath us with Split Mountain rising high on the east, a lovely picture where shifting sunbeams played in and out among dark cloud shadows. As we climbed higher snow began to fall, and soon the daisies and dainty yellow mimulus were blooming in fields of purest white. The top of the divide was a driving whirl of clouds and snow. Blackfeet Mountain, which we had hoped to climb, was hidden in clouds, and all the glorious features of our surroundings—Mount Jackson, Citadel, and the Blackfeet Glacier—came to us only in glimpses through the veil of rain and snow. So down over slopes of shale we hastened, through lovely park-lands, across glacial streams and moraines, to Gunsight Lake and Camp, a drenched and muddy but merry band. That night the heaviest rain of the outing fell, to make us doubly appreciate the shelter of the chalets and tents so generously given.

A morning's walk through a charming woodland brought us to lovely Upper St. Mary Lake where again we were the guests of the Great Northern on a launch ride. Like most of the lakes of this region St. Mary is long and sinuous, winding between wooded shores and outstanding ridges like a great placid river. Late afternoon saw us in a delightful camp about a mile below Piegan Pass. A clear bright stream with most commodious bathing pools; broad meadows starred with wonderful gentians of deepest blue; sheltering groves of fir and pine; and high mountain walls about us, made this, our home for two nights, one of the most beautiful and comfortable of all our camps.

We had rain again that night, but only a light shower which cleared into a morning of radiant beauty. We were to climb a mountain that day, but what with laundry duties and the distracting presence of the moving-picture man, it was near noon before seventeen of us started for Mount Siyeh (10,004 feet). For a while our way led through a rising meadow thinly forested with groups of fir and the picturesque branching pine first seen near St. Mary Lake, but soon we left the trail and began to climb the shaly flank of Siyeh. High on the ridge above us we saw a bighorn sheep and watched him leap from rock to rock along the crumbling precipice with envy of his strength and daring as a mountaineer. The climb was not hard; its chief difficulty arose near the base where to surmount an abrupt cliff barrier considerable scouting was necessary. After a short stretch of steep climbing and a longer but less precipitous slope where there was some danger of starting rocks, we were out on the open mountainside and the way was clear to the summit.

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A MOUNTAINEER CAMP-FIRE **An Indian pow-wow given in Nyack Canyon** ***L. D. Lindsley***

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The most interesting feature of Siyeh is a sheer precipice on its northern face that plunges down 4,200 feet to Cracker Lake. Broken openings or clefts in the rocky wall of the summit crest formed windows whence we could look down for thousands of feet upon the cliffs below. From Siyeh we gained our most comprehensive view of the park as a whole. On the northern horizon we could see Mount Cleveland, and nearer at hand Grinnell, Gould, and a portion of the Grinnell Glacier. Eastward, beyond a fine series of red ridges, a great sweep of brown plain was visible, broken here and there by the blue of a lake. Among the multitude of peaks to the south we identified Stimson, Almost-a-Dog, Citadel, Blackfeet, and Jackson; and along the brilliant western horizon rose the summits of Piegan and Pollock, alight with the prophecy of the coming sunset. Long shadows and the golden lights of late afternoon softened and glorified the whole and lent a rare charm to this, our only high summit of the trip.

We were now almost midway of the outing when the bright days, each grown brighter and gayer and more beautiful than the last as the friendliness of the mountain fellowship and the beauty of the mountain world weave their spell more strongly about us, seem to slip so fast to their close. No day of the summer was lovelier than the following when we crossed Piegan Pass. Some of the party, stimulated by our enthusiasm for Siyeh, climbed Piegan (9,230 feet), but to most of us the leisurely progress down Cataract Canyon with its wonderfully colored and precipitous cliffs, its groves and gardens and waterfalls, was pleasure enough. At Grinnell Lake we spent a long, lazy noon hour. The shadowed walls of Gould, the rocky face of Grinnell, the glimpse of the Grinnell Glacier between them, and the snowy cataracts streaming from the field of ice to the lake of glacial blue made a wonderful picture. Farther down the canyon lay Altyn Lake, dominated by the splendid front of Gould, and still farther, Lake McDermott, on whose northeastern shore we pitched camp for two nights.

McDermott is one of the most frequently pictured lakes of the park, but photographs do it scant justice. The pyramid-like spur of Grinnell, the dark mass of Gould, the splendid walls of serrated cliffs at the head of Cataract and Swiftcurrent canyons and above Iceberg Lake form a part only of its beauty. For the greatest charm of a mountain lake lies in its elusive quality of change. In all its varying phases—whether in still moments before dawn when sky and peaks and wooded shores are mirrored upon it, whether blue in morning sunlight or glancing with sunset gold, its glory of light and color is ever restless, beauty passing to new beauty in harmonious order with the leisurely progress of the day.

A short walk from this camp offered the most novel glacial feature of the trip; for however great the evidence of their work and glory in the past, to those familiar with the splendid glaciers of Rainier,

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Baker, or Olympus, most of the small residual glaciers of this misnamed park can not fail to be of minor interest. But at Iceberg Lake the tiny glacier at its high-walled upper end imitates the great ice-rivers of the Alaska fiords, and discharges miniature bergs into the turquoise waters.

The following morning we for the third time crossed the Continental Divide at Swiftcurrent Pass. We reached the pass about noon and were lunching on its western side when our attention was called to four bighorn sheep on the rocky wall to the north. They watched us with deliberate interest for perhaps ten minutes, when the approach of a camera-armed Mountaineer drove them from their point of reconnaissance and gave us a wonderful exhibition of their daring leaps from ledge to ledge. Later that afternoon while some of us were scrambling along the ridge to the south toward the Garden Wall, we started another bighorn, who took to the lower slopes to escape us and was last seen some two miles away scampering over a low divide into another watershed. But the most exciting incident of this big-game day occurred some half mile farther along on the western flank of Grinnell, when we discovered a large Mazama, or mountain goat, reposing on a ledge not more than fifty feet from us. He was amazingly cool about it, much more so than we were, indeed; for while we distractedly fished for cameras, forgot to set the shutter, or committed similar blunders, he rose, deliberately stretched himself, and strolled out of sight behind a ridge. Upon our giving chase he showed a little more distaste for our society, but throughout his unruffled retreat he was quite the most self-possessed individual of the company.

That was a glorious afternoon. We had swung across to the eastern side of the Continent to survey the little glacier that feeds the Swiftcurrent cascades, and then back again across the flank of Grinnell to a break in the Garden Wall whence we could view the Grinnell Glacier. From this high vantage-point we also overlooked the lovely meadows and groves of Granite Park and located two little lakes which irresistibly summoned us to swim, and whose waters seemed not only to cleanse and stimulate the body but to re-create in us a spiritual freshness and vigor as well.

We were now to leave the more frequented paths and strike northward for Flattop Mountain and "permanent" camp, delusively so called. The pack-train followed the Mineral Creek trail, while we ventured forth in line formation along the high bench north of Granite Park toward Ahern Pass. A trail follows this route also, but it was little we saw of trails or signs of them that day. Near the canyon that heads at Ahern Pass we encountered the first difficulties with brush and climbed down into the canyon over the tops of alders. But it was not until we had crossed this, and some of us had returned from a hasty side-trip to Ahern Pass, that the real stress of the day

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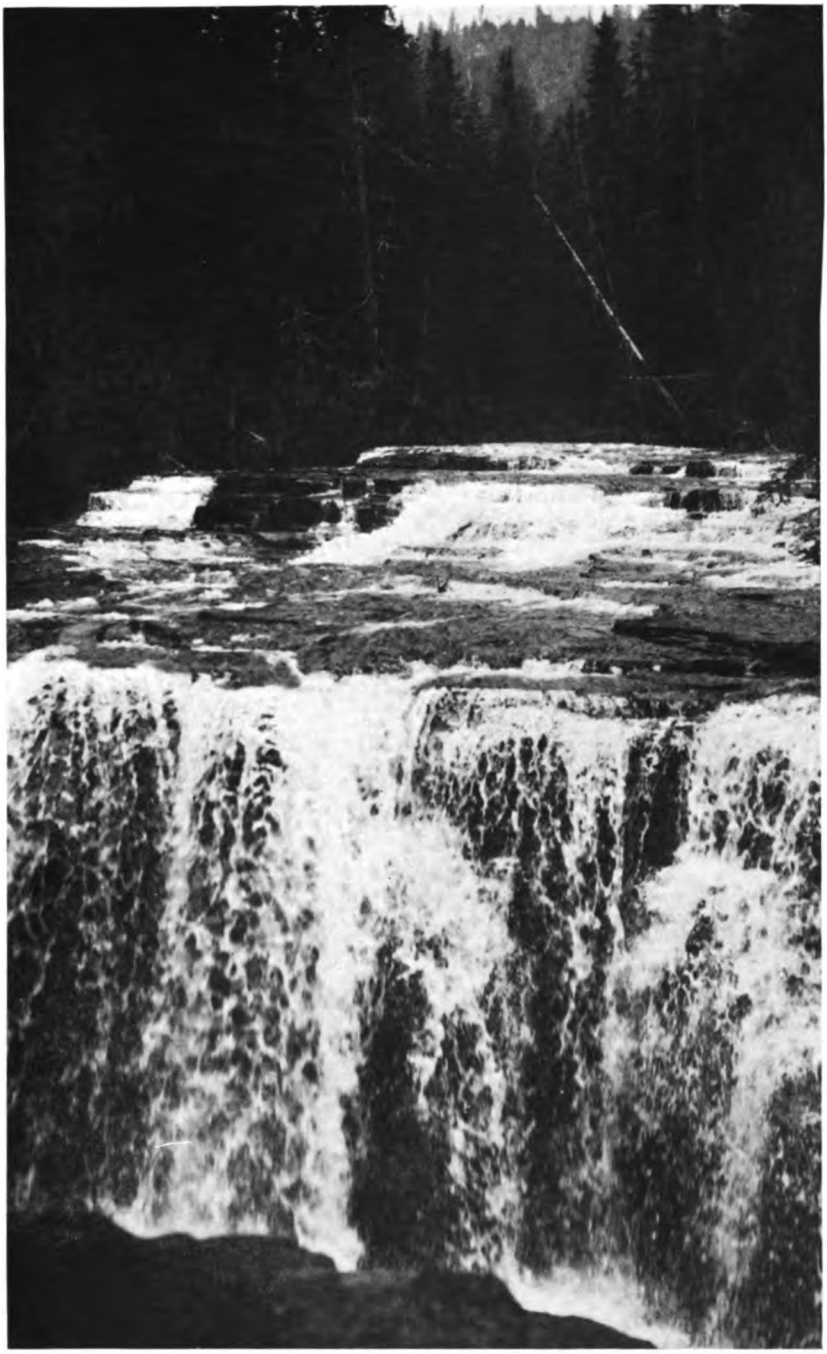

P. M. McGregor

NYACK FALLS

Following a forest trail through Nyack Canyon, one comes suddenly upon Nyack Falls. After a drop of some fifty feet it rushes on over a bed of flat, smooth rock so varied in color that it has the effect of a mosaic.

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began. After another plunge into a canyon over the tops of trees and bushes of amazing obstinacy, we faced a long upward scramble through patches of brush and along slippery grass slopes of most uncertain footing. The canyon streams, moreover, had gone dry, and the afternoon sun shone its hottest—only the tenderfoot pen could do justice to the thoughts that whirled and seethed in tenderfoot minds that day! A wonderful spring, that gushed forth from the mountainside a full-grown stream, put a period to the worst of the toil. Nevertheless it was near dark before the last straggler came to rest in the niche of Flattop Mountain that was christened the "Lame Duck Camp."

Higher on the plateau-like summit of Flattop another camp was located, a rather barren spot beside a tiny lake, and to it we moved next afternoon. It had a magnificent outlook, however, and its bleak appearance soon began to assume an aspect of comfort and homeliness under the hands of skilled camp-makers. Some of us, indeed, rather regretted the labor expended when we learned that those who wished to climb Mount Cleveland must start on the morrow. About thirty only of the hardiest Mountaineers signed for this trip, one which promised the spice of the unexpected, as we had to be prepared to knapsack if need be and none knew the route to the summit.

For about eight miles the way was clear, a well-traveled trail that led across Flattop and down Little Kootenay Canyon toward Waterton Lake. Just beyond camp we crossed another Great Divide, for Little Kootenay waters find the sea in Hudson's Bay. Noon found us at Reynold's, the ranger's cabin, where knapsacking promised to begin. To our surprise an old trail was located leading up the western flank of Cleveland, so the pack-train was able to accompany us all the way to temporary camp.

An interesting feature of this vicinity is the great rock slide of comparatively recent origin which blocks the entire bed of the southern fork of the stream on which we camped. For half a mile below the slide the stream bed is dry, then the water suddenly emerges again.

From our camp that evening we watched a glorious sunset behind the serrated crest of Porcupine Ridge where great beams of golden light struck across the brilliant clouds upward nearly to the zenith. But this splendid show marked the end of our triumphal progress, for midnight brought a rain upon us. The women's camp rose at daybreak, drenched and forlorn, to find the mountain storm-bound and inaccessible and all the men but the cook and the packer still abed. Down to the cabins we all hastily retreated after breakfast, and there spent the remainder of the day and night, our high enterprise resolved into an orgie of clothes- and blanket-drying, of biscuit- and cornstarch pudding-making, of story-telling and games of cards by candlelight.

A clearing sky next day incited some of us to include in our journey back to camp a trip to Waterton Lake, a peaceful, drowsy sheet of

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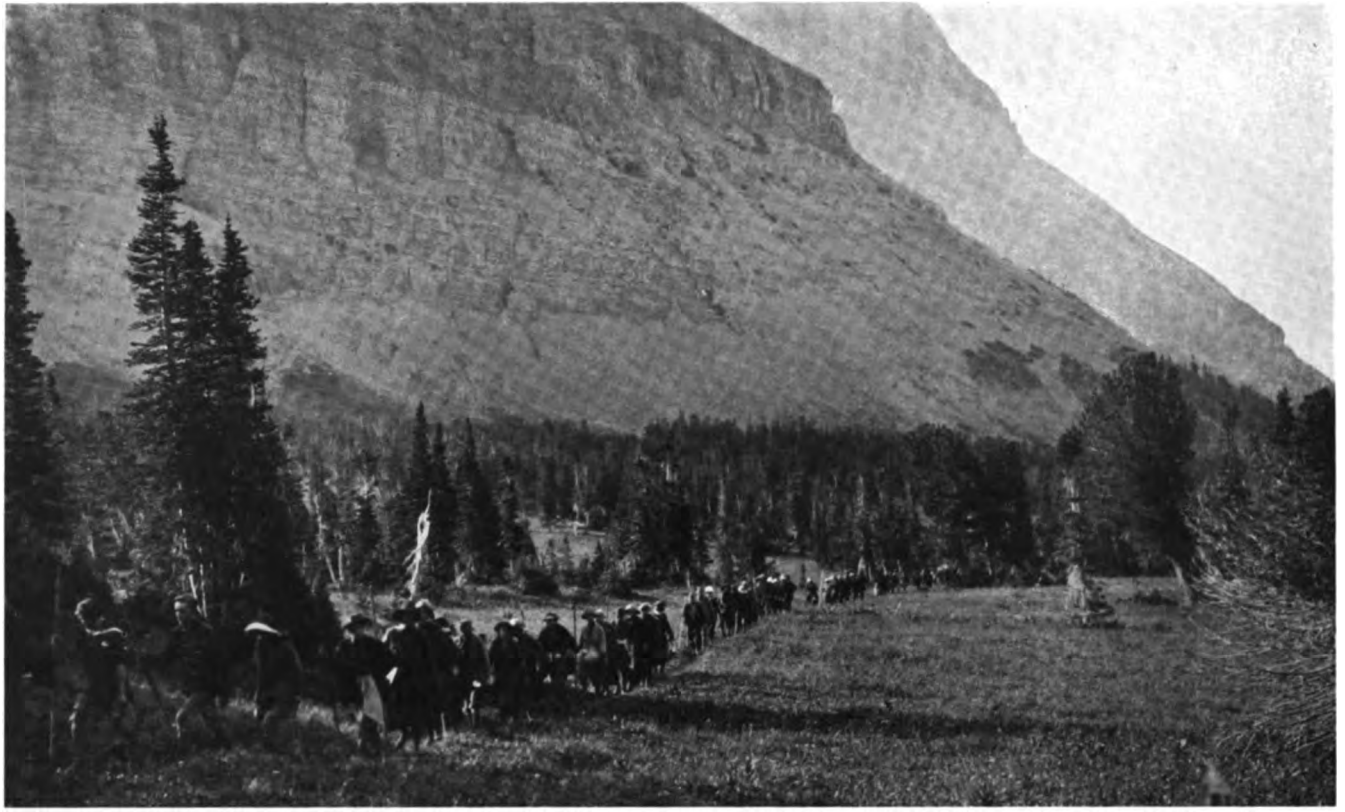

P. M. McGregor

MOUNTAINEERS LEAVING PIEGAN PINES

Piegan Pines, just below Piegan Pass, was one of the loveliest of camp-sites. The party is here shown en route to Lake McDermott, with the ascent of Piegan Mountain as a side trip. Some of the most precipitous hanging glaciers in the park are to be found high upon the rocky walls adjacent to the camp.

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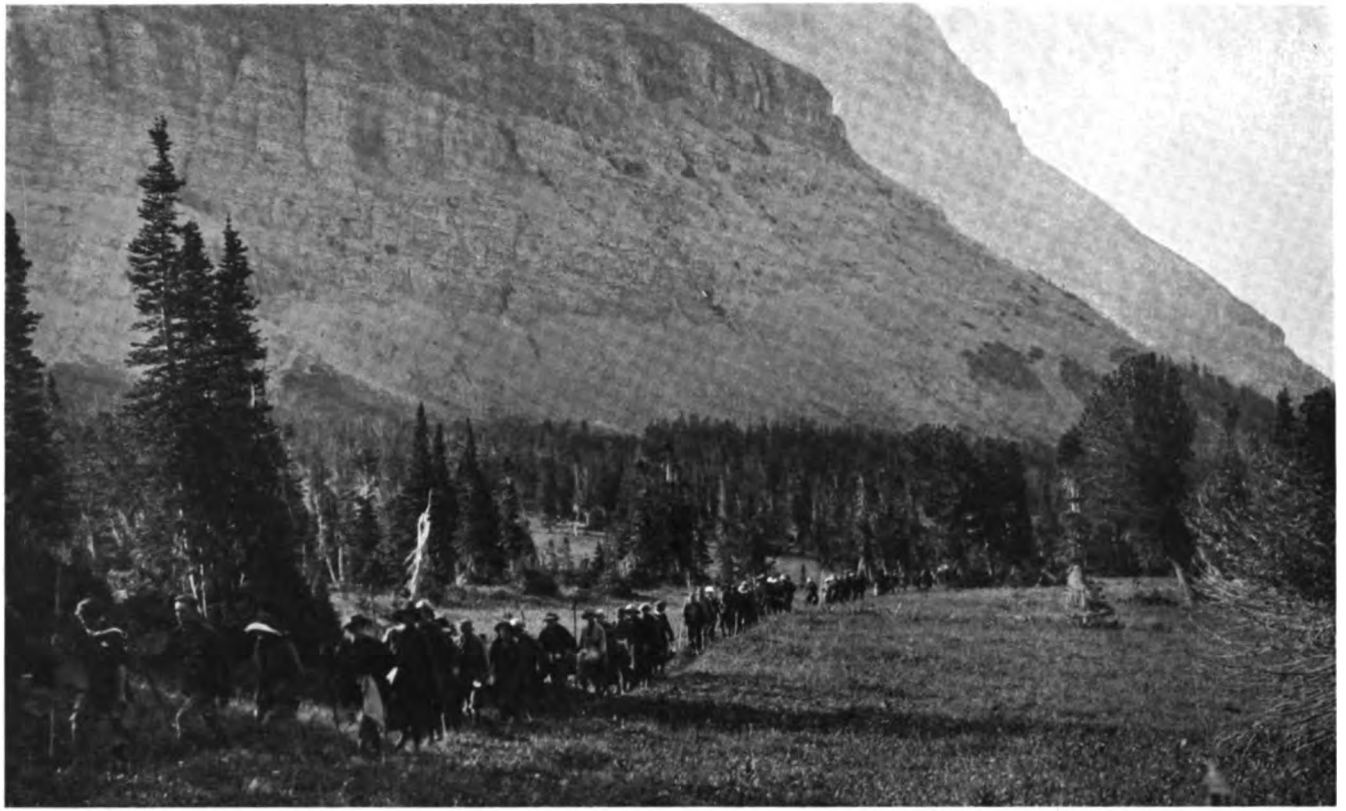

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it caused, but the cheerfulness and unselfishness and helpfulness it developed among the sufferers. A fair-weather Mountaineer is but a chechaco, after all, let him weather one outing or ten; only those who have struggled with nature at her worst and still find her fair are worthy of the name of Mountaineer.

Only a day or two now remained of the outing, the best of which was devoted to a trip to the Chaney Glacier. Across it we had a splendid view of the eastern face of Cleveland and far to the north, the brown wheat-lands of Alberta. A few of us crossed the glacier to Lake Sue, charmingly set in a rugged basin where small residual glaciers still hang. A sharp peak, resembling the Matterhorn, rose on the north, and behind us was a ragged pinnacle, as forbidding looking as the Milestone in the southern Sierra. Through a breach in the western wall a sunbeam fell upon the shadowed surface of the lake and shone there like a star in the evening sky. Then campward we turned, back across the glacier and the ridge above, with the range of western peaks shining before us in glorious array of sunset color—back to supper and camp-fire, the familiar, homely ending of mountain days.

Two evenings later we were in our last camp at the foot of Lake McDonald, the long miles down McDonald Creek, the trip to Avalanche Basin, and the barge ride down the lake all things of the past. The lake lay in a dreamlike calm before us, mirroring the forested shores, the mountains, and canyon at the upper end, and beyond them the crest of the Garden Wall, visited so many days before. As evening drew on the lake blue deepened. Wisps of clouds gathered and trailed across the mountains, and as we watched their deepening shadows a great dark storm-cloud swept down and hid them all. So wintry days come on, bringing work and cares, and the smoke and dust of cities; but for us the summer days still live, shining in memory as brightly as the mountains glowed in the early sunlight next morning, when we left the lake behind us on the homeward road.

RETURN OF PACK-TRAIN FROM CLEVELAND *C. R. Pritchard*

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R. E. Courson

A MOUNTAIN GOAT ON THE GARDEN WALL

A feature of Glacier Park is the opportunity for closer acquaintance with the wild animals. A party exploring the Garden Wall came within fifty feet of this splendid specimen of the mountain goat.

FORAGING IN NEW FALLEN SNOW

C. P. Fordyce

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P. M. McGregor

CHANEY GLACIER AND MOUNT CLEVELAND

The glacier lies northwest of the Flattop Mountain camp. Its crowning snow-field commands a magnificent view of the south side of Mount Cleveland, the highest peak in the park, gleaming in its coat of freshly fallen snow.

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O. J. Smith

THE UPPER SLOPES OF GRINNELL GLACIER

Rocky walls crown the upper slopes of the glacier. Its precipitous slopes and crevasses made excursions upon it too hazardous to be undertaken. This picture shows plainly the dark band of granite occurring at different heights on many of the peaks and ridges in the park.

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ICEBERG LAKE

MORTON J. ELROD

THIS is one of the most interesting natural formations of the park. The lake lies at the foot of stupendous cliffs, which surround it on all sides except to the northeast. The Continental Divide makes the summit of the cliffs for the greater portion. The remainder is formed by Mount Wilbur, an offset from the main divide, but connected with it. From the lake the appearance is of one continuous surface rim of ragged edge. There are between thirty and forty of these saw teeth.

The height of the rock rim above the lake is much greater than is supposed by the average visitor. It is doubtful if many begin to appreciate its height, which is not far from three thousand feet. It varies in places, of course. From the lake it appears almost vertical. As one becomes accustomed to heights and carefully measures each portion with his eye, one soon realizes the impressiveness of the wall of rock above the lake.

Should one climb over the top of the wall west of the lake, he would, on descending a short distance, find the trail leading from Swiftcurrent Pass trail to Ahern Pass. The trail is little used, is faint, and would probably be found only by the expert mountaineer or trailsman.

By climbing the slope of Mount Wilbur a splendid view of the lake and cliffs is to be had. The climb is easy. Some hopeful prospector has dug two tunnels into the cliffs of the mountain. Another is on the opposite side of the lake, extending into the rock of the main divide. These are abandoned and have fallen into decay. To the first two mentioned a trail leads by zigzag route up the loose shale and through the scrub timber.

The view amply repays for the climb. With every foot of elevation the lake and cliffs change. The lake appears lower down, the rock face higher. This is, I believe, invariably true of ascents in the mountains. As one stands at the foot and looks up the distance does not appear to be great. As one rises to a considerable height it seems very much farther from the top to the bottom than it did from the bottom to the top. The uncommon experience of looking from the higher position makes the more profound impression. This is the experience of all boys who have climbed trees, and of all men who have climbed mountains.

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From a high elevation the lake looks like a little turquoise gem set in the mountain. The blocks of ice resemble snowballs, and moving tourists and their horses look more like ants than human beings. With field-glasses things have better proportion, but goats on the opposite cliffs seem to be moving against a perpendicular wall.

About a third of the way up the slope of Wilbur is a shelf on the mountain face. This shelf is quite broad, is easily traversed for most of the way by goat or man, and extends almost entirely around the face of rock above the lake. It is blocked by three large snow-fields, but it is possible to cross these by making foot holes in the snow. Tom Scott, the guide, declares he has gone along this shelf, over the snow and across the chimneys, from the open shoulder of Wilbur to the face of the divide opposite. To reach the summit of Wilbur from this shelf is impossible, but it may be reached by continuing up the shoulder before mentioned.

To the right as one faces the lake, which is northwest, close inspection reveals a succession of small ledges, on which, at different elevations, the tourist may see mountain goats, from one to a dozen. These ledges make a regular stairway from the base to summit, over which one may pass by way of the big chimney. This has in former years been a great hunting place. It is only a question of climbing to get a shot at a goat. But to get the game down is and has been extremely difficult.

During the last evening I spent there many goats were seen on these shelves at different places. Our particular attention was directed to a nanny and her kid, high up, both apparently in a hurry. The mother would hurry along, turning now and then, face out, for a look. A golden eagle was circling back and forth, in and out, up and down. Although it was almost dusk the eagle's motion could be made out, even against the dark background of the rocks. It was the eagle, apparently, that was the nanny's object of vision. Scott says the kids are frequently attacked, knocked off the cliffs, and later eaten by eagles. When once they are taken and out of sight the mother pays no attention to them whatever. A nearby chimney seemed to offer a safe retreat for the goats, and we predicted they would be seen no more when once the protecting rocks were reached, which proved true.

The lake is like a large bowl. Until my last visit, in August, 1914, its depth was unknown. My little canvas boat was the first boat to float on its surface. The portion of the lake next the rocks is covered with ice. It looks as though half of the surface were ice covered. At the foot is a small moraine, perhaps fifteen feet high, of rather large-sized boulders. This extends almost the whole width of the lake. On the Wilbur side the shore is too steep for passage. On

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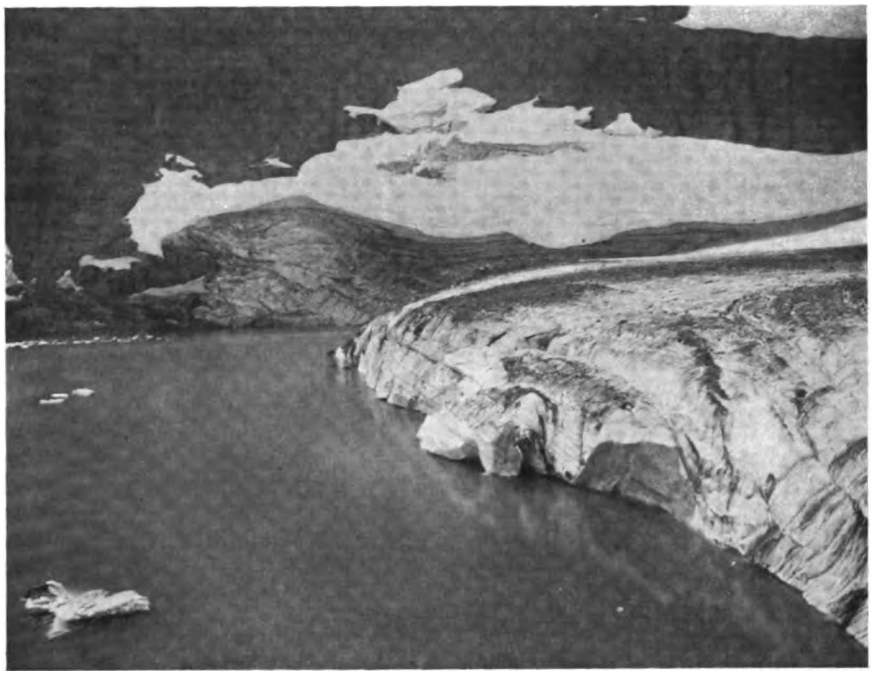

M. J. Elrod

THE ICE FRONT OF ICEBERG LAKE

In the water miniature icebergs are to be seen. The lower edge of the ice-field is discolored and dirty while above lies a newer and cleaner layer of snow ice. Above this is a rock wall one hundred feet or so to the next or upper layer of snow which lies on a shelf.

the divide lateral moraines and fallen rock make piles of debris over which one may travel to the ice. It is possible to climb around a great deal with perfect safety.

All along the whole range within the park is a seam of granite. It is a conspicuous feature of every peak, showing dark gray or almost black in contrast with the other rocks. On Siyeh it is near the top of the peak. It drops to the pass, or nearly so, at Piegan. It shows along Pollock and along the face of Gould. It has cost prospectors from $1,500,000 to $2,000,000, in time and expense, for this granite ledge was considered to be the bearer of precious metal, or at least of copper.

This seam of granite stands out prominently all along the rim at Iceberg Lake. At one place, for a considerable distance, it marks the rim summit, while at another it is nearly a thousand feet below the summit.

The pinnacles along the rock rim are quite imposing and stupendous. To one who has climbed around a little over mountains they look quite forbidding in some places. From the opposite side all of them can, without doubt, be ascended. In the evening as darkness

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comes on, they are silhouetted against the sky, presenting fantastic pictures as the light behind them slowly fades away. For hours, as I lay in my sleeping-bag or sat facing the cliffs earlier in the evening, I have examined these cliffs, estimating height and difficulty. Almost by the hour I have scanned them with the stereos. I know my judgment about them is not very reliable, for I have not yet had experience with any large mountains where I have not been deceived. They were very impressive, and I longed to try them. But to do this one should have a week or more, and I, alas, am doing like every one else, hurrying along to economize. And yet, as one of our party once remarked, there need be no expense to amount to anything in the park, for one can ride a great deal of the time on a "pass."

How far back the lake extends under the ice there is no means of knowing. We made the guess that about a third of the lake was covered with ice. Of course, it may be possible that the mountain extends outward and under the ice, but if so it is entirely unlike the part that is free from ice and visible. My opinion is based on the ice fractures occurring underneath the ice, described later.

The ice mass, glacier, is undoubtedly moving, as shown by the crevasses on the surface. Its rate of movement has not been determined. It is possible to cross the shallow outlet, work a way along the talus slope and over the ledge along the north shore of the lake. Indeed there is an old trail which leads to the prospect tunnel before mentioned. There is a considerable mass of angular and unworn rock fragments at this place. These fragments have undoubtedly fallen from the cliffs above. Sharp, morainal ridges some thirty or forty feet high have been formed. By crossing these one may reach the main ice mass. On this is a considerable sprinkling of rocks from the cliffs above.

The front of the ice and for quite a distance back is broken by yawning crevasses, for the most part almost or quite parallel with the ice front. In these crevasses the stratified structure of the ice wall is well displayed.

At the water the ice is vertical. From time to time it breaks off in huge masses with a loud crack and falls into the lake with a tremendous splash and a great roar. The ice above the water seemed to be thirty or forty feet in places. Where the ice breaks off it leaves a clean blue-white surface, in quite marked contrast to the rather dirty surface in general.

The upper stretch of snow and ice, next the mountain, is rather clean and white. Where it slopes to the cliffs it is quite steep. During August, when I have seen it on two occasions, the surface was well melted, the crevasses were open, and there was a vertical rock

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M. J. Elrod

ICEBERG LAKE FROM THE SLOPE OF MOUNT WILBUR

Two large chimneys cleft in the rock are seen. One extends from the shelf to the summit, and is almost free from snow. The other extends from the talus slope to the summit, filled with snow for almost the entire distance. These chimneys are immense seams or cracks in the wall of the Divide.

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wall between the main ice mass and the mass on the first rock shelf above. Photographs taken in August, 1911, and August, 1914, show very little difference in the amount of snow and ice. Even the smaller masses lying on the mountain slopes and shelves have almost the same size and outline.

The ice in the lake, which gives the lake its name, is for the most part made up of flat cakes that break off from the ice front. Sometimes these are in sufficient number to almost cover the surface; at other times there are relatively few masses. They move about in peculiar manner. In the evening they may all be near the outlet, while in the morning they may all be over at the opposite side. They seem to float toward the outlet with the current and drift in the other direction with the wind. At night the wind usually blows. Near the lake the outlet is a wide and shallow creek through which one can wade. It is impossible, therefore, for the ice to leave the lake. It must melt in the lake, and the masses must float around and around until they disappear.

The general notion about the ice in the lake is that the bergs are shaped like those seen in pictures from the Arctic and Antarctic regions. This is a mistake. All of the paintings showing icebergs of this kind in Iceberg Lake are creatures of the imagination. There are no tall pinnacles of fantastic shapes. As a rule only a small portion of the ice is above water.

We spent an hour or more in the canvas boat floating around among the bergs, and had an exceptional chance of studying the ice. To me it seemed very different from the deep blue of the solid ice showing in the cracks and crevasses of Blackfeet Glacier. The ice of Iceberg Lake is soft, porous, full of air, quite spongy looking. It has enough of ice texture to give it a greenish cast, in some places quite pronounced.

Doubtless most visitors wonder how the ice is formed and where it comes from. The formation of glaciers in Glacier Park, and perhaps elsewhere in this section of the country, depends largely upon two factors: the configuration of the mountains and the prevailing wind direction which will cause the snow to blow and drift. A high mountain is not likely to have glaciers unless there are projecting shoulders and ridges behind which snow may drift and lodge. A good illustration of this is St. Nicholas, in the southeastern portion of the park. This is in the ten-thousand-foot class, I believe, yet in August there is but a small amount of snow. In a rift near the higher portion, a crack in the mountain, there was a small snow patch. That was all. Contrast this with the large ice-field on Blackfeet Mountain, the lower edge of Blackfeet Glacier coming down to about 6,500 feet. At Iceberg Lake the elevation is 6,000, and the highest part of the glacier is not far above the lake level.

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The prevailing direction of the wind is from the south or southwest. The western face of the Continental Divide here is a long slope, wooded below, with bare rocks near or at the summit. The eastern side is a precipice. The snow which falls on the slopes and ridges is blown while it is light and mobile, and carried up the rock ridges to the summit. When it passes over the rim and drops below, the snow ceases to be affected by the wind and accumulates in enormous drifts. Melting and freezing, assisted by pressure, change the snow to ice. This ice is therefore formed where it now is, from the snow that falls from the mountain, largely on the opposite side. This is quite easily understood when one recalls how furiously the wind blows in the higher regions. A few years ago, when snow had fallen at Missoula to a depth of ten inches, a gale blew the ground bare in about three hours and deposited the snow mostly in the Bitter Root mountains, several miles away.

The ice formerly extended far down the valley. Alden, in his publication, has a map showing the character and extent of the glacier that existed during the great ice age. The ice moving down from Iceberg Lake region joined the mass coming down from the Swiftcurrent and other nearby places, forming what is named Saint Mary Glacier. This extended northward to about the Montana-Canadian line. Here it met the south-moving Keewatin Glacier.

The retreating glacier later filled the entire basin of Iceberg Lake, extending to the edge of the shelf where are the falls. Many evidences go to show that this was the case, for as witnesses are the scarred rocks, the U-shaped valley, and the large boulders left loosely arranged on the shelf rim. Then came a warm period, and the ice retreated to its present reduced size. To the geologist or the student of geology all this is quite apparent as the journey to and from the lake is made. The traveler who visits the lake should read much about the country before he starts. If he does so every step of the way will be interesting.

From the mountains on every side, except at the creek outlet, the slope is toward the lake. At the cliffs of the divide and Mount Wilbur the incline is very abrupt, as has been stated. On the east shore of the lake is an open park country, with scant timber, formerly ground smooth by ice. It was among the trees of this beautiful slope that we pitched our camp. The horses were hobbled and turned loose in one of the long stretches of meadow between the wooded ridge which extended far out and around the shoulder of Mount Wilbur. In 1914 we stayed two nights and almost two days in that beautiful camping spot. Every minute was delightful and we really begrudged the few hours we felt it necessary to spend in sleep. The cold mornings and windy nights were not considered disagreeable, so interesting was the place.

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A. H. Denman

LAKE ST. MARY AND CITADEL MOUNTAIN — Citadel Mountain is one of the notable outposts guarding the charming Lake St. Mary.

Our soundings showed that the lake was deepest at the middle, 149 feet. Not far from the ice front the depth was only 87 feet. The rocks and debris from the melting ice of the glacier are fast filling up the part of the lake next to the mountain and near the ice front.

From the cold water of the lake two species of living organisms were taken, a mayfly larva and a red entomostracon. The temperature of the water was 36 degrees Fahrenheit. For living animals to exist in such an environment is quite remarkable.

This wonderful and beautiful lake must be seen to be appreciated and a visit to Glacier Park should certainly include a trip to Iceberg Lake.

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LAND OF THE OPEN SPACES

THE POET AND THE PINE

O uplifted land of the great open spaces,
O land near the stars and the free higher air,
Where riseth wild echoes from glacier-torn places,
From summit to summit—thy God's primal prayer!

As clear silver bells, a sweet music is chiming,
A music new rivers forever prolong
When heaven and earth are eternally rhyming,
O nature melodious—God's oldest song!

In gleam of the crag or in gloom of the hollow,
Yea, even in awe when the storm thunders roll,
Abideth a lure, O, a strange lure to follow.
For here with your God may you meet your own soul!

—*EDMOND S. MEANY*

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GLACIER PARK FLOWERS IN AUGUST

WINONA BAILEY

THE outing was in August. If anyone longed for June and the glory of the lilies when he found a hillside covered with pods instead of flowers, any such shade of disappointment vanished before long at the next huckleberry patch where he joined a company of his trail companions stripping the bushes like so many bears, and he soon decided that the month of fruit was far more satisfying than the month of flowers.

It is true that August is late to see the flowers of Glacier National Park in their greatest profusion and splendor, and yet they are by no means gone. In fact some of the choicest bloom late. In June or July you would miss the gentian which later in every moist valley and even surprisingly high on the dry slopes forms rich blue beds making even the lakes of the park look pale. The St. Johns-wort is still brilliantly golden above upland rills, its hue rivalled by the sun and its neighbor, the yellow mimulus, on the banks. The red mimulus is there too and will remain gorgeous for several weeks unless the stream dries up. The same water keeps fresh the grass of Parnassus, an exquisite white flower, pure, delicate, worthy its classical name. Not far from the water supply are many purple onion heads and panicles of zygadenus. No one who satisfied his hunger with savory hash the morning of the snowstorm questions the identity or the efficacy of those onions. On hillsides too dry for these and many other plants thrive the eriogonums. They come in many species, mostly cream-colored or yellow, often with woolly dove-gray leaves. Being themselves very dry they last a long time. In passing one can never be quite sure whether they are in bud or flower or fruit.

Everywhere as autumn draws nearer the big family of composites grows more in evidence. August in the park is the time for agoseris, arnicas, senecios, goldenrod, and asters. The variety of asters is especially large, from the tall, many-flowered aster to several single-flowered species not more than an inch or two in height growing among the rocks on alpine slopes. The arnicas in contrast to the purple asters are all bright yellow. These two seem to love each other's company for where one masses itself against an overhanging rock, there the other displays itself also.

It is easy to see why the flowers go early on the passes. The winds that sweep across these places take the snow off fast and dry up the soil and flowers must bloom with the departing snow or not

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at all. On the passes we kept seeing large mats of leaves covered with a conspicuous fruit composed of long greenish hairs spirally twisted. For a while we looked in vain for some lingering blossom but at last were rewarded by a dainty white flower of many petals, evidently an anemone. Earlier in the season the passes must be covered with them. Upon some moraine or high rocky pass it is almost startling to chance suddenly upon what looks like a diminutive California poppy both in color and character. This little flower about a quarter of an inch in diameter is a true poppy and not uncommon in the park. Appropriately enough in these same places a charming little forget-me-not lasted late. There was also a wee polygonum an inch or so tall. If you dug it up you found a root bigger than all the rest of the plant. Though its blossoms were nearly all shriveled then, moss campion had been there too, a little stemless pink known to Wordsworth on his northern heaths.

By no means is it true that the flower is always more beautiful than the fruit. Anyone might pass by in season a certain flower with dull whitish cup, but even he who runs marks that feathery gray-green head ready to scatter its seeds to the four winds, and in camp at night he asks, "What is that funny thing that looks like a hairy monkey head?" or perhaps, "that nodding plume that looks as if it came from the head of some circus horse?" Whatever the likeness the answer is always safe, "The mountain anemone in seed." There is another that looks like a dull green strawberry on a few inches of stem. Pick it and put it away in press. When next you look at it you will find your page covered with bits of cotton each enclosing a little seed. An anemone also it is with a device for scattering seed that makes all of its genus aptly called wind-flowers. No distant relative of the anemone is the clematis. Covered now with fluffy silky-green pompons it is more decorative by far as it trails over supporting shrubs than when in bloom. We kept finding the curious pod of a leguminous plant. It was flat and contracted around each seed, forming a series of pouches. Hedysarum it is called. A few white blossoms remained but were outdone in attractiveness by the fruit.

And then the berries! The red twin-berry and the black twin-berry, really honeysuckles, make up for somewhat inconspicuous blossoms by very showy fruit. Probably everybody who ate a huckleberry wanted to taste the red twin-berries. Some did, but found them not so good as they looked. Neither does the kinnikinick please the palate as much as the eye, but its bright red berries and shiny-leafed vine redeem the otherwise barren appearance of countless hillsides in the Rockies.

After seven years of tramping in the snow mountains of Washington the seasoned Mountaineer could scarcely be expected to refrain from frequent comparisons of Cascades and Rockies. Nor must such

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comparisons in any way be termed odious. Plant life came in for its share. From an observation that lays no claim to being other than superficial, the writer would pronounce the flora of the Rockies of Northern Montana more like that of Washington mountains than of the Colorado Rockies. Take the ferns. In Colorado rare indeed are the spots where a few little ferns grow, but in Glacier Park many a damp trail might be, to judge by its floral surroundings, in the heart of the Olympics, so luxuriant are the fern fronds. Bracken is common. Above the timber, under the protecting

Winona Bailey

GRASS OF PARNASSUS (*Parnassia fimbriata*) Found in profusion along every upland stream.

shelter of boulders, are found an abundance of rock brakes as in Washington, holly ferns, brittle ferns, and alpine beech ferns. Even the delicate maiden-hair kept fresh and vigorous under sun-baked rocks on a parched slope. Surely it was watered from some hidden source like the icy spring that gushed from rocks half way up a dry hillside. The trees differed only in species from ours, but even the novice recognized them as spruce, fir, pine, yew, larch, maple, aspen, willow, birch. Among the flowers it was no surprise to find many a familiar stonecrop, orchis, willow-herb, potentilla, saxifrage and numerous others that vary their species little, if at all, with change of locality; but we did not look for heather as on the Pacific coast. There it was,

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R. R. Gill

THIMBLE BERRY — The thimble berry is found in the foothills and does not grow at any considerable altitude. The flower is white.

though, red heather, below Red Eagle Glacier and in other places. Yellow heather, too, appeared several times.

The early part of August is not too late to say farewell to the last of the mariposa lilies. The youngest columbine is still on the plant almost overshadowed by the sturdy seed capsules of earlier blossoms. The painter's brush grown large is fast turning brown. You may still be able to find the "little flax flower blue" and high on Piegan Pass a yellow-eyed indigo-hued polemonium or Jacob's ladder. At all kinds of unexpected turns graceful harebells nod in friendly fashion at you. A host of other plants there are that in waning summer hold harvest carnival. The "botany bunch" collected about one hundred and seventy-five species during the outing and only lack of press room and time to care for them prevented this number from running much higher.

A GLIMPSE OF LAKE MC DONALD — *E. L. C.*

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MOUNT STUART OUTING

REDICK H. MCKEE

THE great Cascade range to the east of Puget Sound has many regions of beauty and magnificence, any one of which would make a fitting and desirable playground for an Alpine club. The particular region around Mount Stuart is but one of these many places. Because of the favorable report of Mr. H. B. Bennett, who "scouted" the region about two years ago, it was chosen as the objective ground this year for the shorter of the two outings of the club. Off to the east and west of Mount Stuart, there are extensive and interesting snow-fields and glaciers that were only seen at a distance, and that invite a special visit. Ingalls Creek, which flows easterly on the south side of Stuart, has attractive parklike meadows in its upper valley, offering a choice of sites for a beautiful main camp.

Much of this high country has a luxuriant growth of grasses carrying with them a wealth of wild flowers. Nearly all of the common alpine forms of flowers were found, as well as many new specimens said to exist only there and in the Blue Mountains of Washington and Oregon. Quantities of white rhododendron (snow brush) were seen; also many fine banks of heather in full bloom, the yellow heather in unusual quantities, the white comparatively scarce, though the purple was quite abundant.

Bearing in mind these general observations of this interesting summit country, we will start with our party on the outing.

On the morning of July 15th, 1914, our comparatively small contingent from Seattle and Tacoma, accompanied by some of our friends to see us off, assembled at the Great Northern depot at Seattle, to take the 9 o'clock train. With our dunnage, we took nearly complete possession of a tourist sleeper. Our two scouts, Messrs. Gorton and Gist, members of the Outing Committee who had made the final "scout" of the trip less than three weeks before, were with us.

At Everett our numbers were materially increased by the Everett members, including the Chairman of the Outing, Dr. H. B. Hinman.

In due time the train reached Leavenworth (1,165 feet), where we found two more of our members awaiting us. We were now all together, except Rev. Dr. Laurie from Wenatchee, and Mr. and Mrs. Botten and Mr. Hintze of Seattle. These members were to start in from one to two days late and overtake us.

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Mount Stuart. The stream showed indications of being of glacial origin by carrying a small amount of glacial silt.

At this camp, late in the afternoon, we were overtaken by one of our late comers, Reverend Dr. Laurie. He had come in on horseback, attended by a man hired at Leavenworth for the purpose of taking back the riding horses.

From Camp 3 entirely new trail had to be constructed, and the next day the trail builders preceded the party as before. A short distance from camp, we came out into a grassy, flower-studded meadow where we enjoyed our first good view of Mount Stuart. From here the new trail took us into the woods again, where yellow pine was largely absent, its place being taken by various firs and hemlocks. We skirted the northwest side of the lake that occupies the valley and is about half a mile long. A short distance above the lake, we came out into the rather extensive meadow that constitutes the floor of the valley immediately below the hanging glacier on the north side of Mount Stuart.

The question now was, could we get the pack-train up the rocky ascent to another and higher lake, which had been tentatively picked for the site of our permanent camp. The party and the pack-train were held at the upper end of the meadow while several possible routes to the lake above were scouted. After several hours of searching with no encouraging results, camp was ordered on the rising ground at the head of the meadow where we were waiting. This was Camp 4 (5,200 feet) and became our permanent camp. It was decided after further scouting the next day that it was entirely unfeasible to get our horses up to the upper lake, which is about 1,100 feet higher and perhaps three-quarters of a mile distant.

Main camp was in a splendid setting, with cascades and falls tumbling over nearby cliffs, fed by waters from the glacier nested above the cliffs, and with Mount Stuart towering above the glacier. The sheer cliffs of the north side of the mountain were scored in one or two places with chutes or slides up which long narrow tongues of snow reached from the glacier nearly to the ragged crest of the ridge.

It was still an open question whether the mountain could be climbed from the north side. Three men (Messrs. Hinman, Doph, and McKee) were designated to scout the mountain the next day. They left camp at five o'clock in the morning, July 19th, returning at seven p. m., after having climbed as estimated 8,000 feet. Viewing at a distance the north side, they decided to swing around to the south side, as probably offering a more feasible route up the mountain. The result of this day's examination, supplemented by a half-day's scouting of the north side the following morning by Mr. Gorton and two packers, was the decision to make a knapsack trip over to Ingalls Creek and approach the mountain from the south.

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As this bivouac trip and the climb are elsewhere written up by another author, the writer will pass over the interesting details of this part of the outing.

The afternoon of July 22d, the party returned to main camp, where they found Mr. A. H. Sylvester, U. S. forest supervisor, and his wife. They had come up to join us from Leavenworth with a pack-horse and a riding horse. Also at camp we found our last remaining

H. B. Hinman

FALLS IN EIGHT MILE CREEK — The Falls is one of a series difficult of access and located near the lower end of Eight Mile Creek. Its interest lies not only in the form and varying detail of the falls but also in the strong contrast of the foaming whiteness with the deep, transparent shadows of the gorge.

member—Mr. Hintze. He had missed our trail and had slept out two nights. Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester overtook him at our Camp 2 and they all came in together.

The following morning, July 23d, camp was broken and the rather long march down Eight Mile Creek was made. Being down hill and over what was now a well-defined trail, progress was rapid and Camp 6 (1,900 feet) was made in good time in a grove of yellow pine

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on the right bank of Icicle Creek. This was immediately above the mouth of Eight Mile Creek. Once more we enjoyed fresh trout for dinner. There was a sense of restfulness in this camp under the scattering pines, alongside the clear but rapid Icicle Creek, that was in contrast to the exhilaration experienced in camps of high altitude amongst grand and rugged scenery.

The next morning the party crossed the creek on two pine trees felled for the purpose, the pack-train fording about a mile below camp. We parted here with Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester, who returned to Leavenworth. Mr. Sylvester had previously aided the Outing Committee by information and friendly advice, and our sense of appreciation of this aid was augmented by the pleasure of the visit from him and his estimable wife. We carry with us the recollection of the latter's narration of the legend of Mount Shasta, so delightfully told at our camp-fire.

The weather was warmer at this lower altitude. The well-beaten trail up the Icicle was followed and at noon some of us lunched near the picturesque hunting and fishing cabin of Dr. Hoxsey on the left bank of the Icicle Creek. The valley here is comparatively broad and the stream not so swift. It invites the angler, and our fishermen once more did good work. At the end of the day, we crossed a long foot-log over to the right bank and made Camp 7 (2,750 feet) at Big Hole Ranger Station.

On July 25th, continuing by trail up the left bank, we crossed French Creek, sometimes called the South Fork, on a regular foot-log, and shortly afterwards crossed the main creek on a similar log, and soon headed northerly, leaving the valley of Icicle Creek and following steeply up the small tributary—Frosty Creek. Here we did some real climbing again and at noon halted for lunch at a fine meadow known as Lake Mary's Ranger Station, though there was no sign of cabin or camp there. Thence a steep climb of a thousand feet, through brush and scattering timber, brought us to the divide between Frosty Creek and Wild Horse Creek. Here we bore easterly, keeping on open grassy ridges to the higher country.

After advancing and climbing some distance easterly, the party halted at two small glacial lakes on a parklike bench of the big ridge known as Snowgrass Mountain. Here the natural grouping of alpine firs and hemlocks, the gentle grass slopes, and the abundance of wild flowers, made a scene that captivated the eye, and when the pack-train joined us a little later, no one objected to the proposition to make this our camp, although it had been intended that we should cross the high ridge to the east and camp at Lake Flora.

This Camp, No. 8 (6,300 feet), was the highest of our camps. We were all charmed with the quiet beauty of its setting and the

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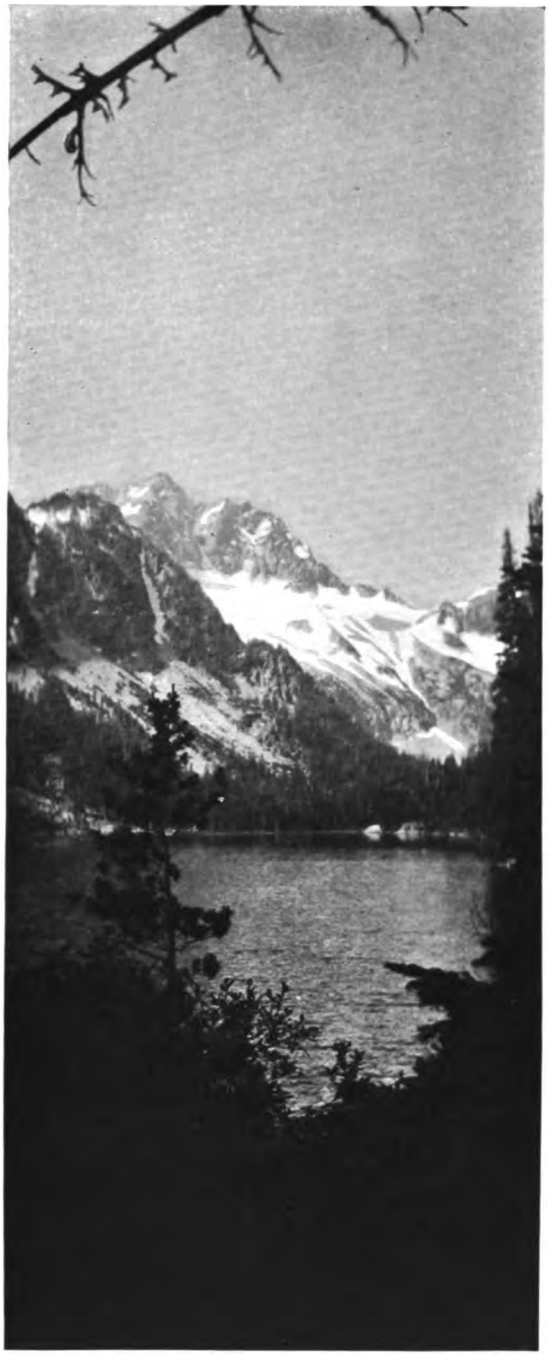

R. H. McKee

STUART LAKE A well-composed view of Mount Stuart and Lake Stuart to be seen from a point northeasterly from the mountain. The lake is about a half mile long. It is fed and emptied by Eight Mile Creek.

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Garda Fogg

VIEW ABOVE CAMP THREE — Looking southwesterly from a meadow on Eight Mile Creek above Camp Three. Mount Stuart appears in the center of the background at the skyline.

grand extended views to the southwest. The following day being Sunday, the party rested here and services were held, Dr. Laurie officiating.

When Monday morning came, it was with a sigh of regret that each member left this beauty spot where all would fain have remained several days longer. The summit of Snowgrass Mountain lay about two miles to the north and most of the party elected to make the ascent, while the pack-train swinging easterly took an easier route into the headwaters of Chiwaukum Creek.

Up on the high grassy ridge that is generally known as Snowgrass Mountain, the party traveled without difficulty. The panoramic views well repaid the effort of the trip. A flock of ptarmigan was encountered and duly photographed. At an elevation of about 8,000 feet, which was nearly the highest point, the party erected a rock cairn and deposited a record.

The big ridge of Snowgrass Mountain is remarkable for the grass-covered slopes and top, the grass extending nearly to the highest points. The ridge as a whole is above the timber-line. At an elevation of over 7,000 feet we traversed a meadow which was covered with Lyall's lupine and golden aster.

After some time spent in enjoying the views, the party continued easterly off the ridge, working diagonally down over snow slopes and steep grass and heather, into the head of the valley of the South Fork of the Chiwaukum Creek, thence following the

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tracks of the pack-train that had preceded us. From the floor of this upper end of the valley, a remarkable sight was the number of white-streaked streams coming down the steep open slopes from Snow-grass ridge. To the south, at the head of the basin, the outlet stream from the small unnamed lake near Lake Flora makes a beautiful misty falls of several hundred feet descent, spreading to an unusual width.

Continuing down the stream on the trail through brush and quaking aspen, the party, strung out into widely separated small parties, felt that the grand scenes were now behind them and that the more commonplace of the lower country was ahead. This was the fact, though the so-called commonplace was so only in comparison with the superlative grandeur of the high country we had just left.

We made Camp 9 (4,100 feet), several miles below the head of the valley. This was our last camp and some appropriate resolutions were proposed and adopted at the camp-fire, including a recommendation to the governing committee of The Mountaineers that the general region around Mount Stuart be utilized for a full three weeks' outing of the club—possibly for 1916—with a main camp south of the mountain on Ingalls Creek.

Following the well-beaten trail the next day, we proceeded down stream through timber that changed from hemlock to yellow pine as we descended, and as the sun rose higher, the shade of the trees was appreciated. Before noon the party came out to the station of Chiwaukum on the Great Northern Railway (1,814 feet). We had about five hours to wait for the west-bound train and many took advantage of this time to go back up the creek and have one more good cold water wash and clean-up. Later at the station, the effect of the rather pronounced heat was largely offset by freezers of ice cream made by the station agent and his family, for one of which the thanks of the party were due to our leader who insisted on standing treat.

Our pack-train being unloaded here, a farewell was given the packers who departed early with the lightened horses for Leavenworth. Some of the members left on an east-bound train for Wenatchee, and at twenty minutes after four the rest of us took the west-bound train that carried a special car for us.

OUR MARMOT MASCOT *P. M. McGregor*

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Garda Fogg

THE NORTH SIDE
OF MOUNT STUART

The view is taken above Main Camp located in a meadow along Eight Mile Creek, the camp being screened from view by the trees in the foreground. Mount Stuart is 9470 feet high and about a mile from the point of view. The hanging glacier in the chair of the mountain is Stuart Glacier.

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THE ASCENT OF MOUNT STUART

J. A. LAURIE

IT was the ambition of The Mountaineers to make the ascent of Mount Stuart during this summer's outing, from the north side; an achievement never yet accomplished and declared to be impossible. With that end in view scouts F. Q. Gorton and A. S. Gist, three weeks before the outing, covered the route, eight and three-quarter miles up the Icicle and thirteen miles up Eight Mile Creek, selecting the site for the permanent camp on the last bench, about 6,300 feet elevation. They were prevented from making a preliminary ascent, as was planned, by the cloudy weather.

Main camp (5,200 feet) could hardly have been improved upon, as it afforded abundant grass for the horses, the purest of water, groups of alpine firs for shelter, and the most lavish profusion of wild flowers.

Once settled in camp, the mountain towering above, inviting, threatening, awe-inspiring, became the absorbing center of attraction. With glasses in hand and topographic maps spread before them, Mountaineers were studying and discussing it on every hand. For portions of two days scouting parties vainly sought a way up the north and west sides. Part of the time their work was hindered by the driving mists and storm clouds.

Two years ago our scouts thought it possible to go from the north side to the east ridge and thence to the summit. This year a scouting party crossed the glaciers to the east side and found that, under favorable snow conditions, it might be possible to make the ascent from the easterly glacier with a small party of good climbers, but never with a large party. Scouts also skirted the west and south sides, reaching a sharp saddle immediately west of the highest peak and perhaps 600 feet below it, then climbing some 100 feet farther but being unable to get higher. They then dropped down to a level of about 7,000 feet, which was maintained around the mountain, almost opposite to Turnpike Creek, but everywhere above them they were confronted by sheer precipices. The final verdict was that only from the south side was the ascent feasible. At one o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, July 20, the party, rested by a quiet Sabbath in camp and rendered fit by twenty-five miles of previous hiking, set out for the south side of the mountain with knapsacks stocked for three days. Two of the boys were left to look after the camp and pack animals and to welcome three friends who had not yet arrived from Leavenworth.

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A stiff climb of three and one-half hours up a rock-walled, snow-filled canyon and across a small glacier and its moraines, brought us into the saddle just northwest of the peak at an elevation of 7,600 feet. In making this ascent we experienced our first snow work and did our first marching in company formation.

The view from the saddle was the finest yet obtained. Immediately below was the basin in which Jack Creek takes its rise. Beyond, to the south and west, were some half dozen parallel ranges of hills in which the Clealum and the three forks of the Teanaway head. To the north were massed the timber-clad hills and high rocky ridges lying between the Mount Stuart range and Icicle Creek.

The view from this saddle was almost as extensive as that obtained the next day from the summit, save that it was obstructed on the east and southeast by the peak itself. The cold wind which swept over the divide forbade our lingering long after the hot climb and we quickly made our way down, over snow and loose rock, to the head waters of Jack Creek. Crossing another and lower divide, on a sheep-trail switch-back, we dropped down into the Ingalls Creek valley about 6 o'clock and made Camp No. 5 (elevation, 5,600 feet). Ten women and seventeen men, including the cook and two packers, had made the trip and at camp-fire that night eight women and twelve men signed up for the climb on the morrow. It threatened rain that evening but a wind sprang up and by morning the obscuring cloud-banks were driven away. The day was an almost perfect one for the work before us. Rising call sounded at 5:00. Breakfast was eaten and the start made by 6:10. Some prospectors, camped near by, had given detailed instructions as to the route to be followed, but, unfortunately, they directed us one gulch too far down stream.

Mount Stuart is most deceptive as viewed from the base, there being many ridges radiating to the south and southeast from the summit, almost any one of which appears to extend clear to the top. The key to the ascent, however, is a certain gulch opening almost opposite the mouth of Turnpike Creek, which joins Ingalls Creek from the south. Right where this gulch comes down, the valley of Ingalls Creek is devoid of timber and a tongue of buck brush extends up into the mouth of the gulch.

The start up the mountain should be made on the ridge just west of this gulch and when part way up drop into the gulch and continue up to the foot of the rocky peak. Having ascended the wrong gulch, to about 8,000 feet elevation, our party came to sheer cliffs and steep snow-fields with dangerous rocks below. Two hours' scouting were thus made necessary and valuable time was lost before a rather hazardous route to the saddle, 500 feet above, could be found.

Had it not been for this loss of time the whole company could have made the top, which was less than 1,000 feet above the saddle.

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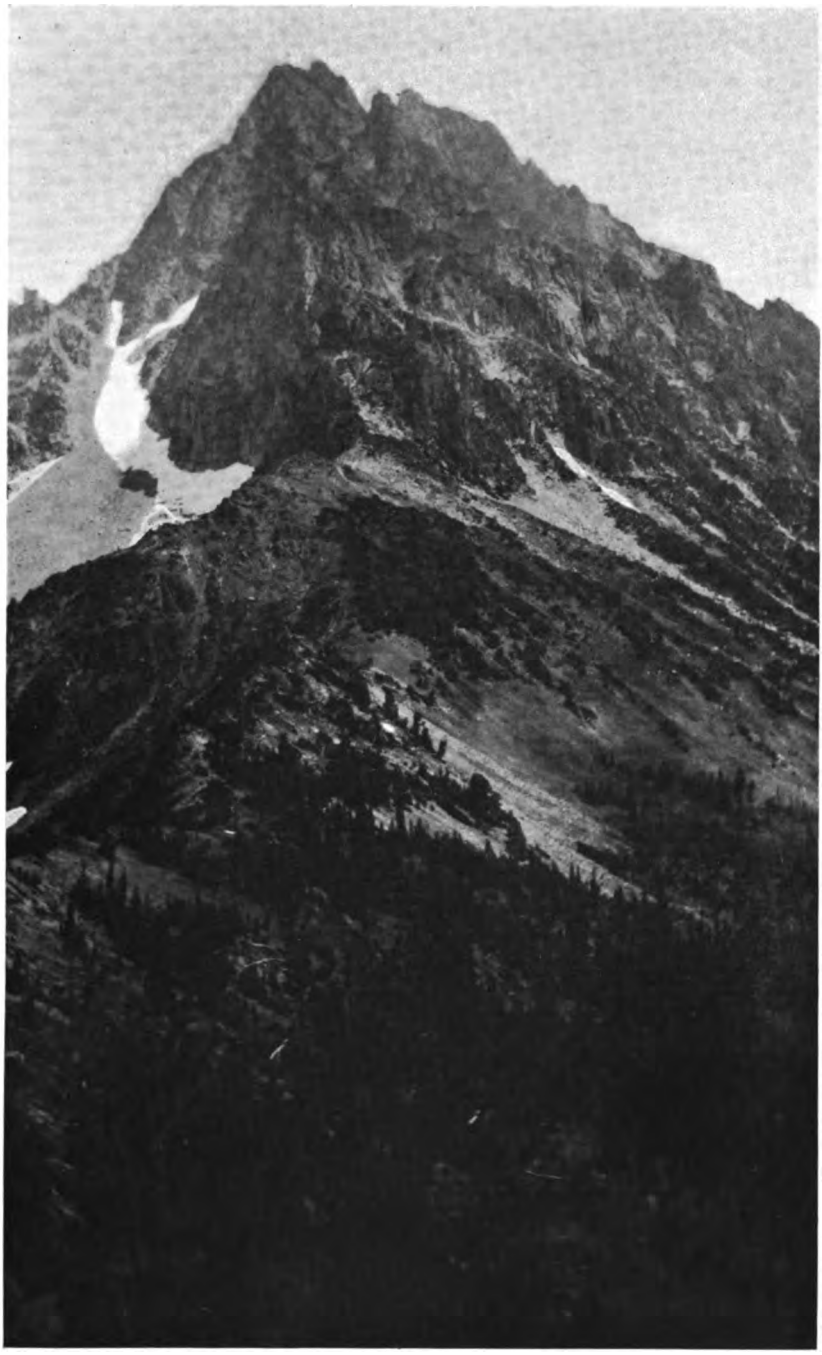

A. A. Tayler

MOUNT STUART FROM JACK-INGALLS CREEK DIVIDE

The west side of Mount Stuart is shown in the view looking from the dividing ridge extending westerly from the mountain. The picture was taken on the homeward trail running over the divide between the valley of Ingalls Creek and the headwaters of Jack's Creek.

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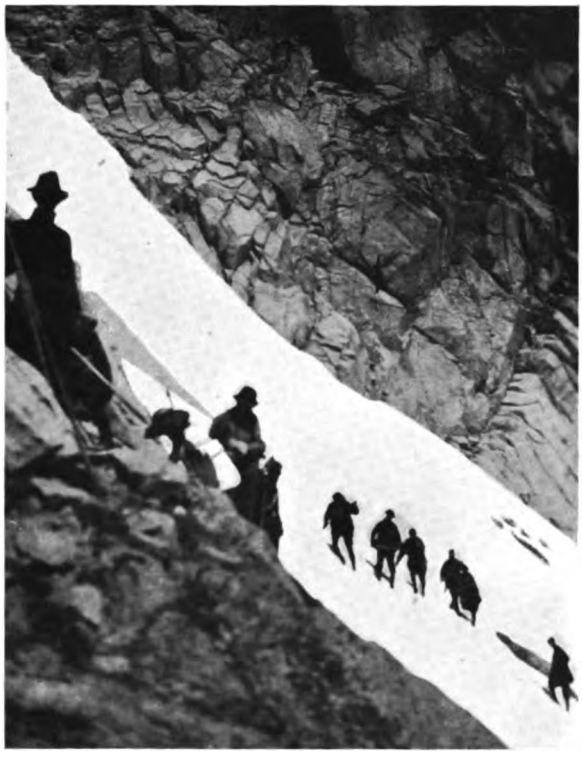
On reaching this ridge, as the day was far spent and prudence made it imperative to get down to timber line before dark, a small party of volunteers was permitted to go on and at five o'clock the remainder of the company began the descent, reaching camp at 7:45.

Five men and three women went on. After a bit of steep snow work, a knife-like ridge of ragged rock was followed, first up at a sharp angle, than across the saddle to the main peak. Looking over



H. B. Hinman

SNOW AND ROCK WORK — The party is making the climb over some steep snow and doing some bad rock work on the southerly slopes of Mount Stuart.

the edge of this giant causeway, the glaciers could be seen thousands of feet below and in the basin at the foot of the north wall our permanent camp shone white in the setting sun.

It was 5:45 when we planted our flag in the "steinmann" and proceeded to fill out and deposit our record. Those who reached the top were Miss Grace Rand, Miss Eva J. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Botten and F. Q. Gorton, all of Seattle; W. E. Doph and L. F. Fairbrook, of Everett; and J. A. Laurie, of Wenatchee. A message to the Mountaineers, left by some Cle Elum men three days before.

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was found and read. From main camp we had seen this trio on the summit and watched them for an hour or more with glasses, believing that they were our scouts and that they had found a way up the north side. A busy half hour was spent in taking pictures and absorbing as much as possible of the glorious sweep of landscape, from which we were so loath to turn away. The valley, through which Ingalls Creek flows for 20 miles till it joins Peshastin Creek, stretched away

F. Q. Gorton

SUMMIT OF MOUNT STUART — On the summit of Mount Stuart, July 21, 1914, at 5:45 p. m.

to the east. To the northward Jack Creek flows through its beautiful valley toward the Icicle, and to the northeast we looked down the valley of Eight Mile Creek up which we had come. Everywhere to the north were tangled masses of mountains with here and there a lofty peak lifting its dome above the evening haze. To the southwest, beyond many timbered ridges, Mount Rainier loomed ghostlike in the distance.

We were struck with the peculiar character of the mountain itself. The peak is rent, shattered, and riven almost beyond description.

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It was 6:30 when we began the descent. The first few hundred feet down the steep ridge one could easily imagine that he was descending from the top of Cheops. But when the snow was reached it was the matter of a few minutes to descend slopes it had taken hours to climb. The whole party of twenty returned by the route that should have been followed in the ascent and those who had made the top soon struck the well-defined trail left by the others and followed it almost to timber-line. As soon as the valley was reached darkness overtook us and the three miles to camp through the woods proved the most wearisome part of the day's work.

The packers met us, at length, with lights and lunch and at midnight we were telling our story around the camp-fire, grateful for the perfect day and for the safe return from a climb and tramp which we felt to have been well worth while.

The return to main camp, on the north side of the mountain, was made the next day, the crossing chosen from Jack Creek basin being farther west and 200 feet lower than on Monday. This new route brought us down to the site originally chosen for permanent camp. Noon lunch was eaten on the Jack Creek side of the ridge, the panorama of beauty all about us causing the hardtack and trimmings to be almost forgotten as we feasted upon the wonderful scenery. Great masses of snow brush, heather, asters, blue-bells, and other flowers made vivid splotches of color on the hillside, as though Dame Nature had spread out a crazy quilt for an airing.

Reluctantly we left this feast of natural beauty and crossing the ridge dropped down over the snow-fields to the lakes, the "Dean" and the rest of the women appropriating one, and the "Czar" and the other men enjoying a dip in the second, some distance down the slope. After a good rest in the warm sunshine and parklike surroundings, we resumed our descent, reaching camp at 4:30. High above us the old mountain invited, threatened, and cast its awesome spell upon the beholder, but surmounting its loftiest peak we could discern a rock mound, and set in that a staff that glistened in the waning sunlight, and floating proudly from the staff was Old Glory, and we breathed a deep breath of satisfaction as we turned our gaze away, for The Mountaineers had planted that emblem there.

R. H. McKee

UPPER EIGHT MILE CREEK FROM GOAT PASS — The panorama shows the view looking southeasterly from the pass including in its sweep Stuart Lake and the glacier on the north side of Mount Stuart, appearing in the right fore view.

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CAMPS AND CLIMBS IN THE SELKIRKS

EDWARD W. HARNDEN

THERE are places we revisit as a matter of habit, following the line of least resistance. There are other places that call us back irresistibly, where, no matter how often we return, we find a new charm, new corners to explore, new things to interest. Of course, these latter are mountain places! There must, of necessity, be "a vision to seek, a beckoning peak"; and when there are added to splendid alpine peaks and passes, such an unrivalled combination of glacier, river, lake, and canyon scenery as is found in the Windermere and southern Selkirk region at the head of the Columbia river region of western Canada, the call must be obeyed.

This new mountain region, as readers of previous articles in The Mountaineer may remember, lies about one hundred miles south of the Canadian Pacific railroad, in the heart of the mountains, not far north of the international boundary and northwest of Glacier National Park, in Montana.

With companions I had knocked about the region several seasons, exploring, mapping, climbing, devoting particular attention to Toby and Horse Thief creeks, where the East Kootenay scenery culminates. These western tributaries of the upper Columbia head at right angles to the river about forty miles up in the main Selkirk range, which forms the divide between the East and West Kootenay sections. The Selkirk mountains are on one side of the Columbia river, the Rocky mountains on the other.

We had become satisfied that the three high peaks of the Horse Thief Creek region were, in the order of altitude, one at the head of the main creek, about 11,300 feet (which we have called Mount Bruce, after one of the leading pioneers in the Columbia valley); Jumbo, at the head of the South Fork, 11,190 feet, and Farnham, at the head of Macdonald Creek, 11,120 feet. Before our arrival in the summer of 1914, Captain and Mrs. A. H. McCarthy, of New York, with an Austrian guide, had climbed Farnham, a particularly hard peak.

I had been disappointed in an attempt on Jumbo in 1913, at which time my friends (Mr. W. C. Phelps of New York and Mr. C. D. Ellis of Windermere) and myself had been attracted to the great height of Mount Bruce. Mr. A. O. Wheeler, director of the Canadian Alpine Club and a leading topographer of the western Canadian mountain country, on an expedition with Dr. Longstaff a few years ago into the Bugaboo creek region, about twenty miles to the north, had noticed a dominating peak in the Horse Thief section, which he called "Eye-

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Herbert W. Gleason

JUMBO MOUNTAIN — Outlying shoulder of Jumbo, showing party of four (in center of picture) traversing Jumbo Glacier.

brow" and estimated at about 11,400 feet. It seemed reasonably clear from the description that this must be Bruce. So this offered a problem to work out, tying up our map work with that of Mr. Wheeler to the north and incidentally making an interesting climb. Then Phelps and I had in 1913 explored the North Fork of Horse Thief Creek to a point where it seemed that its source was in the snow slopes of Mount Bruce, but of this we were not sure. Here was another problem.

So on August 28th, Mrs. Marion R. Parsons of the Sierra Club and Miss Lulie Nettleton of The Mountaineers, direct from the Glacier Park wonderland, and Herbert W. Gleason and myself, fresh from the great glaciers of Alaska, left Invermere, at the head of the Columbia river, with a pack-train, bound for the glacier land of Horse Thief Creek. With us was Dave Brown, as good a packer, handy man, and companion as ever hit the trail.

We divided the forty-mile hike up the main creek into two days, camping the first night at the junction of the North Fork and main creek and reaching our main camp near the head of the creek the second night. The trip up Horse Thief Creek, with its striking canyon and hoodoos in the lower reaches and its precipitately rising and narrowing alpine mountain walls farther up, has already been described in The Mountaineer. The numerous waterfalls, too, are among the most wonderful in the West.

Our main camp was established near the camp-site of the Emersons and myself in 1911, from which camp the Mount Monica climb

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was made. I referred at that time, in The Mountaineer, to the beautiful falls across the valley. These falls come from Lake Maye, one of the wonderful scenic alpine lakes of the world, upon which few eyes have gazed. This lake was our first objective. We bucked the steep, trailless, densely-wooded mountain wall over which the falls plunge from the lake, which lies about 1,700 feet above the creek and well back in a deep depression in the range, against a shoulder of Jumbo peak. We followed in the main, as a future trail should do, the upper bank of the upper fall through moss-carpeted, primeval spruce and fir woods. At one point we stood entranced and nearly stunned on a projecting rock-ledge where the tremendous fall thundered down almost upon us and plunged in mist into a wild rocky abyss at our feet. As the steep ascent gives way to the more level upper approach to the lake basin the country takes on the aspect of the upper Rainier and Baker parks, with mimulus-lined, mossy brooks meandering through little, rock-sprinkled, grassy basins, which in the season are dotted with flowers, and where Lyall's larch begins to appear. Suddenly that wonderful lake burst on our sight. A widely-travelled journalistic friend who saw Lake Maye two years ago gazed at it for a few minutes, silent, overcome, and finally gasped, "Great heavens! I didn't suppose there was such a place on the footstool."

Imagine a lake something over two miles long and from a mile to a mile and one-half wide, hemmed in on three sides by sheer 4-000-foot mountain walls from which descent numerous wonderful hanging glaciers; at the farther end a tremendous, pure, piedmont glacier, rising far back in the mountains, entering and breaking off into the lake, its face from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet high and about a mile and a quarter across; and imagine this picture, one of the most terrific and impressive mountain and glacier scenes of the world, formed and balanced on lines of ideal composition and beautiful coloring, the larches adding an indescribable grace to the scene. Never have I seen the awful and the beautiful so gloriously combined.

We had an especial honor conferred upon us. We camped near the shore of this wonderful lake, which, on the day we arrived, was almost free of ice. During the night we heard a terrific bombardment, and the morning light revealed the lake fairly full of huge icebergs which had been thrown off by the piedmont and hanging glaciers. Probably nowhere else on the Continent, outside of Alaska, can similar glacial action on such a scale be seen. An examination of the stranded icebergs at close range, a traverse of the steep scree slope on the east side of the lake, an excursion upon the big glacier which enters the lake, and a final regretful descent through the woods to our camp on the main creek, brought to a close an ever-to-be-remembered day.

On September 1st we made our reconnaissance of Mount Bruce from the same mountain commanding the Starbird Glacier from which

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E. W. Harnden

LAKE MAYE IN THE SOUTHERN SELKIRKS

The lake is of unusual beauty and interest, surrounded as it is by rugged mountain ramparts which are hung with gleaming ice. Eleven tributary glaciers feed the piedmont glacier and that in turn drops great icebergs of fantastic shapes into the lake.

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Emerson and I made our reconnaissance of Mount Monica in 1911. Monica dominates the southern end of the glacier and commands the Starbird pass from the divide separating East and West Kootenay. Bruce commands the northern side of the glacier and forms a barrier between the headwaters of the main Horse Thief Creek and the North Fork of Horse Thief, as well as between Horse Thief and No. 2 creeks. The peak rears up four-square to the winds of heaven, a huge truncated pyramid, with three sheer, impossible sides, but with the southeast side so eroded as to offer an apparently feasible route to the top.

In approaching the base of Bruce it seemed clear that time would be saved by not following the long curve of the Starbird Glacier horseshoe from the tongue to the upper snow-fields; that it would be better to follow the lower part of the glacier to a point where it winged out on to the slopes of our reconnaissance peak and then make a direct, steep traverse over the shoulder of this peak, rising at our right, from the lower glacier to the snow-fields, the out-swinging curve of the middle glacier lying to our left and far below. This route we followed, as outlined in our reconnaissance—lower glacier, mountainside traverse, upper glacier, and snow-fields on the upper ice, threading our way between crevasses, aiming for a narrow, steep snow and ice slope to the west of the summit. It rarely pays to vary a route that stands out clearly in a distant reconnaissance because of attractive routes that seem to present themselves when close to a peak. The perspective of the distant view is usually more accurate and difficulties that are concealed at close range are more obvious. This was my experience on Monica in 1911, when we were attracted at close range by a rock comb that was less appealing in the distance, and that proved impracticable. We then conquered the peak by the route we had originally decided upon. It was the same on Bruce. At close range the eastern rocks looked seductive, but investigation—in which fortunately we did not lose much time—showed that the route we had originally planned was the best.

On the final snow and ice isthmus that led to upper rocks we negotiated hidden crevasses carefully, avoided the east side of the slope where rocks were at intervals slipping down from above, worked up on to a rock comb at our left, and followed the narrow ridge of this comb to the broken rock and snow-covered ridge constituting the peak.

Mount Bruce offers the most tremendous and inspiring mountain-top view I have seen. This is because of its splendid isolation in the midst of tremendous snow and ice-fields, beyond which, looming up from base to peak in all their height and majesty, rise the other superb neighboring summits of East and West Kootenay—and there are noble peaks worth investigating across the divide, in West Kootenay. A glorious panorama is revealed—the sharp drop on every side to the glaciers and then the majestic lift from foot to summit; the sweep from

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Mount Farnham in the east, past the huge bulk of Jumbo to the southeast, and around to the south, taking in Monica with its wonderful, virgin-white rolling snow and ice-fields, and, forming a dramatic foreground, the bristling summit rock-ridges of Bruce. The eastern side of Bruce is such a sheer precipice that rocks thrown over the edge hit the wall but once or twice before striking the North Fork ice-fields thousands of feet below, where, whizzing and cartwheeling at terrific speed down the slopes, they finally disappear in one of the crevasses of the North Fork Glacier. In the north, although somewhat obscured by smoke haze, were the Spillimacheen mountains, dominated by Ethelbert, while over in West Kootenay were several fine peaks beckoning us to that "Land of Beyond."

We had started at four in the morning and attained the summit at one p. m. After spending more than an hour on top, during which we took pictures, "aneroided," made notes, and took points of the compass, Dave building a "whale of a cairn" to commemorate the first ascent of Bruce, we descended, reaching camp at eight p. m. It was an interesting climb and scenically a wonderful experience. We had covered in distance approximately twenty miles. Bruce is about 11,300 feet in height, the highest peak of the immediate region and probably the highest in the southern Selkirks.

Our experience in the South Fork of Horse Thief, which we next visited, was also intensely interesting. Entering the higher South Fork from the main creek, we skirted the edge of a wonderful rock canyon of the narrow, deep, and tortuous type—of the same order as the Aareschlucht, in Meiringen, although much wilder, more contorted and striking. The mountain walls of the South Fork, heading up as they do into the crest of the southern Selkirk ranges, the Farnham range on the left, and the Jumbo range on the right, are particularly impressive.

Our South Fork camp-site was that of 1913, of happy memories. A certain lady had then named the South Fork, particularly as viewed from our camp, "Enchanted valley." True, our perfect little mossy brook was swamped by the rising glacial stream, but noble Sir Charles and St. Peter's rose abruptly across the creek in all their sublimity, and facing them, at our backs, was the tremendous, precipitous, snow-covered mountain wall, culminating at the head of the Fork in glorious, glacier-hung Jumbo.

In our attempted ascent of Jumbo, on September 6th, the disappointment of 1913 was repeated. We chose a good route, traversing the lower stretch of Jumbo Glacier to an outlying southern hump, ascending this to its junction with the upper snow-field and glacier, and traversing this almost at the sky-line, far above the cleaver, until the summit loomed in sight. We reached by 11 a. m. a point within

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Herbert W. Gleason

MOUNT BRUCE FROM RECONNAISSANCE RIDGE

One of the dominating peaks of the region at the head of Horse Thief Creek in the Southern Selkirks. The glacier shown is a section of the Starbird Glacier, of whose extent and magnificence but a vague idea can be given. The ascent was made over the snow-field at the left, up the steep snow slope to the arete, and up talus and snow slopes to the rocky summit.

an hour of the summit—and then, with victory in sight, were turned back by a thunder and sleet storm!

Jumbo is, with the exception of Rainier, the most tremendous mountain bulk I have seen. It is really an uneroded range, surrounded and dotted with outlying protuberant summits. These will at some distant day be individual mountain peaks, being outer sentinels of a huge snow summit plateau, the whole mass suggesting an enormous molar. So huge is Jumbo that Lake Maye, on the main creek, abuts its western outriders, while miles away, to the east and south it bulwarks the South Fork of Horse Thief Creek and the Jumbo Fork of Toby Creek; and on its upper surfaces and slopes rest the greatest snow-fields and glaciers of the whole Selkirk range. Jumbo Glacier, which falls from the mountain to the head of the South Fork, is a splendid example of the ice-fall type with wonderful cascades, seracs, crevasses, and broken surfaces; while the Starbird Glacier, at the head of the main creek—not a Jumbo Glacier, but practically a part of the same glacier system—is an equally fine example of the gradually sloping, regularly and evenly crevassed ice-field.

We had had our try at Jumbo and were driven back by the storm. We waited a few days for improved weather for another try, but hope-

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lessly. Finally the ladies' time was up and they were accompanied out to the valley by Gleason, while Dave and I waited for another chance to make the climb. But conditions grew steadily worse, until finally snow fell in "Camp Totem," at the tongue of Jumbo Glacier. So we reluctantly folded our tents and stole away.

Our 1914 outing was over. We had had an ideal party and an ideal time; had got good photographic and topographic results; had philosophized and swapped experiences at those never-to-be-forgotten camp-fires; had tramped, climbed, forded streams, hewed wood, fetched water, cooked, washed dishes, joked, and told stories together; had viewed tremendous scenes, splendid sunsets, glorious canyons, mountains, glaciers, and waterfalls—real human beings, living in a real human and worth-while way. It was now over, but the memories would remain—memories which would cause each of us to look forward hopefully to an encore, with a fervent

"Thank God! there is always a Land of Beyond
For us who are true to the trail;
A vision to seek, a beckoning peak,
A farness that never will fail."

Herbert W. Gleason

FIRST GLIMPSE OF LAKE MAYE

Note the infinite variety of the scene which is typical of the region—the alpine park with its heather, flowers, and larches in contrast to the lake and glacier flanked by towering walls of rock.

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H. B. Hinman

THE LODGE — Constructed of logs and shakes from the dense surrounding forest the lodge nestles in its midst. It is solidly and stoutly built on an out-jutting shoulder of the western slope of the Cascade mountains two miles southwest of Snoqualmie pass. At an elevation of 3200 feet above sea level, it is 500 feet below the divide at its nearest point, and 1100 feet above the South Fork of Snoqualmie river, which valley it overlooks. This photograph was taken from a tree, which makes it appear that the ground surrounding is level, but in reality it drops away steeply in all directions except at the rear.

THE LODGE

SIDNEY V. BRYANT

DURING the Olympic Outing of 1913 it was decided that The Mountaineers should build a lodge in some suitable locality in the mountains. At the first monthly meeting of the Club after the trip the matter was formally put before the members and was unanimously endorsed.

When about $500 had been pledged the board appointed a committee, consisting of Messrs. S. V. Bryant, Chas. Albertson, Chas. Hazlehurst, I. M. Clark, and J. H. Weer, to proceed with the work. Owing to ill health Mr. Clark had to resign and Mr. A. S. Gist was appointed to fill the vacancy.

The Cascade mountains, in the Snoqualmie Pass, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, seemed to offer the best available territory, and after considerable scouting, a site was located on a

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knoll five hundred feet above the railroad tracks, one mile and a half from Rockdale, and two miles and a half from the Snoqualmie Pass. From this knoll a splendid view is obtained of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie River, and the Denny Creek valley; Silver Peak, Granite Mountain, the Matterhorn, and Denny Mountain are also in full view. The Snoqualmie Pass road, just completed, is easily reached by a good horse trail. Two lakes, the larger one being twelve acres in extent, are less than a quarter of a mile distant from the lodge.

November ninth a special excursion party of one hundred and eleven members visited the locality and they were loud in their praises of it.

Snow conditions were studied during the winter. Snow lay on the ground about the first of November and lasted until the end of May in shaded spots. The past winter was very mild and the snowfall light. January first there were about eighteen inches of snow on the lodge site and in March about three feet, although in the more exposed places the depth varied to six feet.

Mr. Carl Gould drew up the plans for the building, and work was commenced May eighth, as the lodge site was clear of snow, though in other places it lay quite deep.

A huge hemlock was the first obstacle to be removed, and yielded only to the persuasive powers of dynamite. Rain and frequent snowstorms rendered the handling of peeled logs a very difficult problem and delayed progress, so that instead of being completed on June twenty-first, the day set for dedication, only the walls and part of the logs for the roof were up.

In a pouring rain Prof. Meany, our president, dedicated the building, and Prof. Turner, of Harvard University, Mr. A. H. Denman, and Major Ingraham gave short addresses. After the exercises a working bee was started, and everyone joined in carrying shakes up to the lodge.

On the twenty-third of June the construction crew had to go on another job, leaving the work at a stage where it would not pay to put in another gang of log workers, and carpenters with a knowledge of log construction could not be found. Mr. Boothroyd, a member of the club, came to our assistance. About the third of July he took his wife and family up to the lodge and remained there until the first of September, giving most of his time to work on the building. Other enthusiastic members helped in their spare time, and by the last of August the building was closed up and ready for use without hiring help, with the exception of one week when two carpenters were hired to put in doors and windows and to make window seats.

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The building consists of a large living room, 20x34 feet, a kitchen, 16x18 feet, and the ladies' quarters, 15x42 feet, subdivided to give a small drying and wash-room. In the attic over the living room are the men's quarters. The chief attraction in the living room is the six-foot fireplace, which, thanks to the builder, Mr. C. P. Farrar, draws perfectly. The kitchen is equipped with two stoves, cooking utensils, and dishes to accommodate about twenty-five people. Running water will be piped into the building from the rock slide at the back.

The lodge will be available to members all the year. In winter, when parties can revel in snowballing, snowshoeing, and skiing to their hearts' content, it ought to be even more popular than during the summer months.

1915 OUTING—MOUNT RAINIER

Preliminary plans for the 1915 outing are under way and they contemplate making the entire circuit of Mount Rainier (14,408 ft. elevation)—a feat heretofore accomplished only by a few people on foot and never by horses. Camps will be made near timber-line on the flanks of the mountain in the park country amidst a wealth of flowers and alongside glistening glaciers and great canyons. Ever and always the tremendous bulk of Mount Rainier will loom near at hand, lone-standing, up-rearing, majestic. The main climb will be to the top of the mountain, possibly by a new route.

This will make an attractive trip to such mountain climbers as are planning to visit the Panama exposition at San Francisco. Write the Secretary of "The Mountaineers" for later information.

COASTING ON RED EAGLE GLACIER *P. M. M.*

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THE LOCAL WALKS

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR

THE local walks furnish enjoyment throughout the entire year to those who seek acquaintance and companionship with nature. Every season has its peculiar charm. Autumn extends the opportunity to see the salmon on their run up stream; to note seed distribution; to watch the migration of birds; or to observe the preparation of insect or animal for winter. Spring and summer vie with each other in bestowing perfect weather for trips upon the lakes or Sound. Yet winter offers the best time for long walks through the dark fir forests where the western spring beauty (*Claytonia siberica*) and the little yellow violet (*viola sempervirens*) may nearly always be found, since these small flowers are never quite sure when it is winter in this mild climate. Winter also brings the hardy sports on snow and ice as the great Tahoma and the other peaks of the Cascades call and beckon the Mountaineers to come and play in their vast snow-fields.

The length and kind of walk vary with the occasion. The Saturday afternoon walks are usually four or six miles; those on Sunday, eight to thirty miles; the mid-week moonlight excursions are three or more miles to some place on the beach, where supper around a great camp-fire is enjoyed; the two-day or week-end outings are not only walks but also climbs.

These two or three-day outings form a chain of pleasant memories of: The trip to Mount Rainier (Dec. 28-Jan. 1) and to Scenic Hot Springs (Feb. 21-23) for winter sports; Wildcat Lake and Mount Baldy, across the Sound (May 23-24); Mount Wow (May 30-31) with its hardships and its reward in the magnificent view of Mount Rainier; the boat trip up Hood Canal, along the base of the Olympic mountains (July 3-5), with climbs to Idlewild and Liliwaup falls; Labor Day at the Lodge (Sept. 5-7), with side trips to Snow Lake, Mount Snoqualmie, and Chair Peak; Rainier National Park (October 10-11); and last, but in no way least, Helping Hand Day (October 23-25) at the Lodge. The Local Walks Committee, in conjunction with the Lodge Committee, with wise sagacity, conducted a company of sixty-one sturdy Mountaineers to the Lodge, where everyone assisted to the best of his ability in cutting wood or otherwise preparing for winter.

The splendid work of the Local Walks Committee has made it possible for many to become acquainted with a great range of country. Much credit is due to those who have thus extended all these pleasures "to him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms."

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REGION OF THE
1915 OUTING

Lydia Lovering
Mount Rainier from Grand Park

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SUMMARY LOCAL WALKS AND SPECIAL OUTINGS

No.	Date 1913-14	Local Walks Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
196	Oct. 26	Silverdale to Hood Canal	11	E. L. Chapman, Helen Gracie	194	$ .50
197	Nov. 9	Lodge Site, Rockdale	3	Lodge Committee	107	1.60
198	Nov. 16	Newport to Coal Creek and Renton	10	G. A. Stanton	26	.30
199	Nov. 23	Port Madison to Manzanita and Crystal Springs	10	Hazel Royer	55	.60
200	Dec. 7	Brownsville to Lenni and Manette	10	Inez Wynn	112	.50
201	Dec. 14	Renton to Panther Lake and Auburn	18	Arthur Nation	31	.70
202	Jan. 4	Echo Lake to Ravenna	12	Hazel Burroughs	34	.35
203	Jan. 10	Cowen Park to Pontiac and Ravenna (Moonlight)	4	Kathleen Gorham	20	....
204	Jan. 18	Portage to Dockton, Vashon Island	10	Olive Rand	108	.50
205	Jan. 25	Newport to Lake Sammamish and Renton	17	A. S. Gist	17	.25
206	Feb. 1	Port Madison to Rolling Bay and Eagle Harbor	8	Celia Shelton	143	.50
207	Feb. 7	Fauntleroy to South Park (Sat. p. m.)	6	Winona Bailey	4	....
208	Mar. 10	Orchard Beach to Dunlap (Moonlight)	3	Mary Cutter	67	....
209	Feb. 15	Echo Lake to Wayne and Juanita	14	Myrtle Culmer	106	.50
210	Mar. 1	1st Section, Kent to Angle Lake and South Park	16	H. L. Bushnell	22	.45
		2nd Section, Orillia to Angle Lake and South Park	12	G. A. Stanton	42	.35
211	Mar. 15	Appletree Cove to Miller Bay and Suquamish	10	Mrs. E. K. Triol	134	.50
212	Mar. 21	Cowen Park to Mapleleaf (Sat. p. m.)	5	Edna Burroughs	20	....
213	Mar. 22	Juanita to Cottage Lake and Forest Park	22	Mary L. Hard	17	.50
214	Mar. 29	Joint Walk with Everett—Silver Lake to Everett	10	H. B. Hinman	37	1.30
215	Apr. 10	Washington Park (Moonlight)	3	Ida Rosencrans	44	....
216	Apr. 11	Smith Cove to West Pt. and Ft. Lawton (Sat. p. m.)	5	H. B. Martin	15	....
217	Apr. 19	Cove to Burton, Vashon Island	10	Mabel Furry	136	.50
218	Apr. 25	Seward Park (Sat. p. m.)	4	B. J. Otis	13	....
219	Apr. 26	Newport to Lake Sammamish and Kirkland	20	E. B. Stackpole	16	.30
220	May 3	Joint Walk with Tacoma—Lakota to Dash Point	10	H. C. Belt	113	.50
221	May 8	Schmitz Park to South Alki (Moonlight)	2	Helen Criswell	45	....
222	May 9	Taylors Mill to Fairview (Sat. p. m.)	5	Kathryn Rand	4	....
223	May 17	Navy Yard City to McKenna Falls	13	W. H. Rees	107	.50
224	May 23	19th Ave to Lake Washington Canal (Sat. p. m.)	4	Kate Holmes	2	....
225	May 23-24	Chico to Hidden Ranch and Mt. Baldy	19	Howard Fuller	25	1.35
226	May 24	Chico to Hidden Ranch (Rhododendron Walk)	6	Gertrude Streator	158	.50
227	June 7	Kingston to Eglon and Pt. Gamble (Chicken Dinner)	11	J. N. Bowman	78	1.00
228	June 5	Kirkland to Northrup (Campfire Walk)	2	Susanna Kellett	73	.40
229	June 13	Lake Washington Shore Walk (Sat. p. m.)	5	L. T. Neikirk	7	....
230	June 13-14	Climb of Denny Mountain (Elev. 5,800), Laconia	7	A. Nation, Charles Hazlehurst	19	3.80
231	Sept. 3	Medina to Bellevue (Moonlight)	3	Elizabeth Kirkwood	20	.15
232	Sept. 20	Gibson to Creosote, Eagle Harbor	8	Charles Albertson, H. B. Bennett	101	.70
233	Sept. 27	Sandy B'ch—Eglon—Pt. No Pt. (Beefsteak Walk)	10	Clayton Crawford	67	1.00
		Special Outings				
16	Feb. 21-23	Scenic Hot Springs		Local Walks Committee	85	8.55
17	July 3- 5	Hood Canal; Lilliwaup and Idlewild Falls		Local Walks Committee	74	3.50
18	Sept. 5 7	The Lodge, Rockdale. Snow Lake and climb of Snoqualmie Mountain (Elev. 6,270)		Local Walks Committee	63	4.00

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REGION OF THE
1915 OUTING

Copyright A. H. Denman

Mount Rainier from Crescent Mountain
Siuiskin Mountains in foreground

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THE MOUNTAINEERS

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Charles M. Farrer, secretary.....508 Pioneer Bldg.
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A. H. Albertson — Helen Gracie — Lulie Nettleton

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Charles Hazlehurst, chairman

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Hazel Burroughs, chairman

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MONTHLY MEETINGS

DECEMBER 19, 1913—NOVEMBER 20, 1914

The Mountaineer monthly meetings for the year have been interesting and varied in character. The Program Committee arranged for and successfully presented the following:

DECEMBER 19, 1913

"The geological history of Puget Sound," illustrated lecture, by Professor J. Harlan Bretz, University of Washington.

JANUARY 16, 1914

"European travels," lecture; Judge Thomas Burke, Seattle.

FEBRUARY 27, 1914

"Making an outing," talks by several Mountaineers on different phases of the subject. Stereopticon slides.

MARCH 20, 1914

"Indian legends," Doctor Charles M. Buchanan, agent of the Tulalip Indian Reservation, Wash.

APRIL 17, 1914

"Glacier National Park," illustrated lecture; Mr. J. R. Hoats, Tacoma, Wash.

"The proposed Mount Stuart outing," by Doctor H. B. Hinman, Everett, Wash.

May, June, July, August, no meetings.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1914

Nominations for the Board of Trustees were made. "Cascade climbs," illustrated lecture; Mr. George I. Gavett, University of Washington, Seattle.

"Local walks and the Lodge," talk; Mr. Charles Hazlehurst, Seattle.

OCTOBER 16, 1914

"Mount Stuart outing," illustrated lecture; Doctor H. B. Hinman, Everett, Wash.

NOVEMBER 20, 1914

"Glacier National Park outing," illustrated lecture; Mr. J. H. Weer, Tacoma, Wash.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian

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SECRETARY'S REPORT

The membership of The Mountaineers has increased greatly this year. Including applications pending, the membership numbers 627, as compared with 489 last year. It is divided as follows: Seattle 470, Everett 64, Tacoma 42, Monroe 10, the latter auxiliary having been organized early in the year. The sum total of membership shows the growing love of the out-of-doors among our citizens and the popularity of the club.

The Olympus National monument is still a matter of debate at Washington, and Chief Forester Graves came out this fall to make a personal inspection of the territory comprised in its boundaries.

Our earnest friend and helper, Enos A. Mills, of Estes Park, Colorado, is again journeying to Washington, D. C., to urge the Government to provide a district national park service, or bureau, a matter in which The Mountaineers are vitally interested, the present system being a bad one for the parks.

The varied activities of The Mountaineers are reported elsewhere by the several committees.

CHARLES M. FARRER, Secretary

TREASURER'S REPORT, YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1914
GENERAL FUND

Receipts

Cash on hand November 1, 1913	$ 399.51	
Bonds redeemed	400.00	
Interest on bonds	77.00	
Outing fund	709.17	
Local Walks Committee	135.15	
Stuck lecture	41.00	
Bonds sold	200.00	
Magazines sold	133.75	
Pins sold	10.50	
Fobs sold	3.75	
Dues	1,698.00	
Advertising in Annual, 1913	246.55	
Advertising in Bulletins	63.00	
Advertising in Membership list	16.00	
Advertising in Mt. Stuart prospectus	24.00	
Advertising in Glacier Park prospectus	100.00	
		$4,257.38

Disbursements

Reconnaissance (Mt. Rainier)	$ 29.70
Printing and stationery	47.75
Mailing and addressing	298.13
Plates for magazines	1.71
Bulletins	169.00
Annual, 1913	558.75
Pins	25.00
Refund to branches	100.00
Accrued interest	8.00
Bonds	600.00
Miscellaneous	49.30
Membership list	25.00
Stuck lecture	20.75

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TREASURER'S REPORT—Continued

General Fund—Disbursements—Continued

Mt. Stuart prospectus	61.55		
Assistant Secretary (salary)	190.00		
Pictures and slides	154.50		
Markers on city tower	19 25		
Loaned to Lodge fund	1,788.65		
		$4,147.04	
			$ 110.34

PERMANENT FUND

Receipts

Cash on hand November 1, 1913	$ 375.78		
New members	219.00		
Interest on savings account	12.67		
Interest on bonds	14.00		
Bonds redeemed	200.00		
		$ 821.45	

Disbursements

Bonds purchased	$ 600.00		
Premium on bonds	10.00		
Accrued interest on bonds	4.00		
		614.00	
			$ 207.45

OUTING FUND

Receipts

Cash on hand November 1, 1913	$1,126.27		
Outing, 1914 (Glacier Park)	5,849.50		
Outing, 1914 (Mount Stuart)	841.25		
		$7,817.02	

Disbursements

Outing, 1913 (Olympic)	$ 417.10		
Outing, 1914 (Glacier Park)	5,871.80		
Outing, 1914 (Mount Stuart)	814.90		
Transfer to general fund	709.17		
Miscellaneous	2.75		
		7,815.72	
			$ 1.30

LOCAL WALKS FUND

Receipts

Cash on hand November 1, 1913	$ 85.15		
Cash from Treasurer of Local Walks	100.00		
		$ 185.15	

Disbursements

Transferred to general fund	$ 135.15		
		135.15	
			$ 50 00

LODGE FUND

Receipts

Cash on hand November 1, 1913	$ 17.50		
Received from subscriptions	969.00		
Loaned from general fund	1,788.65		
		$2,775.15	

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TREASURER'S REPORT—Continued

Lodge Fund—Continued

Disbursements

Expended on Lodge building	$2,775.15		
		2,775.15	
Total balances			$ 369.09

CASH BALANCES

National Bank of Commerce	$ 7.14		
Bank for Savings	185.45		
Cash on hand	176.50		
			$ 369.09

ASSETS

General fund—Cash on hand	$ 110.34		
General fund—Bonds on hand	1,108.00		
General fund—Loaned to Lodge fund	1,788.65		
		$3,006.99	
Permanent fund—Cash on hand	$ 207.45		
Permanent fund—Bonds on hand	610.00		
		817.45	
Outing fund—Cash on hand	$ 1.30		
		1.30	
Local Walks fund—Cash on hand	$ 50.00		
		50.00	
			$3,875.74

Audited November 21, 1914

H. A. FULLER

B. J. OTIS

Auditing Committee

REDICK H. McKEE, Treasurer

REPORT ON LOCAL WALKS

The Local Walks Committee submits the following report for the year ending September 30, 1914. There were held thirty-nine walks and three special outings, as follows:

	Average Attendance	Average Mileage
19 short Sunday walks	98	9.9
6 long Sunday walks	21	18.6
13 Saturday afternoon and moonlight walks	24	3.9
1 climb of Denny Mountain (5,500 ft.)		

The Washington's Birthday Outing, participated in by eighty-five, was held at Scenic Hot Springs, and in spite of inclement weather, many enjoyed snowshoeing, skiing, coasting and tramping in the snow-covered mountains.

A special boat was used by our seventy-four members and guests on the Fourth of July outing to Hood Canal. From the camp at Big Beef Harbor, Idlewild and Lilliwaup falls were visited; fine weather made salt water bathing and sleeping out especially enjoyable, and the return journey was broken by a beach supper at Point No Point.

The Labor Day Outing was held at the Lodge by a party of sixty-three members and guests. On Sunday twenty-eight made the ascent of Snoqualmie Mountain, elevation 5,500, via the north side, and a party of eighteen tramped up the beautiful valley of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie River to Snow

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Lake. In the evening all enjoyed a jolly program around the big fireplace. Monday, in spite of rain, was utilized by three trail gangs to do some pioneering work, while others "tinkered" around the building.

Mention must be made of the help accorded the Committee at all times by our members. A special boat was chartered for fifteen of the walks, and railroad companies have furnished us special cars when needed. A total of 2,561 persons were present on the walks and outings of the past year.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Receipts

November 1, 1913, balance on hand	$.....
Received to September 30, 1914	2,400.55

Disbursements

Boat charter and fares	$ 785.75	
Railroad transportation	499.30	
Coffee	30.00	
Sugar	14.55	
Milk	14.55	
Meat	47.30	
Groceries, fruits and vegetables	104.48	
Cooks and helpers	59.50	
Hotels	542.60	
Chicken dinners	37.00	
Drayage, freight, and packing	19.46	
Telephone, postage, and printing	18.53	
Scouting	23.60	
Committee expense	49.70	
Outfit	5.80	
General fund	100.00	
Total	$2,352.12	
Balance on hand September 30, 1914	48.43	
		$2,400.55

Respectfully submitted

CHARLES HAZLEHURST, Chairman

Audited October 31, 1914
H. A. FULLER
B. J. OTIS
Auditing Committee

Everett Mountaineers

The past year has been the most successful in the work of our branch since its inception.

We now have a membership of 76 and a comfortable balance in the bank of over $100.

A contribution of $25 from our treasury was made toward the Lodge Fund, and we have also prepared a set of about 125 lantern slides illustrative of our local walks and climbs.

During the year we have held twenty walks and outings, with an average attendance of twenty-seven. Included in this are a New Year's outing at Index, a two day outing to Lewis Creek Canyon and Lake Serene, a week-end at Lake Isabel and the ascent of Mount Si.

Several largely attended lectures have been held in the high school auditorium.

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Seven of our members went on the Mount Stuart outing, and one to Glacier National Park.

This year we have "swarmed," six of our members furnishing the nucleus for the formation of a branch at Monroe.

A large factor in the interest in the club is "The Trailers," a social organization meeting every two weeks, to which all Mountaineers, and only Mountaineers, are eligible.

H. B. HINMAN

Tacoma Mountaineers

The Mountaineers of Tacoma are a delightfully pleasant little family circle, well acquainted and congenial.

No one local walk stands out conspicuously; all have been well attended and thoroughly enjoyed. The Saturday afternoon walks were new this year and attracted a goodly number. The "mystic" walk of recent date proved that Tacoma Mountaineers walk to be out in the open and to admire nature's beauties, rather than because there is some special attraction as a peak to climb, a chain of lakes to view, or a chicken dinner to entice them hence. A fair proportion of our members have attended the Dedication, Labor and Helping Hand days at the Lodge, and if reports are true have done their share to make it an ideal mountain home.

We note three special outings. The New Year's outing to view Paradise Valley under her seven-foot blanket of snow (some of the party visiting McClure's Rocks) was led by A. H. Denman. The members found the snowshoeing exhilirating and the evenings about the fireplace at the Inn most charming. The Mount Wow outing with 42 members, including visitors from Seattle and elsewhere, made a two-day trip in May, and reported magnificent view of Mounts Hood, St. Helens and Adams from the top of Wow (6,030 feet), and gave flattering comments on the leadership of J. Harry Weer. In October, Miss Crissie Cameron planned an autumn outing to Rainier National Park. This was led by Mrs. Weer. The members climbed Eagle Peak (5,955 feet).

We were pleased to loan to the summer Outing Committee our president, J. Harry Weer, confident he would give his entire energy to the success of the Glacier National Park outing. Twelve of our members participated in that trip, several joined the Mount Stuart outing, and a few were with the Mazamas in Moraine Park.

On the whole it has been a most satisfactory year. We need no excuse to "hie to the woods and fields, the streams and lakes, on healthful tramps with mind attuned to Nature's myriad charms."

MRS. W. H. UDALL

Monroe Mountaineers

The petition to organize the Monroe Branch, signed by ten charter members, was forwarded January 19, 1914, and the petition was granted March 5, 1914. The organization was perfected March 22, 1914, and since that time we have taken eleven local walks, one being the Fourth of July outing, and climbing of Mount Pilchuck, besides a trip by boat from Everett to Green Bank, to the rhododendron fields. Some of the members have attended and participated in the walks of the Everett branch and have been with the parties at the Lodge.

Dr. H. B. Hinman gave an excellent illustrated lecture on the Olympic outing for the benefit of our branch, which was well received and created considerable enthusiasm.

Since the granting of the petition to organize, three new members have joined us, and there is every reason to believe that during the coming year there will be a substantial additional membership secured.

E. T. BASCOM

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SCIENTIFIC NOTES

EDITED BY GERTRUDE I. STREATOR

OUR NATIONAL PARKS

Many of the national parks and monuments contain an array of valuable scientific material not elsewhere found. Being in a national reservation this material is the property of all people, and each of these reservations may be made a great outdoor university.

The study of science in the world outdoors is an unrivalled stimulus to investigation and to education. The book of nature lights the torch of imagination; interests when all other sources fail. Charles Darwin, "the most influential man of the nineteenth century," was a failure as a student until through outdoor rambles he became interested in botany and geology. Continuing his outdoor scientific studies, he at last gave to the world the most illuminating information.

The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a wonderful geological story and a magnificent illustration of the possibilities of erosion. The Mount Rainier and the Crater Lake national parks are excellent examples of the ways of Mother Nature in world building and world changing.

Between the Big Trees in California and the brave, tiny plant life by the steam vents on Rainier there is a wonderful wealth of botanical lore.

With birds and animals multiplying and becoming easy of study in the national parks, these places are certain greatly to increase the numbers of people who study economic ornithology, biology and zoology.

The development of the scientific possibilities in the national reservations will hasten the general understanding of conservation, the noblest phase of which is the saving of human life and ideals through recreation in scenic places.

———— ENOS A. MILLS

OUR BIG KELP

The name of the common bulb kelp is *Nereocystis luetkeana*. (Gk. *nereus*, a marine god; Gk. *kystis*, a bladder or hollow bulb. F. P. Lutke was a Russian explorer.)

The plant probably reaches a maximum length of about 125 feet, although about 340 feet are claimed for it. The bulb and the upper hollow part of the stem serve as a float and as a storehouse for the gases used by the plant. The currents usually keep the leaves more or less horizontal from the bulb, and thus near the surface where the light is best. The lower and narrower end of the cattle-whiplike stalk is fastened to the rocks by means of a holdfast composed of a tuft of rootlike branches whose ends adhere by a hydraulic cement oozing from them.

The place occupied by any ordinary species of plant is very largely a matter of accident, since locomotion is not common, as in animals. However, the bulb kelp is nearly always found on rocks, and thus indicates to launches and small craft the presence of danger. Naturally a gas-filled bulb jerks on its holdfast as it is moved by the waves; thus as the bulb grows the plant is pulled loose unless it is fastened on a rock of considerable dimensions. A large kelp will drag a rock 8 inches in diameter. On sand or mud the kelps will be pulled loose while yet very young. This is the reason why the plants are found on rocks only.

Sea water contains a very small proportion of potash. A few years ago it was found that these plants had the power of taking this potash from the water and retaining it in their cells to a remarkable degree. Thus kelp when

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dried contains about 15 per cent potash. This is true of many species. Since potash is one of the three chief compounds in fertilizers there is demand for a great deal of it. Since the United States has no considerably supply of potash, we pay Germany $10,000,000 to $16,000,000 annually for ours. By far our most promising source of potash lies in the large kelps. The large species are better than the small ones, chiefly because the former grow in water deep enough to float harvesting machinery, and thus very greatly lessen the cost of gathering. One could gather material just as good from the rocks on the beach by means of a jack-knife; but the cost of getting it in quantity would be too great.

On the Atlantic coast of the United States there are no large kelps; but on the Pacific coast there are growing 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 tons (wet) of kelp annually. Thus we may look for a considerable industry some time from this source.

T. C. FRYE, University of Washington

CHICKADEE

The winter forest on the University Campus seems cold and silent as I venture into its depths, but I am rewarded by a rhythmic call not far away. I answer as I watch the storm clouds along the horizon through a break in the trees. Suddenly they seem to have been condensed into living form, for there on a vivid maple leaf, inspecting its every angle, is a tiny atom whose gray, black, brown, and white colors match in every shade the masses of vapor behind it. But the joy of life vibrates rapidly in the brown eyes of this little creature whose form bespeaks an attractive bird personality.

Fluttering away to another leaf it croons a minor melody, which is immediately repeated by a dozen other similar personalities. As I join the chorus they yield to an apparently consuming curiosity, and by devious and winding flights circle around, ever drawing nearer to my spirea. Holding my breath I call "sweet-ee" and there, two feet above my head, a chestnut-backed chickadee looks down into my upturned face and answers, "dee-dee" in the friendliest manner. I call again and hear the reply "chick-a-dee-dee" behind me.

The tree seems alive with mysterious voices whispering soft sayings which my dull ears cannot interpret. Tiny wings flutter all about as the flock advances, and numberless bright eyes peer inquisitively into mine, but usually from behind the shelter of a screening leaf. Gaining confidence from the quiet of all around they inspect the intruder carefully and then make a thorough search for food with an absolute disregard for the attraction of gravitation. They hang head downward as if that were the regular method of procedure. They swing from twig to leaf, catching by their toes with the ease of a professional gymnast. They poke their inquisitive little noses into every crack and cranny of the tree, and their puffy little bodies give evidence that the hunting is good.

They are neighborly little fellows and mingle fraternally with several bush-tits and golden-crowned kinglets that drop into the same tree, seeming to understand and answer by funny little squeaks the calls of the newcomers. Even the vituperation of a pair of Seattle wrens, who came fussing out from an old stump to scold at them, does not disturb their serenity, but when a stray Steller jay flew into the tree, in a flash the clouds and I were alone together.

ADELAIDE L. POLLOCK

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MOUNTAINEERING TERMS

In this technical age every science, business, and sport has its own nomenclature. Mountaineering, the king of sports, stands not apart in this respect.

Although a full mountaineering vocabulary would closely interlock with botany, geology, and meteorology, nevertheless there are some terms which in their literary use distinctively belong to this activity. For the assistance of both those who read and write about the great out-doors, the following list is submitted:

Aiguille—a needle-shaped peak; a sharp rocky mountain summit, especially one of those of the Italian Alps near Mont Blanc

Aiguillesque—shaped like, or somewhat like, a needle

Arête—narrow ridge of rock

Bergschrund—crevasse at break of snow from rock

Bifurcation—a point at which forking occurs; one or both of the bifurcating parts

Bole—the trunk of a tree

Boss—protruding rock in glacial bed

Breccia—rock composed of angular fragments imbedded in softer formation

Chine—a deep and narrow ravine or fissure

Cirque—an amphitheatre-like valley head

Couloir—ascending gorge or gully, especially near mountain summit

Diastrophism—the process, in general, of deformation of the earth's crust producing continents and ocean-beds, plateaus, mountains, valleys, folds, and faults

Escarpment—a steep slope, especially if of considerable lateral extent

Fumarole—a small hole from which volcanic vapors issue

Glacis—a gentle slope, or a smooth, gently sloping declivity

Glissade—act of sliding; a slide; to slide (rare)

Lapelle—that which is turned back or folded over

Magma—the molten mass within the earth's crust, the source of igneous eruptions

Massif—the dominant, central mass of a mountain ridge more or less defined by longitudinal or transverse valleys

Mauvaises terres—bad lands

Moulin—a nearly vertical shaft or cavity worn in a glacier by the running down of water

Moraine—the débris of earth and rocks collected in ridges or heaps by a glacier; medial, terminal, recessional, lateral

Névé—the granular snow-ice before the formation into solid glacial ice

Névé-fields—glacier snow-fields

Pressure-ridge—heaped-up crushed ice along a line of weakness in an ice floe, the result of lateral pressure of the ice

Scoria—coarsely cellular lava or fragments of lava; often in the plural

Scree—a pebble, a stone; also a heap of stones or rocky débris; talus

Sérac—a pinnacle of ice among the crevasses of a glacier; also, one of the angular blocks into which a glacier breaks on a steep grade

Sierra—saw-tooth ridge

Talus—sloping mass of rock fragments

E. W. ALLEN

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NOTES ON PACIFIC COAST MOUNTAIN CLUBS

EDITED BY MARION D. THUM

With the Mazamas, 1914 The Mazamas established a new record on Mount Rainier, taking to its summit the largest party that has ever stood on that crest at one time. Seventy-five began the climb and seventy-one reached the summit. George X. Riddell and A. Boyd Williams mapped out the trail over the Winthrop Glacier. The trip took two days. Going from permanent camp Sunday morning, the camp was made at an elevation of 9,500 feet on the rocks of Steamboat Prow, and on the following morning began the final ascent. They reached the summit at 11:35 in the morning. They were divided into nine companies, the members of each company being roped together. The most exciting incident of the climb was when a snow bridge over a crevasse caved just as the last two in the party headed by John A. Lee were crossing. Only the presence of mind of the members of the company and the prompt action of those who had reached firm ground saved the whole party from being plunged into the crevasse.

Sierra Club Outing to Yosemite National Park The 1914 outing of the Sierra Club was a repetition of the club's favorite trip through the Yosemite National Park. The main party left San Francisco and Los Angeles, respectively, in special trains on the evening of July 1, arriving in Yosemite Valley the following morning. Here they joined the advance party, which had enjoyed a two weeks' stay in the valley.

From Yosemite Valley the main outing party, two hundred and thirty in number, proceeded to the upper Merced basin, where four days were spent in camp near Lake Merced. From this camp a knapsack party climbed Forster Peak (12,062 feet) and another knapsack party traveled through the headwaters of the San Joaquin and Tuolumne rivers to Tuolumne Meadows, climbing Mount Ritter (13,156 feet) en route. The main party reached Tuolumne Meadows by crossing Tuolumne Pass and descending Rafferty Creek. A delightful stay of ten days was made in the meadows and climbs of Mount Dana (13,050 feet), Mount Lyell (13,090 feet), Mount Conness (12,556 feet), and other peaks were made.

From Tuolumne Meadows the party traveled to Conness Creek at the head of the Grand Canyon of the Tuolumne, stopping a day to allow everyone to visit the famous cascades and waterwheels. From this camp the main party traveled by way of Matterhorn Canyon, Rodgers Lake, Pleasant Valley, and Rancheria Mountain to Hetch Hetchy Valley. During this time several knapsack parties made the descent of the wonderful Tuolumne Canyon, some of them returning to the main party at Pleasant Valley and others in Hetch Hetchy Valley. Another knapsack party visited Lakes Vernon and Eleanor.

After spending two days in Hetch Hetchy Valley, another two days' travel brought the party to the railroad at El Portal in time to leave for home on the evening of July 29.

Next year the Club plans to vary its usual program by conducting a permanent camp for three months on the "Soda Springs" property which it recently acquired in Tuolumne Meadows. A pack-train will make regular trips from Yosemite Valley to the camp. It is hoped that this camp will not only be enjoyed by the members of the Club but that it will help to make the wonderful mountain region of the upper Yosemite National Park accessible to many of the thousands of people who will visit Yosemite Valley next

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year. The Soda Springs property is located in the center of Tuolumne Meadows, one of the grandest camp spots in all of the High Sierra. From it the interesting Mono Lake region is easily reached either via Leevining Canyon or Mono Pass. Mount Lyell, Mount Dana, Mount Conness, Kuna Crest, Unicorn Peak, and Cathedral Peak are also within short distances.

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THE MOUNTAINEER

VOLUME X · 1917

MOUNT ST. HELEN'S and MOUNT ADAMS

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Mabel Furry

MOUNT ST. HELENS

From the edge of the young growth of pine on the north base rise abruptly the pumice slopes and glacier-clad flanks of Mount St. Helens. At the right is seen the pointed nose, slender body and curved legs of the Lizard, as the long narrow pumice ledge is called along which the climb of the mountain is usually made.

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The Mountaineer

VOLUME TEN

December 1917

Mount St. Helen's *and* Mount Adams

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Incorporated 1913

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Winona Bailey, Editor
T. J. Acheson, Publication Manager
Effie L. Chapman — Mabel Furry
Fidelia Davis — Helen Gracie
H. B. Densmore — J. T. Hazard

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of our country is in the
mountains and on the sea!
Give us annual example!
The hordes of men below you
are still too occupied with the
tasks of tilling, making, buying
and selling to follow you now.
But your song of mountains
is in their ears! They are
succumbing. Someday they will
follow you into the glory of
mountains, never again to return
as they were.

Henry Suzzallo

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The Mountaineer

Volume Ten | Seattle, Washington | December, 1917

THE ST. HELENS—ADAMS OUTING

ALMA D. WAGEN

"Climb the mountains and get their good tidings.
Nature's peace will flow into you
As sunshine flows into trees.
The winds will blow their freshness into you
And the storms their energy,
While cares will drop off like autumn leaves."
—John Muir.

TO "climb the mountains and get their good tidings," to camp at timberline with the "Guardians of the Columbia," to follow the shadowy trails leading to the haunts of the Redman, through verdant forests of moss-hanging trees, across streams of rushing waters, on over patches of snow, pocketed in the hanging slopes of the mountains, up over heights laid waste by fire, where only the bare skeletons of former trees still stand, ghastly apparitions, glistening in the sunlight, back to the cool protecting forests, now over meadows carpeted with springy, cool grass, now into parks with their enchanted gardens, up and up, crossing raging torrents, over one ridge and along the sharp crest of another, skirting great buttresses of piled-up lava, then down through canyons and up over ledges and down again through grassy vales with their meandering streams, now leading out into the yellow pine country, gutted and channeled by huge lava drives, leading on past sparkling lakes, then on through oceans of dust, on and up over a sky-line trail to the very playground of the Redman—this in brief was the itinerant outlook for the eleventh annual outing of The Mountaineers, August fourth to August twenty-fifth, 1917.

It was a happy, joyous, care-free crowd that emerged from the sleepers which had been side-tracked at Castle Rock, early Sunday morning, August the fifth. Lines of anxiety and care were already beginning to soften and even disappear—for had not the dunnage-bags, shrunken and shriveled in appearance, having lost two and a half pounds in weight since their last trip, been safely deposited for the Fords to pick up, with no terrifying scales in sight—and in their

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stead lines of relief, expectancy, joy appeared in keen anticipation of the glorious three weeks to be spent in the great out-of-doors among the Guardian Peaks.

It took some ingenuity on the part of our leaders to assign the fifty-two members of the party to the various autos, all ready to transport us with our dunnage-bags to Spirit Lake. This being done we were off for a forty-five mile drive. It is a matter of controversy, even today, how we ever reached Spirit Lake. But we are one and all agreed that we were glad, gladder than ever, to shake off the turmoil, the rattle and clatter and rush and roar of the city, and to continue over Nature's thoroughfare "afoot and light-hearted".

On the shore of this beautiful lake we ate our lunch, and then started out on foot, up the mountain side three and one-half miles to the selected camp-site at timberline. The way led over a well-defined road covered with scattered fragments of pumice, through a beautiful forest which gradually frayed out in scattered pines and stunted trees as we reached the base of the mountain. Here under the snowy heights of St. Helens, a red flag, flying from the branch of a lonely pine, heralded us into our mountain home.

The commissary force with Mr. Curtis had arrived the day before and established camp. Those who had arrived early were already busy studying the ground carefully, trying to distinguish between spots where it is delicious to sleep and patches that mean a painful and humiliating experience. This was to be Main Camp, a five nights' stay, therefore a great deal of care was used and much deliberation given to the choice of the individual apartments.

Monday was announced as a sort of do-as-you-please day. Some members of the party walked to Lange, a postal station, others of piscatorial cult enjoyed the beauties and advantages of Spirit Lake. The aroma of strawberries wafted downward by the breezes enticed others up the mountain slopes, and some just stayed in camp. An excursion led by Mr. Curtis to Mount Margaret, a peak of the Coldwater Range, seven miles to the north of St. Helens and from which on a clear day an unusual prospect may be had, was the chief feature of the day. Through the opening branches of the trees along the wooded banks of Spirit Lake we caught, ever now and then, the deeply colored, sparkling waters of the lake, and the beautiful glistening dome of St. Helens in its emerald setting. Because of the spreading haze which obscured the landscape that lay within the range of vision, the upper slope of Mount Margaret was abandoned and the party returned to camp, thoroughly enjoying the exercise a fifteen-mile tramp affords.

There was not much need of a try-out trip this year, for the party as a whole soon proved themselves to be adepts in the various arts

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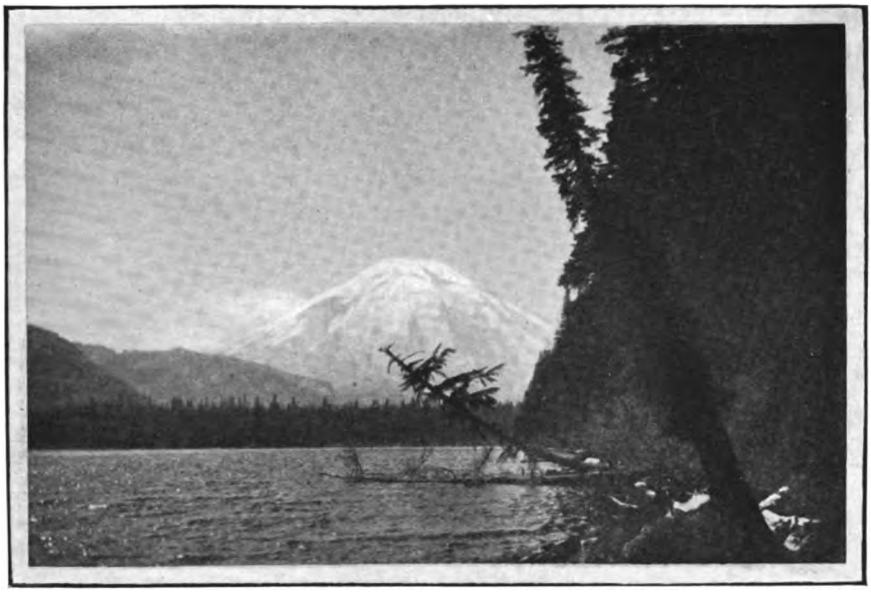

L. F. Curtis

SPIRIT LAKE A large and very deep lake of surpassing beauty lying at the base of Mount St. Helens and completely surrounded by high and steep wooded hills.

necessary to qualify as sour-doughs, so it was merely as a muscle-builder that a trip up the pumice slopes of St. Helens to Lookout Point was planned. This point was about 1,500 feet above camp and afforded glimpses into the wooded parks with their secluded lakes and streams encircling St. Helens. While the photographers were interested in trying to catch the tantalizing glimpses of Rainier and Adams through rifts in the clouds hovering about them, others were enjoying the exhilarating sport of sliding, and watching the interesting demonstrations of "the stop," "the triangle," and "the hesitation" on the snow slopes bordering the pumice fields.

Forty-six members of the party under the guidance of H. B. Bennett, L. F. Curtis and A. S. Gist, stood all in readiness for the climb of St. Helens early Wednesday morning, August eighth. All preparations had been made the day before. Self-appointed cobblers had been busy calking, mending, and even tinning boots. A preliminary climb, too, had been made by Mr. Bennett, Mr. Gist, and Mr. Gould to determine the best course for the party. So when the whistle sounded, companies were formed, and we set off on our march to the merry tune of clanking alpenstocks as they grazed the fragments of pumice and lava strewn all about us.

Our course led up a zig-zag trail over the snow-slopes wherever they were passable and then, to avoid crevasses we clambered up two rocky slopes of soft pumice rock and loose blocks of lava known as

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the Lizard and the Boot. About noon we reached the rim of the crater on the north side. Here we found a tent, protected from the winds by great masses of upheaved rock, a shelter for some men in the Forest Service engaged in building a lookout station on the south rim of the crater, the highest point of St. Helens, 9,750 feet elevation.

The day had been an excellent one for climbing, the sky was cloudless, and a stiff breeze cooled the heated brow of the climber and made him forget he was really laboring under great difficulties at times.

The distance of about one-third of a mile across the crater, over a field of dazzling snow, was soon traversed and then the joy of having made the climb, of having reached the highest point, the joy of attainment, was ours. In silent thoughtfulness we were lost for some moments to all else save the far-reaching spaces. Scanning the horizon for familiar landmarks we found Mount Rainier with his accompaniment of lesser peaks and ranges in the north, Mount Adams in a similar setting to the east. Because of the smoke to the south and west we could see but dimly the undulating contour of the country.

After examining the skeleton structure of the lookout station, and after registering and being properly photographed, we began the descent. Great care was needed on the rocky slopes to avoid loosening rocks. This made progress rather slow, so we took advantage of every snow-slope safe for sliding, and reached camp about five o'clock, with keen-edged appetities, sharpened by the exhilarating climb, all ready for the hot supper awaiting us.

Thursday was general clean-up day, for it was to be our last day in this delightful spot. The jingling of bells during the night announced the arrival of the pack train and in the morning after a readjustment of the bags to bring them down to normal weight, we started on our way to Midnight Meadows, officially known, however, as Bear Meadows.

There was a long delay at Spirit Lake, hours in fact, while the leaders of the party were trying to get a line on a shipment of supplies which should have reached Glenwood a week before. The packers who had just come from Glenwood, a station southeast of Mount Adams, were to have brought these supplies part way and left them in a cache to be picked up on our way. It was finally learned that the supplies had not yet reached Glenwood, but that they had been shipped from Seattle. After this encouraging report we were sent on our way rejoicing, the Committee feeling this assurance sufficient to warrant the continuation of the trip.

Leaving Spirit Lake about three o'clock we followed the Mount Margaret trail as far as Harmony Falls. Then for miles we moved

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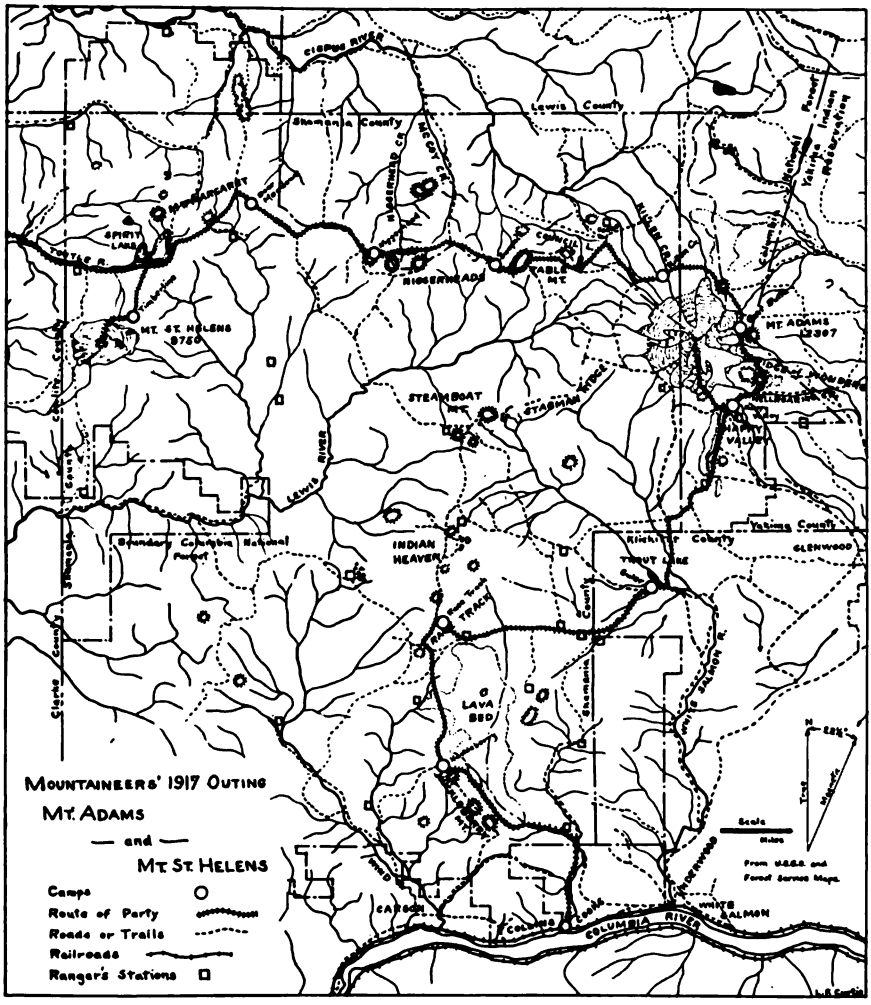

on up hill and down vale until darkness overtook us. There was nothing to do but keep a-groping along. Some of the horses did not appreciate the shape nor the size of their burdens and began to cause trouble and delay, so members of the party volunteered to help with the pack train. Candles set at irregular intervals the last mile or more guided the stumbling, weary horses and wanderers into camp. We supped, in sooth, by candle light at eleven-thirty among the sentinel fires.

Camp three among the Niggerhead snow-fields and mosquitoes was our next stop. From this camp we followed a lonely mountain trail through vast areas of burn, and from high up on the desolate slopes we could look back at the Niggerheads crouching and hiding behind one another, seemingly in fear of the accusing spirit sentinels,

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pointing with sadness at the devastation caused by man. Finally, because of the lateness of the hour and the assurance of water, camp was struck three and one-half miles west of Table Mountain.

Over heights with their accompanying views and into depths with their flowery meads, a journey of fifteen miles the ensuing day, brought us to the first of our three Mount Adams' camps, Killen Creek, the permanent camp of the Mount Adams party of 1911, and the place from which they made their climb of the mountain. In this beautiful mountain park, at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, with its lakes, its flowers, its waterfalls, its snow-bridge, with Mount Adams in the foreground and Mount Rainier looming up in the north, in this Elysium, we were to spend a whole day.

Just at this point in our journey the commissary force fully appreciated Mother Hubbard's predicament—"the cupboard was bare" —and so did the Committee. But the members of the party Hooverized by taking a liquid diet without a murmur. It was from this camp that Mr. Bennett made his famous Marathon, skirting Mount Adams to the westward, keeping well up on its slopes, crossing several glaciers, and reaching Glenwood only to find that the commissary had been side-tracked at Lyle, a station thirty miles to the south. After all matters were arranged, with a packer and three pack horses, he started back to join us at our next camp, Goat Butte.

In the meantime we broke camp, loathe to leave Killen Creek with all its attractions, and started on our way, utterly unconscious of the anxieties and cares of our leaders. Sending the pack-train over the round-the-mountain trail, we took to the heights, keeping well up the slopes of Mount Adams, creeping in and out among the struggling white-bark pines, climbing dark masses of piled-up lava, crossing occasional snow-fields, and turning at every vantage point to look back at Rainier, majestic always, inscrutable and cold; though the warm shifting lights and shadows flitting about him at times in the early morn and at twilight lend him a gentler mien, it is for the passing moment only, for solemnly and calmly he asserts his individuality again as the cold purple grays envelop him. It was, indeed, another red letter day for the photographers.

Passing around Red Butte we reached camp six about two o'clock in the afternoon. This camp site at an elevation of 6,500 feet, with Goat Butte standing guard, was given a number of characteristic titles, as Gentian camp, Food Conservation camp, Lone Man's Vigil camp, and the Conquering Hero's camp.

It was early the next morning before rising call that an extra announced the return of Mr. Bennett with the delayed commissary. He had covered a distance of over seventy-five miles since he left us

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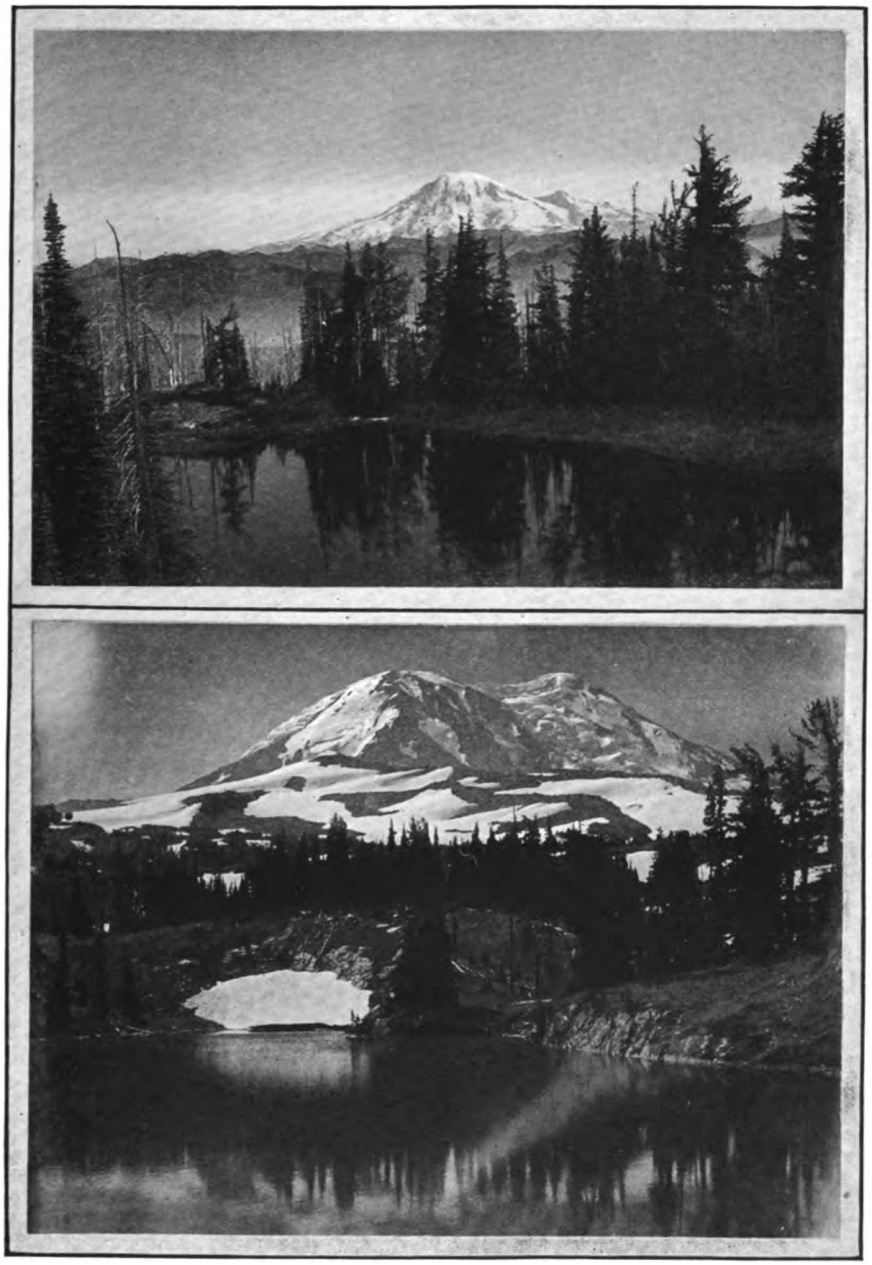

A. H. Denman

MOUNT RAINIER AND MOUNT ADAMS

From Killen Creek camp on Mount Adams across the little lakes and the extensive plateau Mount Rainier appears in the north, a marvelous vision, while the broad flanks of Mount Adams buttress the rear.

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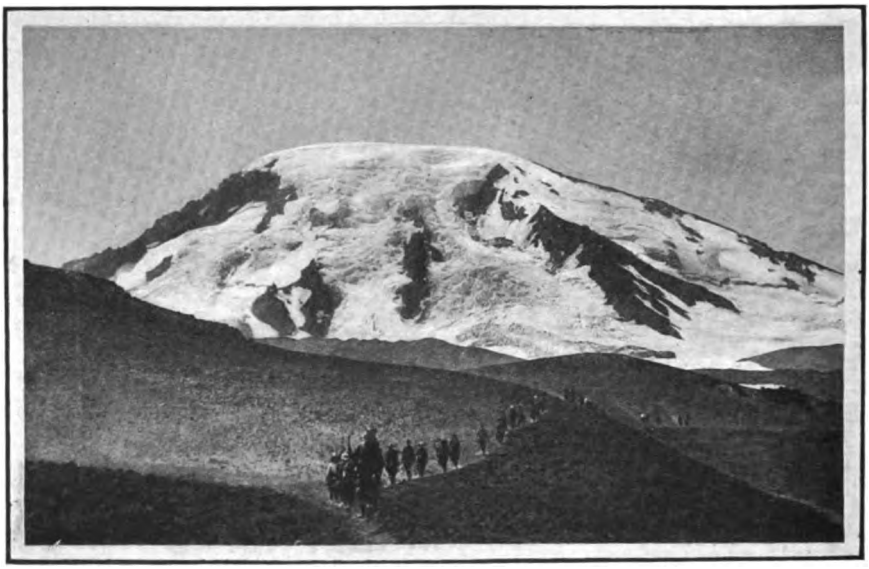
at Killen Creek, and had walked all through the night to overtake us at Goat Butte camp. It is experiences of this sort so well met by our leaders that cause us to stand back, at attention, in deep appreciation of the thoughtfulness, sacrifice, and unselfishness that play such a leading part in life as lived in the great out-of-doors.

Continuing the sky-line trail of the day before and crossing Goat Butte pass at an elevation of 7,000 feet, it was not very long before we bade farewell to Rainier and the Goat Rocks. We were consoled for this loss, however, by the rare scenic combinations that met our gaze as we traveled southward, the beautifully colored cinder cones



L. F. Curtis

NORTHEAST SIDE OF MOUNT ADAMS — Crossing barren lava fields adjoining the Lava glacier on Mount Adams. A portion of the round-the-mountain trail.

and castle-like structures that vie with the formations in Yellowstone Canyon for their color as well as their architectural beauty. The various shades of brick reds mingling with the greens gave wonderful touches of color to the landscape. Afar to the southward through a veil of smoke, we could just see the fertile plains around Glenwood.

After a drop of one thousand feet we crossed the Little Muddy over a snow shelf and later the turbulent Big Muddy with the aid of ropes over a hastily constructed bridge. We then scrambled eleven hundred feet up a slope that rose almost sheer from the banks of the stream.

After rounding the east side of Little Mount Adams, one of the larger off-shoots of Mount Adams, and just glimpsing the awe-inspiring

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Klickitat Glacier, our way led down into the wooded region of the Hellroaring Canyon, across this stream, up over one mountain terrace and then another until we reached our destination, Happy Valley, a park of vast area, some 3,000 acres, including every feature that one might picture in a sub-alpine park. Here in this forest- and rock-encircled glen on the south base of Mount Adams, at an elevation of 6,300 feet, we halted.

Saturday, August the 18th, was set for the climb which proved to be a comparatively easy and safe one. There were no serious obstacles to be met. The footing was much more secure on the fused masses of huge angular blocks of lava than on the pumice-bedded slopes of St. Helens. We missed the refreshing breezes of the latter, however, as we ardently climbed up the sun-beaten trail to the top. A constant shifting of scenery and an ever widening outlook met our gaze as we paused at times on our upward and onward march. On the so-called false summit at the head of the Klickitat Glacier, the unusual hummocked conditions of the névé were a source of great interest. The party, thirty-four in number, reached the top of Mount Adams, elevation 12,307 feet, about one o'clock, and here enthralled by "the elemental stillness of the heights" we loitered, filled with strange ecstasy, while trying to grasp and hold the wonder of it all.

On the way down we stopped at a rock ledge to view the startling precipices of the mighty Klickitat, encircled in the shoulder of the Ridge of Wonders. Then again we paused to gaze at Mount Hood,

W. H. Anderson

CLIMBING MOUNT ADAMS — Party near the head of the Klickitat glacier, starting for the main summit after reaching what is known as the false summit.

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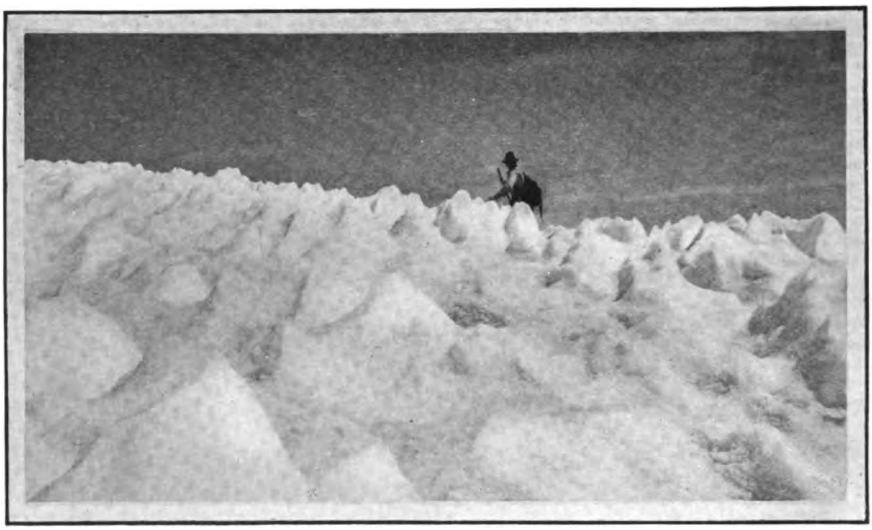

R. L. Glisan

HONEYCOMBS On the false summit of Mount Adams honeycombs or snow-cups form under the direct heat of the sun, some of them four and five feet deep.

with his ever-changing hue, and Mount Jefferson to the left of him, both lifted out of a band of gray-blue haze into the clear sky, like pendants suspended from some invisible chain.

The next day was given over to various plans. A small party left for the Ridge of Wonders and brought back enthusiastic reports of their trip; others went out to coast on the snow-fields; Mr. Lee and Mr. Glisan, who had come into our camp too late to make the climb with the party, climbed Mount Adams; and the rest of us stayed in and about camp, under the spell of the immediate presence of the mountain, at peace with the world and all mankind.

Trout Lake camp, better remembered as our irrigated camp, since some of us did not even see the lake, due, no doubt, to the heavy clouds of dust, brought us in touch with civilization again. Here, too, we paused, to get one more splendid view of Adams, whose magic spell was yet upon us.

Winding our way in and out among the lava formations, we continued through the wonderful larch and yellow pine country to camp nine, Race Track. En route we stopped to inspect the lava caves, which were a source of great interest to us all, especially the large ice cave, about a mile and a half southwest of Guler, where the temperature is low enough to keep ice formed during the winter from melting away entirely.

At Race Track we met with a rather unique situation, almost tragic—the white man arrived at his selected camp-site to find it

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occupied by the Indian! Happy playground of the Redman! The huckleberry slopes, the Indian race-course, the picturesque tepees, the Indians themselves, all formed a part of the stage setting. An interesting day spent in this camp and then a sky-line trail along the ridge of Huckleberry Mountain, brought us within one day's journey of the Columbia.

For three weeks we had breathed in the free atmosphere of the mountains where the heart sings out with joyous freedom, we had met a continuous yet ever-changing series of inspiring views, and had found Nature

> "A world of ready wealth
> Our minds and hearts to bless—
> Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
> Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

A tramp of eighteen miles with the loss of 3,500 feet in elevation brought us to Cooks Station. That night we camped on the banks of the Great River; and on the following day, as far as a heavy veil of smoke would permit, the party enjoyed the marvelous attractions that the Columbia offers. While waiting for the train which was to carry us back to the trammels of civilization we assembled at a camp fire on the Vancouver river lots. The last goodnight song being sung, let us stand at salute, for just a moment, to the Outing Committee, through whose untiring efforts this splendid and successful outing was made possible; to our president, Professor Meany, whose interesting historical accounts, legends, and verses lent such intrinsic value to our campfires; and to the mountains themselves, in whose immediate presence there grew up that good fellowship that prevailed throughout the trip, the mountains which, from their inner life, gave us of their silent strength and lofty peace.

Mabel Furry
MILES OF DUST

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MEMBERS OF THE 1917 SUMMER OUTING

*†Wm. H. Anderson
* Winona Bailey
* Mary N. Baker
*†H. B. Bennett
Mrs. H. B. Bennett
*†Hortense Beuschlein
* Alida J. Bigelow
*†Lottie G. Bishop
*†Allie Blough
Crissie Cameron
*†Margaret Campbell
* Effie L. Chapman
*†Linda M. Coleman
Inez H. Craven
*†Leslie F. Curtis
* A. H. Denman
*†Elizabeth Dickerson
* E. W. Edwards
†Henrietta M. Eliot
* Kate M. Firmin
*†Mildred Firth
* Garda Fogg
*†Mrs. L. R. Frazeur
* Mabel Furry
Harold S. Gilbert
*†Arthur S. Gist
†Rodney L. Glisan
*†Jasper M. Gould
*†Jos. T. Greenleaf
†Elsa Grelle
†Fred L. Harford
†E. W. Harnden
* Joseph T. Hazard
* Mrs. J. T. Hazard
* Robert E. Hitch
*†Emma B. Hopkins
* Nancy E. Jones
*†Mrs. W. A. Keene
* Gladys M. Kellett
*Gwendolyn O. Kellett
* Elizabeth T. Kirkwood
†Gardner Kirkwood
†Ida R. Kratsch
†Gordon A. Lamb
Ida M. Larson
†John A. Lee
†Mabel E. McBain
Emma McCullough
†P. M. McGregor
* Edmond S. Meany
* Harriet E. Monroe
* Mary Mudgett
†L. A. Nelson
*†Karen M. Olson
*†Alfred F. Parker
* Arthur D. Platt
*†H. Wilford Playter
*†Sophie L. Schneider
* Stella Scholes
*†Lloyd L. Small
* A. B. Smith
*†O. J. Smith
* Gertrude I. Streator
*†Alma D. Wagen
*†Inez Wynn
*†J. Albert Baker
* W. C. Schroll

* Indicates climb of Mount St. Helens.
† Indicates climb of Mount Adams.

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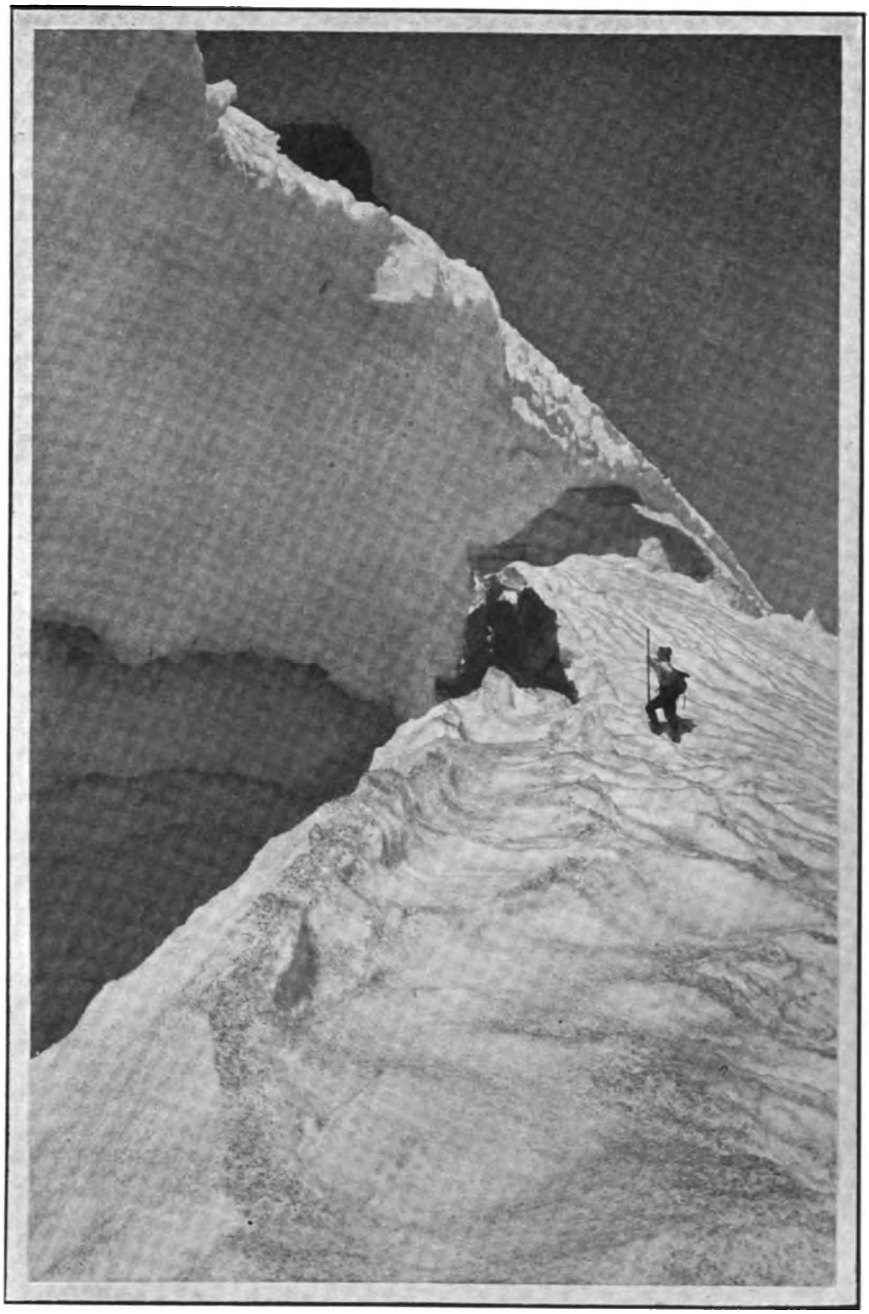

R. L. Glisan

BERGSCHRUND ON MOUNT ADAMS

Near the head of the Klickitat glacier on Mount Adams. From near this spot the Klickitat drops sheer off several thousand feet.

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HISTORY OF THE ADAMS–ST. HELENS REGION

EDMOND S. MEANY

THIS part of the State of Washington has had an interesting history, dominated, of course, by the two great snow mountains lying not far apart. These mountains and their immediate environments were the lures for the journey of The Mountaineers in the summer of 1917. This sketch will therefore be devoted mostly to the mountains.

Let us begin with their discovery and their names. Mount St. Helens was the first named and its record is easily traced. Vancouver, after his discovery and exploration of Puget Sound and his negotiations with the Spaniards at Nootka, sailed along the shore southward. On Saturday, October 20, 1792, he made the following entry:

"The clearness of the atmosphere enabled us to see the high round snowy mountain, noticed when in the southern parts of Admiralty inlet, to the southward of Mount Rainier; from this station it bore by compass N. 77 E. and, like Mount Rainier, seemed covered with perpetual snow, as low down as the intervening country permitted it to be seen. This I have distinguished by the name of Mount St. Helens, in honor of His Britannic Majesty's ambassador at the Court of Madrid. It is situated in latitude 46° 9′, and in longitude 238° 4′, according to our observations."

That is the clear-cut record of the discovery and naming of that mountain. In the later years Hall J. Kelley proposed that all these mountains should be named for former presidents of the United States and that the entire chain be called the "Presidents' Range." In that scheme Mount St. Helens was to have been known as "Mount Washington."

While that Kelley scheme of names failed in all other cases, it is indirectly responsible for the name of Mount Adams. Probably the first civilized men to see this mountain were those of the Lewis and Clark Expedition. In their journal for Thursday, April 3, 1806, after describing the "Multnomah," now known as the Willamette River, they say: "From its entrance Mount Regnier [Rainier] bears nearly north, and Mount St. Helens north, with a very high humped mountain a little to the east of it, which seems to lie in the same chain with the conic-pointed mountains before mentioned. Mount Hood bore due east, and Captain Clark now discovered to the southeast a mountain

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which he had not yet seen, to which he gave the name of Mount Jefferson."

Thus were Mounts Adams and Jefferson discovered on the same day. One was only noted and located, while Mount Jefferson was permanently named. Thomas Jefferson was then President and he was responsible for the Lewis and Clark Expedition. John Adams was still alive. He had refused to be present when his successor was inaugurated. In later years the two men renewed their friendship, but in 1806 there would have been little chance that either Lewis or Clark would have named a mountain for the unfriendly rival of their President.

In the Kelley scheme of names, developed from 1834 to 1839, Mount Hood was given the name of Mount Adams and, as already stated, Mt. St. Helens was to be known as Mount Washington. The two names of Hood and St. Helens were not seriously shaken by those efforts, but the name "Mount Adams" remained in the vicinity as a sort of echo. Let it be recalled that the two mountains (Adams and St. Helens) are not far apart and practically on the same parallel of latitude. Late determinations give the latitude of Mount St. Helens as 46° 11′ 52.3″, and Mount Adams 46° 12′ 14.4″. It is not surprising that early travelers confused the two peaks and called them both St. Helens. This sort of thing continued until 1853 when the Pacific Railroad Expedition, under Governor Isaac I. Stevens, placed the mountain on the map and gave it the permanent name of Mount Adams. After definitely fixing that name and while describing the surrounding country those railroad engineers occasionally wrote the name "Mt. St. Adams." Historians will, of course, refuse to see in such use of the word "Saint" anything more than a slip of the pen and a lingering confusion with the name of St. Helens.

Before dismissing this discussion of the names, it may be well to state that a rather baffling search is being made to find the real origin of the name Cascade Range. Up to date, we find that the earliest use of the name is by the famous botanist, David Douglas, who, on October 13, 1826, wrote: "Should I fail, I shall make my way through that very partially known country called 'Clamite,' to the northeast of where I now am, where I will find it without any doubt according to Mr. McDonald, who passed there in September, 1825. And this person being present when it came first under my notice, I requested he would look for it in the Cascade Range of Mountains or through that mountainous country between Mount Hood and another high snowy mountain to the south of it which I have denominated Mount Vancouver." The botanist was in search of the sugar pine and geography was only an incident. He tried to give the name of Vancouver to what is now

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known as Mount McLoughlin, and he mentions the name of Cascade Range. If he had originated that name also he would probably have said so. Search for the real origin of the name of the Cascade Range must continue.

Next to the discovery and naming of a mountain, the most interesting item of its history is the record of the first ascent. In the cases of these two mountains the dates of their first conquest are relatively early and that of Mount St. Helens is definitely and beautifully recorded. Thomas J. Dryer, a newspaper man of California, moved to Portland and founded the Oregonian in December, 1850. In August, 1853, he headed a party which traveled from Vancouver to Mount St. Helens and climbed to the summit. He wrote a full account of the expedition, which was published in the Oregonian on Saturday, Septemper 3, 1853. The country, the rough trails, swift rivers and beds of lava were described. They followed the "military" trail blazed by the railroad surveyors until they had to retrace their steps and proceed more directly toward the mountain. When they found it impracticable to go farther with horses they camped. Let us now allow Mr. Dryer to tell in his own words about the actual ascent:

"The next morning [August 26, 1853] at the break of day, Messrs. Wilson, Smith, Drew and ourself took three days' rations, together with such things as were deemed necessary to aid us in the ascent, and left the camp for the summit, distant about four miles in an air line. We found the route a continual steep ascent, with the exception of an occasional descent over a precipitant ledge of rocks. About two miles from our camp we descended a high ledge to the bed of a small stream, which we followed until we struck the lava at the foot of the bare mountain—where vegetation ceases to make its appearance. The portion of this stream which we travelled has a fall of at least one thousand feet to the mile, and a much greater one higher up.

"The appearance of the mountain upon a near approach is sublimely grand, and impossible to describe. The blackened piles of lava which were thrown into ridges hundreds of feet high in every imaginary shape, with an occasional high cliff of primitive formation, seeming to lift its head above and struggle to be released from its compressed position, impress the mind of the beholder with the power of Omnipotence, and the insignificance of human power when compared with that of nature's God. Above all stands a tower of eternal rock and snow, apparently stretching its high head far above the clouds and looking down with disdain upon all beneath. The glaring sunbeams upon the 'snows of a thousand winters' serve by contrast to make the immense piles of lava appear blacker than they otherwise would.

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"We commenced the ascent at once on the south side by climbing up the cliffs of lava towards a small cluster of spruce trees which stand a short distance from the line of perpetual snow. After several hours' hard toil we reached this point, and finding a few sticks of dry wood, kindled a fire and made our camp for the night. We here supplied ourselves with water by melting snow.

"We found the night cold and extremely uncomfortable—our party did not find much repose, and as the eastern sky commenced to show the approach of day, we left the camp and pursued our way upward. The higher we ascended, the more difficult our progress. Suffice it to say that, by constant and persevering effort, we were enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of the mountain soon after meridian. The atmosphere produced a singular affect upon all the party, each face looked pale and sallow, and all complained of a strange ringing in the ears. It appeared as if there were hundreds of fine-toned bells jingling all around us. Blood started from our noses, and all of us found respiration difficult. With this exception we all felt well. It would be futile to attempt to give our readers a correct idea of the appearance of the vast extent of country visible from the top of this mountain. The ocean, distant over one hundred miles, was plainly seen. The whole Coast and Cascade ranges of mountains could be plainly traced with the naked eye. The snow covered peaks of Mounts Hood, Rainier and two others seemed close by. These form a sort of ampitheatre on a large scale, diversified with hills and valleys.

"The crater has been represented to be on the southwest side of the mountain, which is not the case. We took the bearing from the top of the compass, and found it to be on the northeast side. The smoke was continually issuing from its mouth, giving unmistakable evidence that the fire was not extinguished. There is much more snow on the north than on the south side; on the latter it is bare in spots, while on the former it is hundreds of feet deep. We examined fissures in the snow several rods across, which extended a great length along the side of the mountain; and on throwing a stone down heard it strike a long distance from us.

"After spending sufficient time to see what was to be seen, and building a pyramid of loose stones on the highest spot of level earth and ashes, we commenced our descent, and reached camp at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, tired and worn out in body and boots. At dark we reached the timber, and camped for the night. The next morning we left our encampment on the mountain for home, which we reached in four days."

Mr. George H. Himes, the well-known pioneer and historian of the Pacific Northwest, was kind enough to secure the above record from

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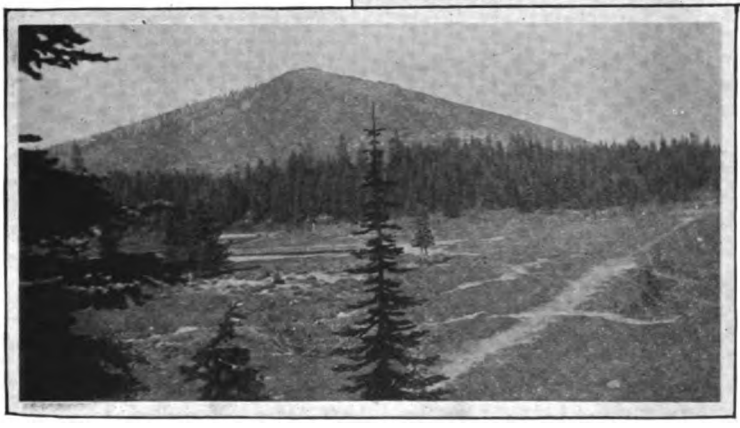

Mabel Furry
Lower, J. T. Gould

KLICKITAT INDIANS AND SCENES OF THEIR YEARLY RENDEZVOUS

Huckleberries drying in the sun; characteristic poses; the Race Track. For years uncounted the Indians have visited the great huckleberry patches in southeastern Skamania County and dried their berries for winter use. Here, too, formerly gathered the tribes for great races.

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the files of the Oregonian. At the same time he sent what is undoubtedly the only record of the first ascent of Mount Adams. It is a brief account, which Mr. Himes prepared ten years ago for a little magazine called Steel Points, as follows:

"In conversation with Mr. A. G. Aiken, of Marshfield, Coos County Oregon (who, by the way, was in the same train to which I belonged while crossing the plains in 1853), I learned that Edward J. Allen Andrew J. Burge and himself made the ascent late in August or early in September, 1854. These persons belonged to a party of men who left Steilacoom a few weeks before the ascent was made to work on the military road that was then being constructed by government authority from the Columbia River through the Naches Pass to Puget Sound, following generally the trail partially made by the immigrant party of the fall of 1853. It was while this company was camped a few miles northeast of the base of Mount Adams that the three above-mentioned persons decided to make the climb. As I have had a personal acquaintance with all three men, I have no doubt as to the fact of their making a successful ascent."

If any of those three men kept diaries or wrote letters about their climb, such writings may yet come to light. If not, this record rescued by Mr. Himes will probably have to stand as the account of the first ascent of Mount Adams.

On leaving Mount Adams and proceeding toward the Columbia River, The Mountaineers passed through the interesting region of the lava caves and Chequoss, the ancient mountain rendezvous of the Klickitat Indians. While enjoying a two-days' camp at the latter place opportunity was afforded of visiting the camps of a few Indians who were gathering huckleberries. There are two old, straight-away, Indian race-tracks there, but no evidence that they had been used since the white settlers came fifty or more years ago. Fortunately there is a record to be found in those Pacific Railroad Reports of 1853-4. They include a report on Indian affairs by George Gibbs. In speaking of the Klickitats, he says:

"Their usual residence during the summer is around Chequoss, one of the most elevated points on our trail from Fort Vancouver across the Cascades, where we met them at the beginning of August. They were, at this time, feasting on strawberries and the mountain whortleberry, which covered the hills around, though during the night the ice formed on the ponds to the thickness of half an inch. Towards the end of the month they descend to the Yahkohtl and Tahk Prairies, where they are met by the Yakimas, who assemble with them, for the purpose of gathering a later species of berry and of racing horses. The racing season is the grand annual occasion of these tribes. A horse of proved reputation is a source of wealth or of ruin to its owner. On

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his speed he stakes his whole stud, his household goods, clothes, and finally his wives; and a single heat doubles his fortune, or sends him forth an impoverished adventurer. The interest, however, is not confined to the individual directly concerned; the tribe share it with him, and a common pile of goods, of motley description, apportioned according to their ideas of value, is put up by either party, to be divided among the backers of the winner."

With a few Indian berry-pickers, tepees and ponies on the ground in 1917, it was not difficult to imagine the scenes described by Mr. Gibbs as of sixty odd years before. That same writer gives an interesting Indian legend of the lava caves as follows:

"In descending to the valley from Chequoss, there occurs beneath a field of lava a vaulted passage, some miles in length, through which a stream flows in the rainy season, and the roof of which has fallen in here and there. Concerning this they [the Klickitats] relate that a very long time ago, before there were any Indians, there lived in this country a man and wife of gigantic stature. The man became tired of his partner, and took to himself a mouse, which became a woman. When the first wife knew of this, she was very naturally enraged, and threatened to kill them. This coming to the man's knowledge, he hid himself and his mouse-wife in a place higher up the mountain, where there is a small lake having no visible outlet. The first woman finding that they had escaped her, and suspecting that they were hidden underground, commenced digging, and tore up this passage. At last she came beneath where they stood, and looking up through the hole, saw them laughing at her. With great difficulty, and after sliding back two or three times, she succeeded in reaching them; when the man, now much alarmed, begged her not to kill him, but allow him to return to their home and live with her as of old. She finally consented to kill only the mouse-wife, which she did, and it is her blood that has colored the stones at the lake. After a time the man asked her why she had wished to kill the other woman. She answered, because they had brought her to shame, and that she had a mind to kill him, too; which she finally did, and since then she has lived alone in the mountains." The place is called Hool-hool-se from the Indian word hool-hool, mouse.

On the lower levels there are settlements like Glenwood and Trout Lake, a few farms, herds of cattle and bands of sheep; but for the most part the region is still wild. There are Indian trails and remnants of Indian camps. The forest rangers are there, building lookouts on the summits of the mountains and an occasional cabin by the trails. The wonderful beauties of the uplifted places are there in abundance. It is a region that will attract climbers and explorers for unnumbered years.

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A. H. Denman

LAVA CAVES — Great lava flows full of caves extend most of the way from Mount Adams to the Columbia river. In some places the caves are entirely below the surface and in others the crust has apparently broken away leaving open pits.

MOUNT SAINT HELENS, THE YOUNGEST OF THE VOLCANOES OF THE CASCADES

ALIDA J. BIGELOW

MILLIONS of years ago, in the geologic development of the wonderful Sound country, the Cascade Mountains were building up from the shores of a wide sea. The huge upheaval, caused by some internal stress, took on a north-to-south trend, extending about three hundred miles, with a width of about fifty miles. Today, the north and south limits are from Lassen Peak on the south to a little north of Mount Baker.

The growing coast line was made fairly parallel, as the different flows of lava were heaped one above the other. As the force of upheaval continued, huge blocks were tilted at various angles and in some places, much changed by the forces of heat and pressure, were uplifted with the forces of vulcanism of the age.

The crest line of the range thus formed is fairly even. The general altitude is 5,000 to 8,000 feet. Above this rise the wonder-

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fully beautiful volcanic peaks of later date. These later peaks were probably built up as a result of molten lava escaping through fractures made at the time the mountain blocks were lifted; and because the lava was cooler and the openings less extensive, the force became more explosive, heaping up the materials in cones along the lines of fracture. These peaks take on a north-to-south trend as does the main range, and include Baker, Glacier Peak, Rainier, Adams, Saint Helens, Jefferson, Three Sisters, Hood, and others.

Of this family of peaks Mount Saint Helens might be called the youngest child, for evidences exist of recent activity in the region. Most of the older brothers and sisters have long since ceased venting forth the subterranean fires. Several of these older cones show wide ravages of weather and erosion.

Mount Saint Helens stands at an altitude of 9,750 feet, about thirty miles out of line with the other peaks, lifting its perfect conical head majestically above the surrounding hills. The cone is unbroken except for the recent glacial cutting, and the lower slopes reaching to timber line, present a smooth unbroken curve to the friendly hills of the base. Statements from frontiersmen give evidence of the cone's activity within the past fifty years. Emmons gives a story of a French-Canadian voyageur who tells of the activity in 1841-2. This man speaks of the light being very intense at midnight at a cabin twenty miles away. Other evidence of this period of activity was recorded by the early pioneers of Astoria and recent studies made by Yale University, in the vicinity of the lava flows to the south, prove fairly conclusively that the mountain has had recent activity, compared with the other peaks of the group.

As one leaves the green shadows of Spirit Lake and approaches the mountain, the road winds through a beautiful pine and fir forest. The soil here and for many miles around is practically the pumice from the mountain, with little wash from the valley sides. As one approaches timber line, the fir trees disappear and the lodge pole pine or pinus contorta makes up the forest vegetation. One misses the mountain hemlock and the white pine of the neighboring alpine slopes. Unlike the other snow peaks of the Northwest, this mountain has almost no alpine meadows above the timber line; the low straggling pines mark the upper limits of vegetation and the usual heather slopes are absent. This mountain is too new for the flower gardens that offer so much beauty elsewhere. Along the slopes of bare pumice leading to the snow line, some five hundred feet higher, wild strawberry vines have found a happy home and one visiting these fields in August may be surprised at the wealth of these little alpine pioneers.

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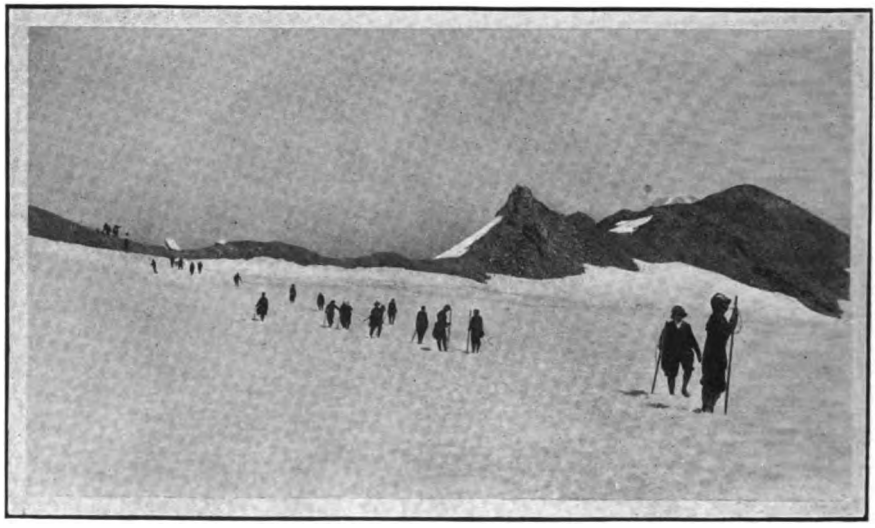
The writer had visited several of the volcanic peaks of the Northwest, but had never been impressed with the feeling of a volcano almost in the making—as might be experienced in climbing the rugged slopes of Kilauea or the pumice of Fujiyama—until standing on the summit of Saint Helens and viewing the wide expanse of cinders, ash, pumice, and lava extending from all sides of the mountain slopes. Long swaths cut through the forest by the lava flows are too recent for vegetation and appear as red-brown ribbons winding away several miles from the mountain base. There are good examples of these diorite flows to the northwest and several to the south; the most recent perhaps are those to the south. This lava came from the sides of the cone and was not part of the upper cone's activity.



W. H. Anderson

CRATER OF ST. HELENS — Party crossing the snow filled basin of the crater to the highest point on the south side. Chimney Rock shows in the rim and to the right the distant tip of Mount Adams.

The cone itself is simple, broad, extending from north to south about a half mile, the southern end being higher, probably because of heaped-up snow. The crater is filled entirely with snow, the crater rim showing lava and pumice to the north and west, but either broken away or covered with snow to the east and south. A later intrusion of lava stands above the crater rim to the north and forms "Chimney Rock," a more resistant, monument-like mass of lava and pumice. To the north and west along the west top of "The Boot," steam caves and fumaroles give evidence of the internal heat of the peak. When the party stopped for lunch here, about two-thirds of the way up, the warm rocks were a happy choice in the icy breeze that prevailed.

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The lava flows undoubtedly hindered the drainage about the mountain base. Swamps to the south and west show this and the wide expanse of Spirit Lake may be in part due to the damming action of pumice and lava on the Toutle River drainage.

Other extensive lavas of later date than the cone itself are seen to the northeast side of the peak where Black Butte stands out, a rugged mass of pumice and imbedded lava boulders, and to the northwest where "The Lizard" winds its long ridge of light grey pumice and boulders. It is over this ridge that most of the ascents of the mountain have been made. On the lower levels of The Lizard is an exposure of the original granite base of the mountain, unaltered in its upheaval with the volcanic rock, which points to the fact that the

H. W. Playter

LUNCH ON ST. HELENS — About a thousand feet below the summit a bare ledge slightly warmed by internal heat forms a comfortable resting place and ice caves caused by the same natural warmth furnish water from their drips.

last eruptions here were slow and of lava lacking great intensity of heat.

One of the most interesting phases of vulcanism of this mountain is the series of lava caves to the south and east. Here the sluggish lava filled up the spaces between the elevations and the low mountains. The best examples of the caves are about eight miles from the mountain base. It is assumed that as the lava moved slowly down the valley, it hardened on the outside, while the inside was still molten and flowing, forming curved channels directly in line with the valley and extending down from the mountain through the hardened shell-like crust of lava. These caves can be entered from the lower levels of

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the lava flow one and one-half miles beyond the wagon road leading to the southeast side of the mountain. The roofs of the caves are in some places fifteen feet below the surface, are semi-circular in shape and glazed in appearance. The caves are twenty feet wide in some places and have a three per cent grade. They were discovered in 1895 by a hunter.

To the south and west of the mountain are other evidences of recent activity. Lava flowing down the valley sides surrounded the standing forest trees. Today the well-like openings in the lava give evidences of the trees that once stood here, by the charred edges and the impressions of the tree bark in the circular casts. A recent study made from Yale University, of this particular lava flow, proves the newness of the flow and the conditions of formation, which mark it as one of the latest phases of activity on Saint Helens.

There is a wealth of interest in this entire region and in the future many new features will be discovered by further study. A mystery surrounds this mountain that beckons one to return to its smooth slopes and to seek further for the story of its existence, for the calmness of its ever-silent, watchful cone and the music of its vast, wide, open spaces.

NOTES ON TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAILS

SAINT HELENS–MOUNT ADAMS DISTRICT

H. B. Bennett

ROM a center somewhere between Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens, a larger circle may be described without touching human habitation than in any other part of the state of Washington. The entire region between the two mountains is rough and mountainous and contains no improvements other than trails and a few prospectors' and rangers' cabins used for temporary shelter. Practically all of the region is heavily timbered but the contour is too difficult for economical lumber operations. There is no mineral of known value. Agriculture even in the lower parts of the narrow valleys must await a much more urgent demand for land than now exists. East of the Niggerheads, which are located about midway between the two mountains, sheep-growing is practiced, increasing in importance to the eastward. West of the Niggerheads, feed even for the camper's horse is difficult to find.

The Lewis and Cispus rivers both have their sources in the glaciers on the western side of Mount Adams. The one flows to the south, the other to the north of St. Helens. The ridge separating the

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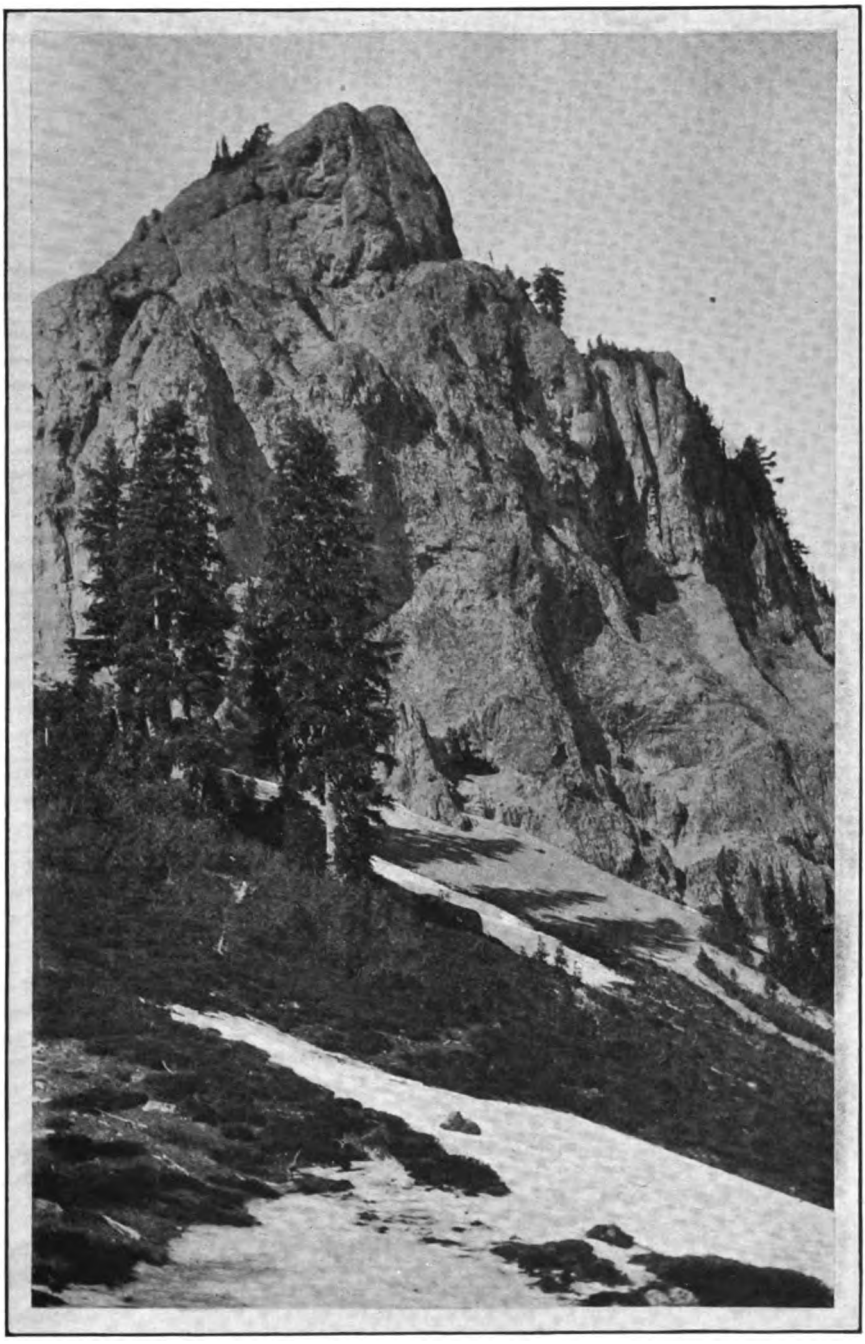

Mabel Furry

A NIGGERHEAD One of the highest of the dark rounded cliffs that cap the ridge about midway between Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams. In the shadow this this one, camp was made for one night during the 1917 outing.

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two rivers and connecting the two mountains is sometimes called the "Niggerheads Ridge". The trail followed by The Mountaineers during the past summer closely parallels the summit of this ridge. The Niggerheads are a group of rocky peaks of about 6,000 feet elevation set on a section of the ridge perhaps five miles in length. The name arises from the black rounded rock in which some of the peaks terminate. In general, the ridge is narrow but not too sharp for the trail to run on the summiit. It is flanked on either side by spur ridges running almost directly north and south and maintaining their height well out to the Cispus and the Lewis. The valleys between these spurs are remarkable for their depth near the main ridge. For this reason they appear more like the result of glaciation than of erosion.

The trail makes but one considerable drop into these side valleys. The peaks and cliffs of the Niggerheads necessitate a descent of 2,000 feet to a crossing of Niggerhead Creek. An excellent trail with long switchbacks of easy grade compensates in large degree for this enforced loss of elevation. An older alternative trail around the south side of the Niggerheads makes a less descent but is rougher, steeper, and more subject to large snowbanks than the north side trail. Travelers should not expect to get through with horses early in the season on either trail. Snowbanks across the trail on very steep slopes make it dangerous. Some shoveling was necessary in August this year.

Approaching Mount Adams, the trail makes little dip and reaches timberline by easy grade. Toward the western end, nearing St. Helens, the trail drops off the ridge to the shore of Spirit Lake, which is about 3,200 feet in elevation. This is now the most difficult part of the trail but immediate reconstruction is planned by the Forest Service.

Highway approaches to Mount St. Helens are practically limited to the two now in use, the lower Toutle and Lewis valleys. With regrades now nearing completion the road up the Toutle to Spirit Lake will have a splendid grade. The upper half of the road is so full of rocks and roots as to be almost impassable. When surfaced it will be a beautiful drive. At small cost, the four miles of road between Spirit Lake and timberline could be made into a good highway.

Extension of this road beyond Spirit Lake toward either Adams or Rainier is hardly practicable. Spirit Lake is set in a huge ampitheatre facing St. Helens. The walls are about 2,000 feet high and very steep, though timbered. But midway up the Toutle, by encircling the western end of the Coldwater Range, a connection could easily be made with the upper Cowlitz Valley roads which lead directly to Mount Rainier. From the Cowlitz, a road up the Cispus and down the Klickitat would complete the connection between the three mountains and would also be one of the important arterial highways of the

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state. There is no road across the Cascades between McClellan's Pass and the Columbia River. None is projected unless it be at Cowlitz Pass. The suggested Cispus-Klickitat road would cross the range at 4,500 feet elevation about five miles north of timberline on Mount Adams. The pass is broad and open and, I believe, is free of snow for a greater portion of the year than is any other pass between McClellan's and Mount Adams. The grades of the Cispus and the Klickitat are uniform. A short branch road could readily be constructed from the Huckleberry Patch, just west of the divide, to the timberline parks on the north and west of Adams. From the mouth of Hellroaring Creek roads already lead to the parks on the southeast and south sides of the mountain. Such a road, connecting three of our great snow-peaks with each other and with the Columbia Highway and Mount Hood, would certainly be one of the most popular highways in the state.

The Mountaineers in future visits to the southern section of the state will find many places of great interest still unvisited. The next trip to St. Helens might be made via Morton, Cispus P. O. and the Quartz Creek trail over the Coldwater Range to Spirit Lake. This would provide a ready means of spending several days along the Coldwater heights and visiting the many lakes and meadows while enjoying unsurpassed views of the great snow-peaks. A knapsack trip around St. Helens including a visit to the lava caves on the south side should prove not too difficult and very interesting. Although the region between St. Helens and Adams is full of canyons, the bases of the mountains themselves are unusually free of them. Though the surface of St. Helens is practically all pumice, while Adams is lava-covered, they are alike in their contrast with the deep erosion of all other snow-domes of the Northwest. Only on the east side of Adams, where the nearness of the Klickitat valley has assisted the erosive forces of the mountain, is there anything formidable to the timberline traveler. Keeping on the lower ends of the glaciers, one may make, as I have, three-quarters of the circuit of Adams in six hours. The outer extremity of the Adams Glacier is broad and nearly level and yet drains into both the Cispus and the Lewis, the two largest streams heading in the mountain. These facts doubtless indicate that the glaciers of the other Northwest volcanoes are much older, and that those that ploughed the Niggerheads country were much longer-lived than the present glaciers of Adams and St. Helens. Further evidence of the youth of these latter is found in the great fields of comparatively fresh lava. The extremities and margins of these fields are indicated on the topographic maps by barred lines. The great fields north of Adams are freshest and are exceedingly difficult to traverse, even when traveling without a pack.

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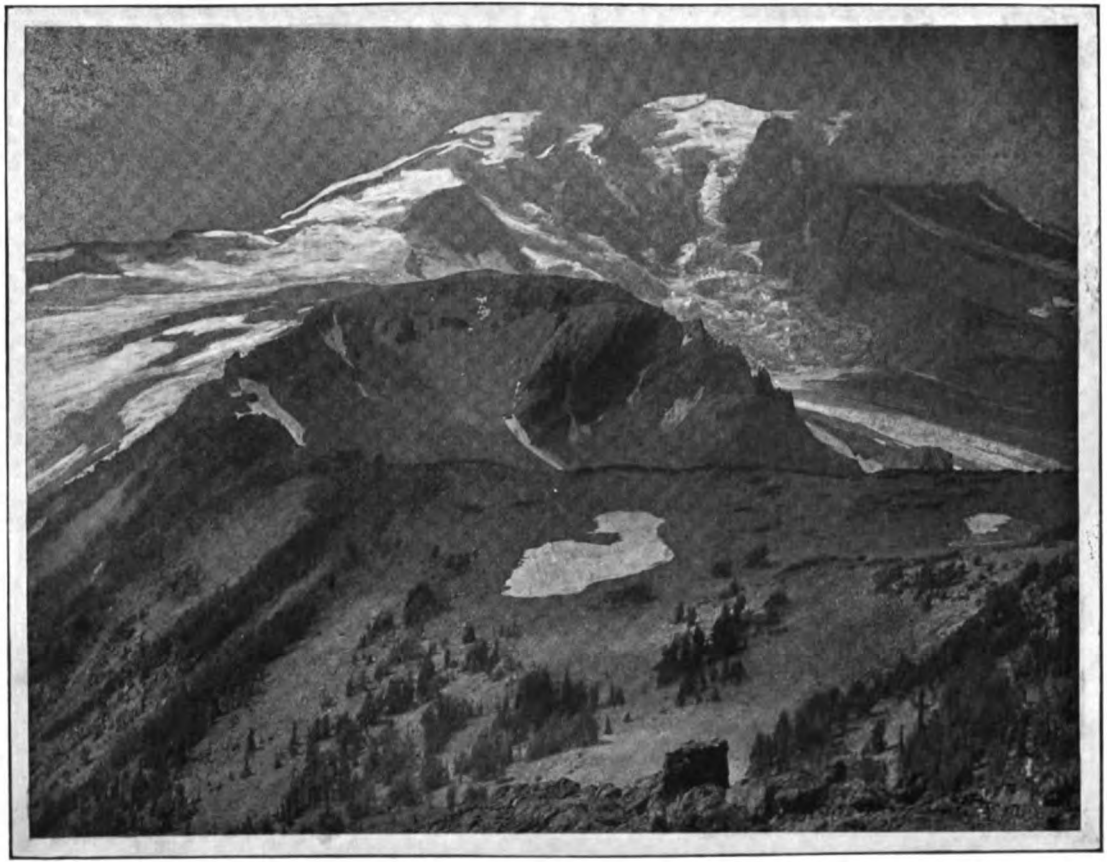
A. H. Denman

RIDGE OF WONDERS

This ridge, also called the Island, separates the Klickitat glacier and its drainage, the Big Muddy, from the Mazama glacier and Hellroaring canyon. It is wonderful both for its strange rock formations and curiously adapted tree life, and for the view point it affords for the mighty Klickitat. In many places there is a perpendicular drop of a thousand feet to the seamed and dingy ice of the glacier, while from the upper end of the ridge one seems to be looking into the very heart of the mountain, where broken ice hangs around red cliffs that drop their sands like blood on the frozen white cascades. In some places the view is unbroken from the névé fields of the summit, where the glacier breaks away in avalanches, down its less precipitous sweep and on to where it gathers its waters and sends them a turbulent stream roaring down the rocky canyon.



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The next outing at Mount Adams should include visits to the west side parks and a camp of some duration on the Ridge of Wonders. From the Hellroaring bridge to the summit of Adams, this ridge is worth exploring. The most interesting approach to Adams is along the summit of the range from the Goat Rocks. The trail from the Goat Rocks is in good condition, very different from what it was in 1911. With a good road now completed well up toward the headwaters of the Tieton, a much more thorough and satisfactory outing through the Goat Rocks to Mount Adams may now be made.

CONCERNING OUR PICTURES

A. H. Denman

O souvenirs of the outing can be compared with our pictures. Pictures should be more than souvenirs, more than our alpenstock, our bandanna, a lock of our lady's hair, be it black, golden, or terra cotta, more than things treasured for their associations and which make their sentimental appeals to ourselves only. Far better to obtain pictures than relics; for the relic hunter's peculiar temptation is to mutilation and pilfering. The more our pictures carry their own meaning, convey to others the emotions the subjects excited in ourselves as actual witnesses of the reality, so much the greater their intrinsic worth as pictures, so much nearer do they approach artistic perfection and become something more than souvenirs.

We all love a real picture. The materials for pictures are all about us. Examine the copies of Mr. Aker's pictures in Photo Era for September, 1917. Objects of farm and country side are caught under such skies, in such light, and occupy the picture space in such relations to each other that they all contribute to the beautiful result. Such beauty is not the dream nor the creation of the artist. The beauty of our common surroundings is just as real as the things that hide it because we permit them to do so. The search for this beauty will brighten our lives; and nothing makes us so alive to beauty as the effort to record it in a picture. All honor to the artist with the soul to find and reveal lovable human traits and character amid unfavorable conditions of life, happiness amid poverty, beauty in city streets, in crowded abodes of the poor, in smoking factories and grimy toilers. Such persons are artists, indeed. Their works inspire us with hope for humanity.

But our outings take us where beauty is not so hidden, where there is very little of ugliness to be dissipated before the beauty can be

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seen, where the infinite mind in the work of creation is more manifest, away from man's work to the noble works of nature, to a presence where "meaner passions shrink and tremble and are still,"

> "From the lowland and the mire,
> From the mist of earth desire,
> From the vain pursuit of pelf,
> From the attitude of self."

We do well to keep fresh in our minds the brightness and sanity of such scenes, and all that they have brought into our lives.

The conditions of the outing confine us to photography as the means of expressing our pictorial ideas. The photographer has no small task to place within the four corners of his plate the component parts of a charming view. The exposure of the plate may require but a fraction of a second, the route and the light afford unusual opportunities, yet a dozen exposures made with proper selection and the work necessary to attain positions where the subjects can be seen to the best advantage represents a hard day's work. It is likely to keep the photographer out all night, too.

For distant mountains and clouds appearing in contrast with a blue sky, and for many atmospheric effects, the lens must be capped with a ray filter, which is a glass ground very true and stained the required shade of yellow to darken the blueness of the sky and atmosphere. Blue is the brightest color to the photographic plate. To the eye blue is the darker and yellow the brightest. Without the ray filter the sky usually appears in the print as so much white paper and distant blue ranges of hills, snow-capped mountains, and fleecy white clouds are lost for want of contrast. The filter, because it retards the most actinic rays, increases the required time of exposure. Higher up, the sky appears more intensely blue, but at the same time it becomes darker, the sun's rays brighter and hotter, the shadows deeper and colder. As we ascend we get less illumination from the atmosphere itself and less protection from the direct rays of the sun. In photographing a nearby mountain scene against such a sky either a very light filter should be used or none at all. A mountain appearing at a distance of one hundred miles requires a filter retarding exposure fifteen to twenty times. A five to eight times filter is the best for all around purposes, and glacial scenes should always be photographed through the ray filter to preserve the delicate contrasts of their coloring.

While the emulsion is too sensitive to blue, it is not unless made so, sufficiently sensitive to greens, yellows, and reds. This is cured in the isochromatic plate by a tint giving it a rosy color. Isochromatic plates are more responsive than others to ray-filtered light and the greens marking the difference in the different kinds of trees and shrubs.

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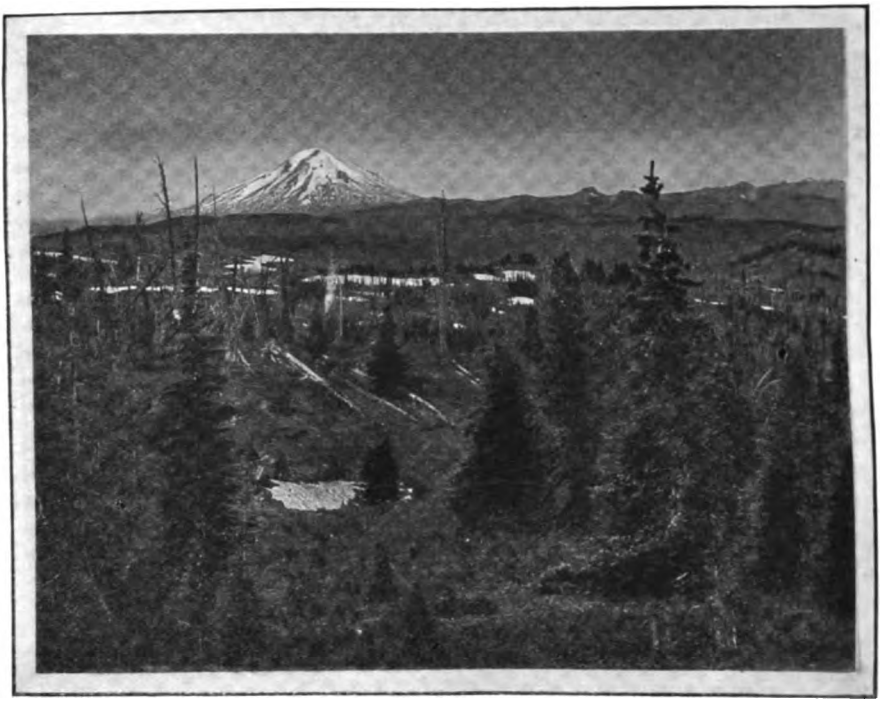

A. H. Denman

MOUNT ST. HELENS — Taken from the terraced slopes of Mount Adams. Illustrates use of dense day filter for distant mountains. Flat effect caused by front lighting and consequent lack of shadows.

Objects near the camera, although more plainly seen, require very much more exposure than distant objects. For instance, when an object a mile away requires 1/30 second, one of the same character ten feet away would require a full second. The ray filter largely equalizes this difference by holding back the distance far more than it does the foreground. Expose for the shadows, let the high-lights take care of themselves. This rule is based on the fact that all photographic plates or films have much latitude. While a very rapid exposure may be sufficient for a strongly lighted object, it does not follow that the result will be any the worse for a much longer exposure. Within certain limits the bright objects appearing in the photograph are not in the least injured by exposure sufficient to bring out the details in shadows.

The diaphragm with its indicated stops attached to the lens has the effect of diminishing the light but such is not its purpose. The smaller the opening of the diaphragm, the more nearly are objects nearby and far away brought equally into focus. The most valued lenses are those that transmit the image accurately at the widest aperture. One loses the advantage of his valuable lens if he works

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habitually at a small stop. Great pictorial advantage is often gained by having only one plane of the pictured scene in sharp focus and a slight diffusion in other planes, and sometimes a general diffusion over the whole picture for softness of effect. For instance, a group of flowers near the camera with a natural background should be focused at full aperture, then the lens carefully stopped to an aperture where the background, though still diffused, becomes clearly distinguishable, not a meaningless mass of unsightly spots. A small aperture would show both flowers and background in minute detail, which is wholly undesirable.

Remaining space suffices only to chart a few rocks. One viewing an attractive subject ignores many obtrusive objects. The lens disregards none of them; and unless we take notice and remove such intruders, the result is defacement as bad as blots or scratches. An accurate view finder is a necessity and should be habitually scrutinized to make sure that these rowdies are not occupying places of honor. The failure of a picture is often caused by our absorption in the principal object that attracts us, and we forget how much its setting has to do with the effect. If the subject is one of our great mountains, examine the sky space to be included above it in the picture. If too much sky is shown the appearance of immensity and grandeur is diminished. If, on the other hand, the summit is shown too near the top of the picture, the lifelike, outdoors effect of the noble object may be taken away and we deprive our gem of its most important setting. Very important it is to include properly, objects indicating our viewpoint, thus inviting others "to walk into the picture". The choice of objects for the foreground calls for all the skill of the artist and the picture is greatly affected by slight changes in the position of the camera or use of the rising front. The brightest and darkest spots of a picture should be reserved for the important places worthy of the attention they attract. Meaningless light or dark spots not only draw the attention away from the purpose but disappoint. The exposure required for a snowy mountain, not at great distance, viewed from an elevation of 4,000 to 5,000 feet with a five times filter covering the lens at stop sixteen with foreground and middle distance containing forest trees fairly well lighted, is from one and one-half to two seconds whether for film or medium isochromatic plate. If the summit is photographed only in connection with a snowy foreground or sea of clouds without any dark objects in the foreground, the exposure need not exceed 1/25 second.

The forest light is not only dimmed with shade, but its greens, greenish yellows, browns, and grays are the least actinic of all colors. The tree trunks should never appear black, and the camera back must be kept vertical, otherwise the trunks will appear inclined toward

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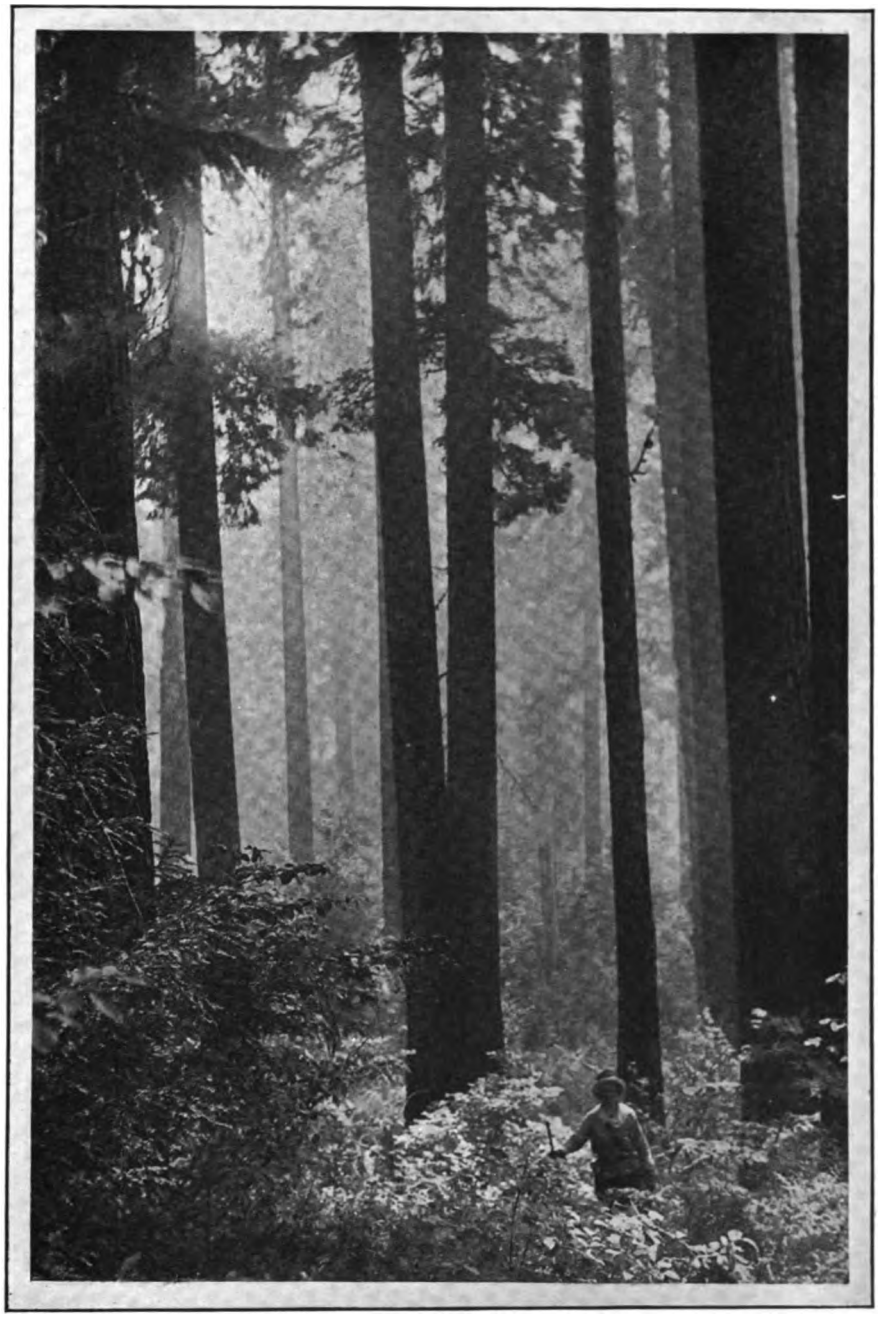

A. H. Denman

ON A FOREST TRAIL The straight lines of tree trunks preserved without use of the swing back by placing the camera at an elevation above the tree bases.

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the center line of the picture. The upper portions of the trees may be shown straight and true in a camera not equipped with a swing back, by selecting a viewpoint at an elevation above the tree bases, or by the rise of the lens board, or both. Under most favorable conditions the proper exposure for trees in our forests is not less than five seconds at stop eight (U. S.). Here is need for an exposure meter of the type that makes an actual test of the actinic power of the light and without which correct time of exposure can hardly be approximated.

What can be more important than the light in which we see things! This endeavor to see natural objects and persons (who often are not natural) in their best light is surely good for the soul. Having no control over the lighting of the landscape we must study the pictorial possibilities of all kinds of lighting, recognize and improve our opportunities. Very seldom is anything seen during the outing in its best lighting, and no adequate record can be obtained except by revisiting the scenes again and again. Equally important are the shades and shadows that go with the light. We can not get a good photograph of so much as a tombstone in a graveyard except on occasions when the light falls upon it at a proper angle to reveal its texture and lettering by their shadows. It is the shadows that block out the mountain spurs and ridges, round out their snowy domes, reveal the interesting surface of snow and glacier or the character of their rocks. Most prize-winning landscape photographs show long shadows, often falling toward the camera.

Having brought our readers to the subject of light, we leave them there to see and pursue their own way. On another outing with a better eye for pictures we hope to join them where light and beauty abound.

A. H. Denman

SUNSET IN
HAPPY VALLEY

Across the vast flower-carpeted expanse of Happy Valley the eye is ever drawn toward the sky-piercing summit of Mount Hood.

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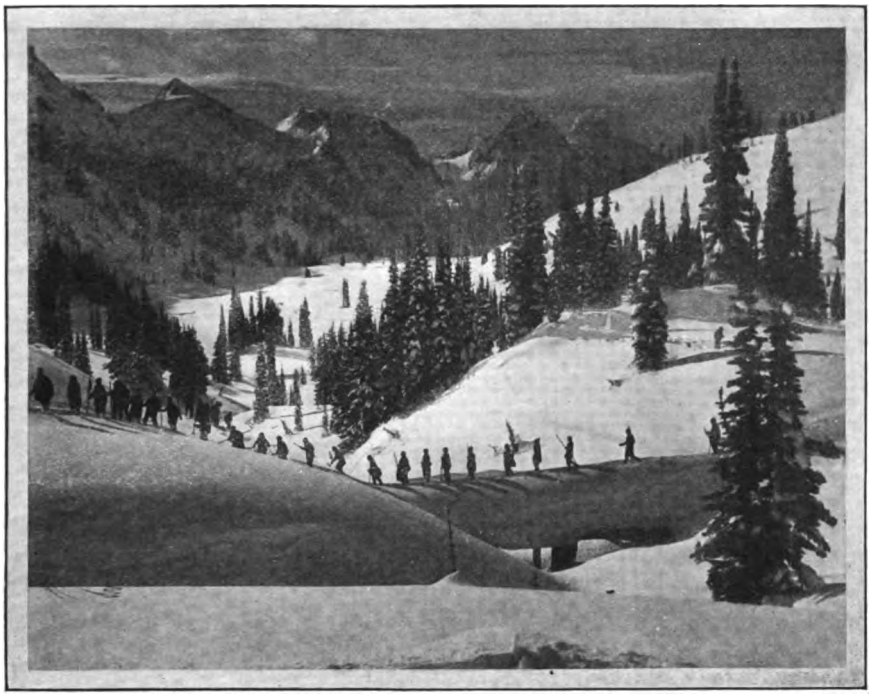

Frank A. Jacobs

PARADISE VALLEY IN MIDWINTER — New Year outing party of 1917 crossing the bridge over Paradise river, on their way to Sluiskin Falls.

WINTER MOUNTAINEERING

J. H. Weer

WITH most of us the thought of mountaineering brings visions of summer days spent in tramping and climbing in the higher regions over hills, ridges, cliffs, and glaciers, all more or less snow-covered. But what of the rigorous mid-winter season? Nature is then renewing the snow-fields, blanketing the wild flower fields at timber line, and laying up a store of snow high on the mountains to become in time the glaciers for mountain climbers who will follow years hence.

And so a visit to the mountains in winter gives us a little insight into the wonderful process going on up there which in due course produces the scenes of beauty and enjoyment, of recreation and inspiration, which we find in the summer months. Either season in the mountains is the more appreciated through acquaintance with conditions existing during the other seasons.

The last half dozen years have brought a growing realization and appreciation of the possibilities for sport, recreation, and study in and

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about the mountains when winter makes them inaccessible for all but the hardy and venturesome. A visit to the higher levels, when fresh snow lies deep, calls for vigorous but exhilarating exertion, requires special but not elaborate equipment, and meets with conditions radically different from those met in ordinary mountaineering.

Probably no region is better than ours for winter mountaineering. Our climate even in the mountains is without extremely low temperature, except rarely, and there is enough variety in the physical features of the mountains of Washington to satisfy any taste. Clear days bring scenes of brilliancy which cannot be equalled in summer. The absolute clearness of the atmospere affords remarkably wide views, distant objects appearing surprisingly near. Under the light of a full moon snow peaks a hundred miles away are easily visible from an altitude of 8,000 feet, and nearby peaks can be photographed in remarkable detail with exposures of one to two minutes. Gorgeous heavens and illuminated peaks at sunrise and sunset are succeeded by starlit and moonlit scenes, sparkling with frost. To spend one cloudless hour in day time or night anywhere near timber line in the winter is to be enlisted forever as a winter mountain climber.

The writer's experiences having been chiefly in Rainier National Park, these observations apply principally to conditions there. However, at equal elevations, and amid similar structural characteristics, these conditions would be practically duplicated in any portion of this region.

In this article reference is made mostly to travel on snowshoes, rather than skis, the former being the equipment most easily adopted by beginners. The use of these requires no great skill, though at the outset the wearer finds them clumsy rather than intricate. Their chief difficulty is the weight which they represent for dragging over or through the snow at each step. Without them, or skis, travel in the mountains in winter is well-nigh impossible. As to skis, many of those who have mastered their use prefer them above snowshoes, and there is a steadily growing interest in them. Doubtless they will be in much more common use in a few years.

Ease of travel is governed chiefly by snow conditions. These change with great regularity with each change of weather and temperature, and generally from hour to hour as the day progresses. Following a fresh fall of snow, varying from a few inches to several feet (irrespective of snow previously accumulated), with temperature low, travel is hard on either level or steep trails. After being allowed to settle for a few days the snow is in good form for travel. A few hours of warm sunshine, followed by the almost nightly freeze, pro-

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duces a crust. The strength of this crust gauges the ease or difficulty of snowshoeing thereon. If so thin that steps break it, penetrating into the soft snow beneath, travel is hard; if strong enough to bear one's weight with but a slight cracking or depression at each step it is ideal; if so hard that the feet, with or without snowshoes, make no impression, footing is difficult, the slopes are dangerous, and caution is necessary.

Contrary to common belief, rain sometimes falls during the winter at very high levels—not frequently, however, so far as known. On one occasion in Paradise Valley rain fell almost continuously during three days and nights. A clear day followed and an ascent to Camp Muir, 10,040 feet, showed that rain had fallen at that altitude, promptly freezing, and there were indications that it had extended at least 2,000 feet higher. The effect of rain, also of continuous thawing on warm days, is to make snowshoeing very heavy. When the snow, water-soaked by rain or thaw, has a very hard freeze, travel is easy without the aid of snowshoes, sometimes, however, requiring heel and sole guards against slipping.

Observations thus far indicate that usually, even when the air is comparatively calm at timber line and a little above, the climber must expect strong winds and cold on the ridges and fields, above, say, 7,000 feet. Atmospheric changes occur with extreme suddenness. The climber must be prepared to cope with these while advancing on his way, or returning, sometimes hastily, to shelter.

The freshness of the snow produces a dazzling brightness, particularly when the sun shines, that requires ample protection of the eyes by colored glasses. Exertion under these same conditions is often accompanied by uncomfortable warmth, though the temperature may be below freezing point. The scarcity of drinking water is, at times, a trial. Thirst being only aggravated by the consumption of snow, thirst-satisfying dried fruit should be carried.

Suitable equipment has much to do with the enjoyment of an outing in the snowy woods and hills. Footwear is unquestionably the most important item and therefore deserving of most attention. Moccasins meet with little favor in this region. Pacs—laced boots with light-weight rubber feet and leather uppers—are most preferred. There is a wide range of opinion concerning the various types of snowshoes, individual judgment governing. The fastenings by which snowshoes are attached to the feet are of great importance. The sandal type—laced toe piece with strap running back to heel—has been found most satisfactory when substantially made. Two to three pairs of hose should be worn (light ones next the feet and heavier

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over these) to protect from cold and rubbing of sandals. A good supply of warm but not excessively heavy clothing should be worn, for otherwise when exertion ceases, even for a few minutes, the climber is liable to feel the cold. Alpenstocks (or ski-poles), grease paint, and cold cream are as essential in winter as in summer. Knapsacks or other articles to be carried should be kept to lowest minimum consistent with required comfort and safety, since greater effort is called for in winter than in summer travelling.

The upper levels, where trees are dwarfed and few, or entirely absent, are not alone in holding allurements, as many Mountaineers can testify. The dense woods, with well known trails buried, underbrush hidden from view, trees heavy laden, a silence awesome and impressive, are sources of delight and wonder.

Winter mountaineering is here to stay. This is proven by the loyalty of the comparatively few who have followed it long enough to test its attractions (and some there are who place them above the attractions of other seasons), and by the enthusiasm of those who are taking to it in increasing numbers each year. True it is that it requires effort and exertion sometimes wearisome, but where is the man or woman who begrudges a single heavy footstep taken in gratifying the desire to visit the mountains at the time of their greatest beauty and grandeur. The happy languid satisfaction in an evening around stove or fireplace after a strenuous day in the snow is a fitting counterpart of the joy of the outdoor camp fire in the milder months.

E. W. Harrison

SNOWSHOE TIME AT
SNOQUALMIE LODGE

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HOW TO KNOW THE TREES

HUGO WINKENWERDER

NATURE offers a wealth of pleasure to the lover of the great out-of-doors in the many objects both animate and inanimate that abound everywhere. This pleasure is increased many fold to those who can recognize these objects and understand their several relationships. To him who sees and understands, every turn of the trail offers something new and interesting. In this great Northwest the trees and forests are not among the least of Nature's handiwork.

It is true that this region does not possess the wealth of species found in the eastern forests, but what it lacks in species it makes up in size, for where else in the entire world are the forests more wonderful in the density of their growth or the majesty of their development. Trees eight to ten feet in diameter, towering 250 feet in height, are not uncommon, and it is not at all rare to find more than 150,000 feet of merchantable timber to the acre.

To be able to recognize the trees and know them by their correct names is the first step toward their appreciation, and the further we get into the subject the greater the pleasure it affords. To run across a rare species which one is able to recognize gives one all the pleasure of meeting a dear old friend.

However, to be able to recognize the trees and to name them is only the first step toward knowing them. To know them one must study their life-habits, the sizes they attain, their rate of growth, their special likes and dislikes for different soils, their requirements for moisture and light, what other trees they naturally associate with, their influences for good and evil upon their associates, and the uses to which they may be put. Every forest is a living organism in and of itself, just like a community of people with an individuality and character all its own. Each tree plays its part in the community life. When we recognize these things the study becomes to a certain degree really fascinating.

Washington and Oregon have a total of only about seventy species of trees, of which forty-four belong to the broad-leaved deciduous group and twenty-six to the evergreen, cone-bearing class. The former are ordinarily known as hardwoods and the latter as conifers. The yew, though not cone-bearing, may for practical purposes be included in this group. All the conifers can also be divided into two general groups: (1) Those with needle leaves, to which the pines, larches, spruce, hemlock, true firs, the Douglas fir, the redwood, and

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yew belong; (2) those with small scale-like or awl-shaped leaves, including the incense cedar, the western red or shingle cedar, the Alaska and Port Orford cedars (together forming the genus of true cedars), and the junipers. Of this last group the junipers are the only ones that have awl-shaped leaves and both scale-like and awl-shaped leaves are always present. The fruit of the junipers is a cone but is modified in such a way as to appear berry-like.

Practically all of the conifers can be distinguished by the leaf and twig characters and as the leaves are present the year around in all except the larches, these characters are available for study at all times. If now we take the first, or needle-leaved group, they can be divided into pairs in the order named. Each pair has some one very definite character that will distinguish it from all the others, and then again there are other very simple characters to distinguish the two members of each pair from each other. Thus, pines and larches always bear their needles in bundles, the pines two to five and the larches many in a bundle. The spruces and hemlocks bear their individual needles on little elevated leaf-cushions that remain on the twigs after the leaves fall, but the spruce needles are stiff, angular and sharp pointed, while those of the hemlock are flat and with rounded tips. The true firs and the Douglas fir, instead of bearing their needles on cushions, come off practically flush from the surface of the twig, and when they fall leave a flat round scar, but in the case of the true firs the scar is prominently indented into the surface of the twig, whereas the Douglas fir scar is flush, except for a slight elevation on the edge opposite the tip of the twig. In the yew and the redwood the needles are attached by a strap-like prolongation which is fastened to the twig for some distance. At the point of junction between the needle and the twig the yew has a star-like constriction which is absent in the redwood.

In the cedar group all have their ultimate branchlets flattened with the exception of the junipers, where they are square or round on the branches that bear scale leaves. This, together with the presence of some awl-shaped leaves and the berry-like fruit, will always distinguish the juniper from all the others. The ultimate branches, with the leaves on them, are quite similar in all of the others, but careful examination will show that in the incense cedar the two leaves which are folded around the edges of the twig have long bases and they do not meet from opposite sides unless it is at the very bottom of the scales. In the western red cedar these two leaves meet in a point about the middle of the scales, and in the true cedars they meet in a short line.

In the hardwood or broad-leaved trees it will be impossible in a short article of this kind to do more than indicate, with examples, the methods to pursue in their study. Botanists usually depend upon the

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leaves and flowers. However, as these are not present on the trees throughout the year, they are available for study only during certain seasons. For this reason the buds, leaf-scars, and other twig characters are much better. The first thing to look for is whether the arrangement of the parts—buds, leaf-scars and branches—is in opposite pairs or whether these organs alternate around the branch (i. e., are spirally arranged). Thus, for example, we have in this region only four native genera with the opposite arrangement, namely, the ashes, maples, dogwoods, and elderberry. The elderberry differs from all the others because of its extremely large triangular to horse-shoe shaped leaf scars and the very large soft pitch found in the center of the twig. The others can readily be distinguished from one another, first by the angle the twigs make with the branch on which they are situated. In the ash the short stiff twigs stand out practically at right angles, in the maple at an angle of 45 degrees, and in the dogwood there are whorls of straight branches coming off from the terminal shoots but further back on the lateral branches numerous small twigs can be seen all curving upward more or less regularly. The leaf scars and buds also are distinctive. In the dogwood the leaf scars always meet from opposite sides around the twig, making a small V pointing away from the tip. In the maple they also meet from opposite sides but make a V pointing toward the tip of the twig. In the ash, however, they rarely meet from opposite sides. In the examination of all of these characters it is always well to keep toward the tips of the twigs and to examine a number of specimens.

Another very useful character is to be found in the so-called "bundle scars." They are represented by small dots within the leaf scars and mark the broken ends of small water tubes that extend from the twigs into the leaves. In the dogwood there are always three of these. In the broad-leaved maple there are usually five (sometimes more) and they are very prominent, whereas in the vine maple always three, so that this feature will distinguish these two species of maple from each other. In the ash, the bundle scars are very small and numerous and arranged in a curved bend open toward the tip end but in general following the outline of the shield-shaped leaf scar. The number and arrangement of the bundle scars are useful in the identification of nearly all of the hardwoods.

Of even greater importance, however, than the bundle scars are the buds. Thus, for example, cascara has its buds naked, i. e., the little leaves in the bud are not covered by any bud scales. The willows on the other hand always have one single scale enfolding the entire bud; in the dogwood there are two long pointed scales nearly covering the bud from opposite sides, and in the alder there are three bud scales closely united at their edges so as to just enclose the bud completely.

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All of the other hardwoods of this region have buds with numerous over-lapping scales. The shape, color, and covering of the bud is also important. Alder has large reddish-brown buds that are club-shaped and distinctly stalked; in the hazel and black haw the buds are more or less globular, but in the former they are grayish in color and both buds and twigs are covered with fine hairs, whereas in the latter the buds and twigs are reddish and smooth and shiny. Usually there is only one bud at the tip of a twig, but in the oak and the chinquapin and sometimes also in the cherries there are more than one, though in the cherries it is more common to have several buds situated together just above the same leaf scar, and this is not true in any other trees of this region. The cherries, as also the poplars, the birches, and the California laurel, can be distinguished by the characteristic taste of the buds and twigs.

The pitch in the twigs of the trees of this region is usually solid, white or light greenish in color, and circular in cross-sectional outline, but in the alder it resembles the ace of clubs, turns a deep purple when exposed to the air, in the oak it is a five-pronged star, in the hazel it is from a light yellow to a deep brown in color. and in the hackberry it is not solid, but interrupted so as to form a series of little plates that can be seen by cutting through the twig longitudinally. Other characters that are useful are the presence or absence of hairs or resin in buds and twigs, the color of the twigs, the presence of prominent dots, or lenticels, as in the bark of the birches, thorns, and so on.

It is also possible to learn to recognize the different trees as seen from some considerable distance by means of the general shape of the crown, the way in which the branches come off, and the color. In western red cedar, for example, all except the uppermost branches come off with a long downward sweep and then turn upward at the ends, like the horns of a Texas steer. In both the spruces and the true firs, especially in the young trees, the branches come out stiff in more or less equidistant whorls. Hemlock has a very fine spray of branches all through the crown and is of a deep bluish cast, the spruces in addition to the shelf-like arrangement of the branches have a light blue cast, whereas in the pines the spray is coarse and the cast light blue or yellowish, depending upon whether it is a white or yellow pine.

Among the hardwoods there are other similar features which may be used in the same way, and then too every tree has a characteristic bark, but space forbids going into further detail at this time. A little study with a good manual such as Sudworth's "Trees of the Pacific Slope" and the author's "Keys to the Trees of Oregon and Washington" will soon enable anyone interested in the study of trees to recognize them all, and it will open the way for the more interesting study of their life habits, distribution, and associations.

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WITH THE BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB

IN THE MOUNT GARIBALDI DISTRICT

H. B. HINMAN

IT was the pleasure and privilege of my wife and myself to attend the outing of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club last August, in the Mount Garabaldi district, about fifty miles north of Vancouver, B. C. Leaving Vancouver by boat for the head of picturesque Howe Sound, we disembarked at Squamish. Thence we traveled thirty miles by the P. G. & E. Railway to Stony Creek, passing en route through the wonderful canyon of the Cheakamus River. From there the trail to the camp in Black Tusk Meadows was nearly all the work of the Club. The distance was about nine miles, with a very steep climb of over 4,000 feet. Leaving the railway at 3:00 p. m., it was long after dark before camp was reached, and the big fire and hot supper awaiting us were very welcome.

Camp was pitched in a beautiful meadow (5,100 feet), two miles long, with two fine streams flowing through it. Above towered the Black Tusk, (6,375 feet), a cone of black basalt, the core of an extinct volcano. Sloping up more gently from the meadows, were the lesser elevations of West and East Bluffs, and Panorama Ridge. Across the little divide to the north, were Helmet peak, lake and glacier, the Cinder Cone, Mimulus and Black Tusk lakes and Empetrum peak. Eight hundred feet below camp lay Lake Garabaldi, about four miles long, completely surrounded by peaks, except to the west, its color changing with the light from emerald green to turquoise blue.

From the summit of Panorama Ridge, a wonderful view unfolded. To the north, nameless peaks without end; to the southwest, Castle Towers, Copper Peak, and The Sphinx, with their glaciers; to the south Sentinel Peak, Table Mountain, Red Mountain, and towering above all Mount Garabaldi. To the west the Tantalus Range, with its two hundred miles of glacier-clad peaks.

Everywhere on the slopes were masses of flowers in a profusion and riot of color, surpassing even anything I have seen on Mount Rainier. Dr. Davidson of the University of British Columbia has found two hundred eighty species of plants in the immediate vicinity.

The rocks are largely volcanic, basalt and andesite, although some limestone exists, and the summits of a few of the peaks are granite. Mount Garabaldi, and at least three other mountains near-by, are extinct volcanoes.

The party carried in materials for a boat, which they built on Lake Garabaldi, large enough to carry seven people with packs. This made possible, in one day, trips to the fine peaks on the opposite shore

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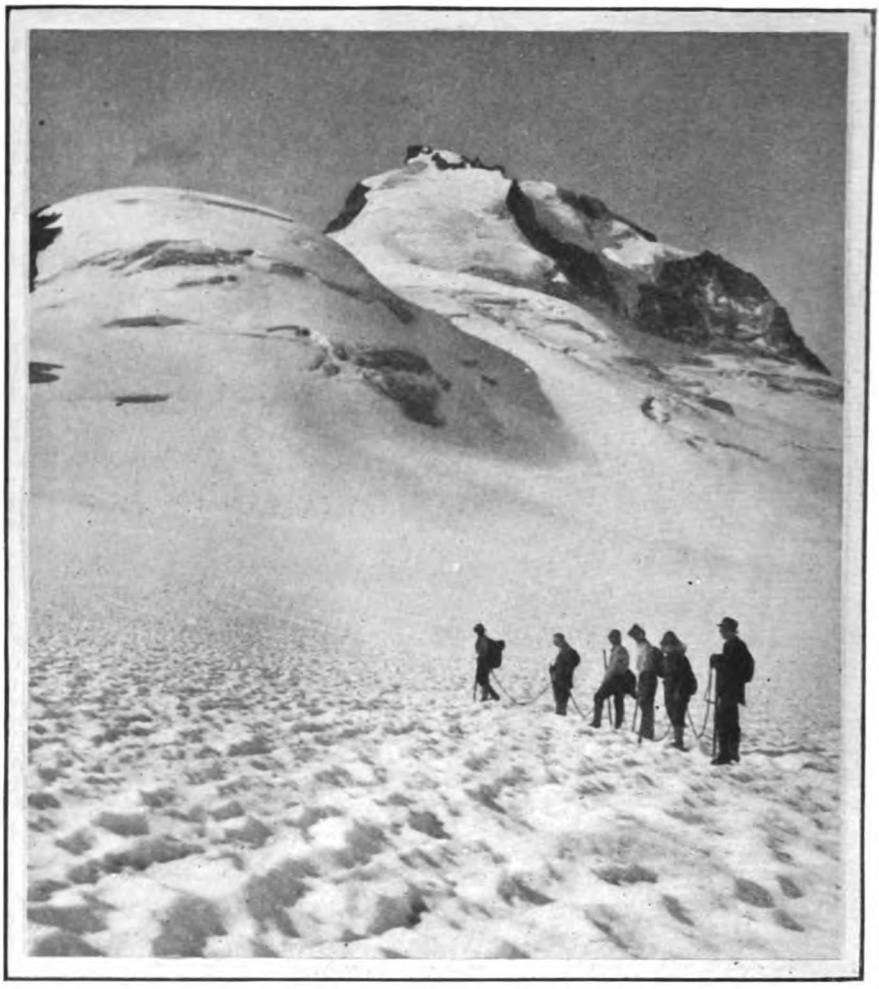

H. B. Hinman

MOUNT GARABALDI — Mount Garabaldi, fifty miles north of Vancouver, B. C., is the highest mountain in the vicinity. While a little less than 9,000 feet high, it is considerably more difficult of ascent than any of the high mountains of Washington.

formerly occupying three days. Each day two trips were planned; one on the north and one on the south side of the lake.

Mount Garabaldi is the dominating peak of the region, (aneroid readings 8,700—9,000 feet). It carries six large glaciers on its slopes, some of them being several miles long. In many places they present fine ice-falls and crevasses. The ascent is usually made from the south side, but has been made from the north, by dropping over a saddle below the summit, and swinging around to the south. I am informed, however, that until last summer the ascent of the steep north face had never been made. Two ascents were made from our camp,

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the first by a party of three women and three men; the second with which I climbed a week later with two women and eight men.

Crossing the lake the night before, we camped half a mile from the foot of Sentinel glacier. Reaching the nose of the glacier a little before six the next morning we roped in two parties (it is a hard and fast rule with the Club never to go on a glacier unless roped). Ascending to a saddle overlooking the Warren glacier, we dropped a few hundred feet to it, and from there our course was entirely over this, the largest glacier on the mountain. Part way up we encountered some large crevasses, calling for skillful work on the part of the leader.

About 400 feet below the arete leading to the summit, a rotten snow bridge was crossed, one man breaking through, but being held by the rope. From this on, the slopes were the steepest I have ever seen a party negotiate, and to add to the pleasure of the occasion a tremendous crevasse yawned directly beneath, running clear across the face of the snow field. The arete was practically a knife edge of rotten lava, dropping off almost perpendicularly hundreds of feet on each side. Following this, the summit was reached without difficulty. The view was superb, although somewhat obscured by shifting clouds.

The return was uneventful, although great care had to be exercised descending the steep slope. On this portion the party faced the slope, only one person moving at a time. Permanent camp was reached about 8:00 p. m. after a row across the lake and the steep 800-foot climb up from the landing, with packs.

The two weeks were all too short. The entire party were uniformly kind and considerate, and did their utmost to give us the best possible good time. The Club are entitled to much credit for their successful outing, as they were working under a great disadvantage, most of their best men being at the front or having already laid down their lives for their country. Too much praise cannot be given Mr. Tom Fyles, on whom the chief responsibility of the climbs rested. Never have I seen a more indefatigable and efficient worker, a more genial personality, a more skillful and daring climber, yet careful and considerate of his party.

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A TRIP INTO MOUNT ROBSON PARK

LULIE NETTIETON

IT must have been an alluring prospect, indeed, that could tempt a loyal Mountaineer from such an outing as had been planned for the Club during the summer of 1917. However, a proposed expedition into Mount Robson Park in the northeastern part of British Columbia, was a temptation not to be resisted. Consequently, the first week in August found Mrs. Parsons, of California, and myself aboard the splendid Grand Trunk steamer, Prince Rupert, on the first lap of our journey.

The approach to this park is delightful, including as it does, a charming water trip of three days through the lovely scenery that makes the coast of British Columbia so fascinating, and a two days' train trip from Prince Rupert following the Skeena and Fraser rivers up into the grandeur of forest and snow-capped mountain peaks.

At Robson Station we met Donald Phillips, otherwise known as "Curly" who in his one capable person represented our outing committee, head packer, cook and companion. He escorted us to his cabin about a mile from the station and from there we made our start.

Donald, much to our dismay, said that we must ride horses. We protested in vain, assured him of our ability to walk and of our long walking trips of previous years but—"The glacial streams are variable and you will have to ride," said Donald, and having been trained to consider that there is no appeal from the laws of an outing committee, we bowed our heads to what we considered a grievous situation and rode—and in the end enjoyed it.

First we followed the Grand Forks River past Kinney Lake, into the Valley of a Thousand Falls. This is truly a place of unusual beauty and infinite variety. On either side rise great walls and rugged cliffs, here draped in dainty waterfalls, and there worn and torn by greater cataracts, Emperor Falls being one of the mightiest. There is an atmosphere of romance and mystery about this charming valley. It is not hard to imagine that some ancient Egyptian artist has fashioned its rocks into their queer forms or that one is with Sinbad the Sailor in one of his valleys of mystery.

At the end of this valley lie the blue waters of Berg Lake where icebergs are continually being cast from the Tumbling Glacier. There is a roaring and groaning from the glacier audible before the lake itself is reached.

But valley and lake alike were forgotten when rounding a turn into Robson Pass, we beheld Mount Robson itself in its full glory,

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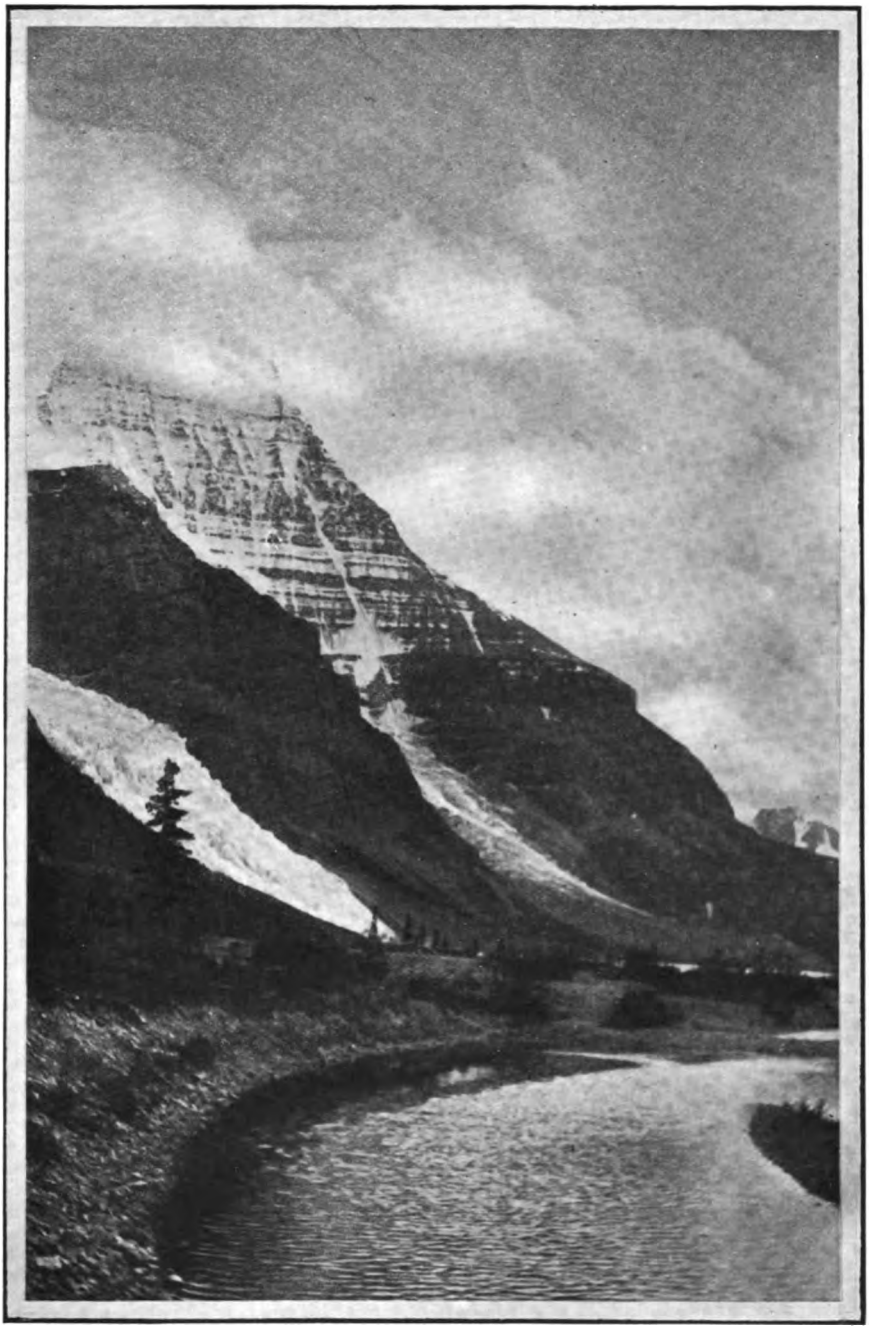

Lulie Nettleton

MOUNT ROBSON FROM ROBSON PASS

The lofty summit of Mount Robson (13,068 feet) is often lost in the clouds. Its precipitous slopes and frequent avalanches make its ascent almost impossible. Berg Lake, lying at its base, is fed by icebergs from Tumbling Glacier.

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austere, majestic, dominating the whole scene. We could well believe Donald's story of his ascent. Mr. Kinney and Donald succeeded in making the summit only after a gruelling trip of two days and two nights on the mountain, and eleven and a half hours clinging on its precipitous sides, with frequent avalanches to add to the difficulty.

So Mount Robson stood and defied us, challenged us, dared us, but we did not accept the challenge—then. On the shoulder of Mount Robson is The Helmet which looks hardly less difficult than Robson itself. On the flank of Robson stands Rearguard which is a rocky pile of wonderful symmetry. Circling behind Robson comes the mighty sweep of Robson Glacier six miles long, much seamed and crevassed, with its upper stretches broken with seracs of exceptional size and coloring. Above the glacier rises the Lynx with its snowfield and glacier, and Ptarmigan Mount which completes the circle of peaks that guard Robson Glacier. On the opposite side of the pass rise Mount Mumm, Mount Mugger and Mount Ermine and a phalanx of peaks down the valley with White Horn rising above them all.

We explored to our heart's content, traversed Robson Glacier, climbed Ptarmigan Peak, which, by the way, is an easy ascent but affords a magnificent view. The steep snowfield of Mount Resplendent back of Mount Robson was a most desirable climb but as we wished to push as far on into the park as possible, we decided to forego the ascent.

Our independent cavalcade left Robson Pass early on a lovely August afternoon for a seven mile trip to Moose Pass. Since Smoky Creek Valley is as charming in its way as the Valley of a Thousand Falls, it was a memorable afternoon riding along between the great mountain walls, the blue sky above, listening to Donald's tales of hunting. For variety, we punctuated the seven mile journey with numerous stream crossings. Fording is a queer sensation. From the middle of a whirling stream the gravelly banks speed past one, while the horse seems merely churning the water, then suddenly, when all seems lost, he climbs out.

Leaving Smoky Creek we followed Calumet Creek arriving at Moose Pass (6,700 feet) just at dusk. We pitched camp among the beds of asters, the largest of the kind I had ever seen in the mountains, valerian, anemone seed pods and wind blown trees.

The night on Moose Pass was a delightful one. We had a campfire in the teepee and while we watched the flames, our guide told us tales of the wild things thereabouts—how millions of caribou migrate each year to the "Barrens" and in March are driven back by myriads of flies; how the animals come in cycles, first, the rabbits disappear, then the lynx and larger animals; tales of the pursuit and capture of

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a certain white grizzly. Then when it was time to turn in, as a grand finale, the whole sky was illuminated with a magnificent display of northern lights.

From the pass we made the ascent of Mount Pam, a peak less than ten thousand feet in height and of no difficulty as a climb but one of the finest mountain view points that can be imagined. As far as the eye could reach in every direction were peaks upon peaks. A great majority had never known the foot of man and many, very many, are still unnamed. One longed for months to spend in this region so attractive to an Alpinist. Once more, even from a greater distance, Robson loomed and as Donald remarked, "All the mountains lean toward Robson."

Breaking camp, we set out for a twenty mile journey for Bess Pass—"the greatest grizzly country you can find," according to Donald. We retraced our steps down Calumet Creek and on down Smoky; then up Glacier Creek we made a steep climb through a natural lane of trees to the pass. We spoke in whispers and kept a sharp lookout for grizzlies, but none appeared although we found where the ground had been very recently torn up in a great beast's search for the roots of the avalanche lilies, which, by the way, are considered grizzly delicacies.

Mount Bess is a most attractive mountain. Viewed from the creek below, it looks like an interesting rock climb but from Bess Pass the approach is very good going, almost entirely on snow. But again we had to remind ourselves that there was not time to ascend the mountain and contented ourselves by a sunrise trip to the shoulder of Mount Bess. Once more we feasted our eyes on vistas of unexplored and unnamed peaks and ranges and selected a certain region for more exploration next year. We notified our guide that we would consider "All rights reserved" for us in that particular region in the future. His offer to place grizzly bear traps at every approach to guard it for us was heartily accepted.

Then breaking camp we begun our long twenty-four mile journey back to Robson Pass. Another day of fourteen miles and we were back at Robson Station, making plans to return as soon as possible to the great country of which we had had a glimpse.

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BACK-PACKING AND WEEK-END CLIMBING

JOSEPH T. HAZARD

THERE are many trails and mountains in western Washington that are, as yet, little known to the public or even to the many of the Mountaineers. The big snow peaks and the paths leading to them have been featured for a generation while the dim and broken trails, the innumerable rock pinnacles surrounding us have been neglected.

In most of our mountain literature one of the three main motives for exploring the wilds has been left sadly in the discard. We have been told repeatedly about marvels of scenery; the scientists have brought us the flowers, the animals, and the earth's crust; but in fiction alone has there been an adequate presentation of the lure of strenuous effort, of the charm of hard trail work.

The inception of Snoqualmie Lodge marked a change. In increasing numbers our members have scrambled up new creek beds, over slippery heather slopes, through hanging rock chimneys to new aeries. Many are frankly interested in first ascents, in speed records, in endurance tests. The day has come when the entire membership of the Club should taste the salty effort of back-packing and of week-end climbing.

We are in a region above all others favored with uncounted short hard trips. From Bellingham we reach easily the jagged Cascades where they lift to meet the Selkirks; Everett offers the regions of Index and Monte Cristo; Seattle and Tacoma are surrounded by the Olympics and the main range of the Cascades. A few hours in almost any direction will throw us against a wilderness demanding the arts and the backbone of the pioneer.

From the many interesting trips of the season we have chosen a typical few. They tell the 1917 story of a new and increasing activity of The Mountaineers. They point the way to an even more active 1918.

The several Mountaineers who have contributed articles to this account are experts on one or more of the regions surrounding us. They will be glad to give detailed directions to anyone who wishes to duplicate their trips. You are invited to get in touch with them through The Mountaineers. Their experience is yours for the asking.

¶ For years Dr. J. N. Bowman has pioneered in back-packing. One of his favorite regions is that of the Olympic peninsula. There follows the account of his 1917 trip.

ACROSS FOUR PASSES IN THE OLYMPICS

In 1916 our party tried to cross the Olympics from Port Angeles to Lake Cushman; we landed at Lake Quinault instead. This year we

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solved the problem of the preceding summer but reversed the trip.

Professors Wilson, Osborn, and Goodrich, my wife and myself formed the party of this season—Goodrich taking the place of Sexsmith and Kool of last year.

The route as a whole which we followed is one that had never been taken so far as we can learn though part of the trail has been traveled often. We reached Lake Cushman from Seattle by boat and stage. The trail up the Skokomish River is well marked even beyond the ranger's station. From the old miner's cabin at Nine Stream it is but three miles to the first pass, all decidedly up-hill. At Elk Camp in the pass we were awakened at midnight by wolf howls not many yards away; this was our first wild animal of this trip and the first wolf that we have met in any of the trips. From the first pass we dropped into the most beautiful avalanche lily basin that we had ever seen, and through it the old trail dropped down the mountain side to the Duckabush River. This part of the old horse trail from Cushman to Heart Lake is somewhat difficult to follow; but up the Duckabush toward its headwaters and up the stream draining Marmot Lake the trail is well marked.

A large plateau occupies the north side of the upper Duckabush; in it was Marmot Lake nestling in heather and lilies at the base of the cliffs dividing the river from the Quinault. A mile away was Heart Lake and its small tributary lakes all just beginning to come out from under the winter's snow. All of us were of the opinion that this basin with its lakes, views of the Duckabush valley, the mountains and glaciers is by all odds the most beautiful basin that we had seen in the Olympics.

Our second pass divided the Duckabush from the Quinault. Out of the park-like basin of this river we climbed to the unknown pass that should lead us somehow into the Elwha valley. This was new and untrodden country, and the expectancy and uncertainty we experienced now form some of the most pleasant memories of the trip. A herd of fifty-nine elk, together with scouting trips relieved the tedium of the nervous strain of uncertainty. A new pass, the third, was found; the elk have been using it for generations. We blazed a tree on the crest and labeled it "Wilson Pass". The valley into which it led proved to be the Godkin. The finding of the third pass formed the climax of the trip; the remainder of the hike lost much of its interest. After a rest at Letha Creek we ascended the new trail up the Hayes River; from its excellence, its monotony and eternal even grade, we were glad to escape over Hayden Pass, our fourth, into the Dosewallips valley, following its trail down to Brinnon with boat connections with Seattle.

The trip covered fifteen days; the distance covered was about

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ninety-five miles with some fifteen miles extra for the two scouts. The commissary for the first part of the trip was about eighteen pounds each. At Letha, Goodrich left for the draft; the commissary cached by Hume was therefore redistributed and the weight per person was above that of the first part of the trip. J. N. BOWMAN.

¶ Several parties have already packed around the Mountain. Others will follow for the trip will always be new. This year's account is full of practical directions and suggestions.

A HIGH LINE BACK-PACKING TRIP AROUND MOUNT RAINIER

Back-packing over the ridges and across the glaciers along the mountain goat trail around Mount Rainier is a stunt that offers many attractions to the strenuous hiker. He will encounter hard work in plenty but the two weeks necessary to complete the circuit will be replete with everchanging and indescribably beautiful views of the Mountain, close-ups of nearly all its glaciers, birdseye views of its circle of parks, and panoramas of distant peaks and ranges; truly, a more than ample reward for the energy expended.

The route, as taken by R. E. Leber, H. McL. Myers and the writer in August, 1917, started and ended at Fairfax for two reasons: the commissary for the second week could be picked up at Paradise; and the cost of transportation was lower. Incidentally the total cost of the outing was extremely moderate.

Camps were made at Fairfax, Carbon Glacier cabin, Glacier Basin, Summerland, Williwakus Park, Paradise, Indian Henry's, Marmot Heights (near Glacier Island), The Colonnades, Sunset Park, Spray Park, and Grindstone cabin. All camps were either in parks or in timber.

The longest hike took nearly twelve hours. The highest altitude reached was 9,000 feet on the Kautz glacier. The maximum packing weights were forty pounds each. All three extremes occurred on the hike from Paradise to Indian Henry's, which made this day the hardest of the outing. Had it been possible to pick up commissary at Indian Henry's instead of Paradise, the pack weights would have been at minimum, instead of maximum and the travelling that day would have been much easier and faster.

Glacier travelling was never dangerous. Weather and snow conditions were almost ideal. Due to the lateness of the season the higher trails were snow-covered and the pestiferous insects were there in large and enthusiastic crowds.

The actual travelling time was nine and one-half days which allowed one-third of the allotted two weeks to be spent in resting. If the rest days are properly interspersed, say at Summerland, Paradise, Indian Henry's, and Spray Park, one can make the trip without undue fatigue.

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Similar circuits of Rainier have been made by Flett, Weer, Barnes and others, whose records we found in cairns along the route.

BEN C. MOORS.

¶ There is a growing charm for the Mountaineers in winter trails. Fortunately we have deep snows without severe cold. The snowshoe is taking its place with the hobbed boot and the alpenstock as a minimum essential of our outfit. The following account tells of the first snowshoe trip to the north side of Rainier. It will lead to others like it.

SNOWSHOE TRIP TO NORTH SIDE OF MOUNT RAINIER

Had our plans been carried to completion the title of this sketch would have been "Snowshoe Trip, Enumclaw to Glacier Basin and Longmire Springs via East Side of Mount Rainier." Luckily for us, perhaps, we can attribute our failure to carry out this project to most unfavorable weather conditions. However, it is my hope some day to accomplish this task; for like all mountaineering problems there is an increasing fascination about an unaccomplished aim that grows upon one with each succeeding failure to reach the desired goal. Such a trip as was planned well up on the sides of the great Mountain, made a strong appeal to us because of its novelty, its promise of strenuosity and the opportunity it afforded to see the north and east sides of the Mountain in winter garb.

So it was that on the morning of March 18, 1917, Chas. Hazlehurst and the writer set out from Enumclaw by auto in a snowstorm that accompanied us on our whole journey. Sixteen and one-half miles out we abandoned our car at noon and shouldered our packs, which by careful elimination of all unnecessary weight we kept down to forty-eight pounds apiece. This included nine pounds of rations each, a three and one-half pound ax (a necessity on such a trip), tent, kodak, and other usual impedimenta. Our commissary allowed one and a half pounds per day per man and proved to be ample.

The first night we occupied a road gang's camp twenty-four miles from Enumclaw. It snowed all night. The next day we had a taste of what we were to get throughout the trip. The snow was soft and wet so that our snowshoes sank from ten to fourteen inches with every step and brought up each time a load of heavy wet snow. That night we made the park rangers' cabin on the White River fifteen miles nearer our goal.

The third day we did another strenuous twelve miles and reached Starbo's camp in Glacier Basin (5,935 feet elevation) fifty-one miles from Enumclaw. A howling wind was blowing that almost completely checked our progress. The sumptuous new mine hotel was indeed welcome and we were glad that our shelter tent need not be put to the test of withstanding the storm that raged all that night and the following day. The equinoctial storm was full upon us. We saw absolutely nothing of our surroundings except a fleeting glimpse of Bur-

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rough's Mountain through a rift in the clouds with the sunset glow upon it.

After a day's rest we made the return journey in three days. As we reached the lower altitudes the snow turned into rain—which did not improve matters.

Although we did not accomplish our purpose and enjoyed no scenery, the experience was well worth the effort put into it, for there was the physical benefit derived and the satisfaction of having done our best. The season selected was not from choice but because of necessity. April or May would usually offer great chances of good weather upon which the success of the undertaking necessarily depends.

C. G. MORRISON.

¶ The Tacoma Mountaineers are ever active. Their trips never fail; through careful planning, the start and the return are on schedule. The following account of one of these trips is written in helpful detail.

MOUNT WOW—A KNAPSACK TRIP

The Tacoma Mountaineers have enjoyed the privilege of conducting several short outings in the vicinity of Mount Rainier. We have carried our own packs on these trips, although on several occasions we have been able to provide transportation for the commissary.

The Mount Wow trip was entirely a knapsack trip. It was outlined in the bulletin as usual, and, while waiting for the members of the party to sign up, we were able to go ahead with most of our preliminary arrangements. The commissary was planned for units of fifteen, twenty, thirty, or forty people. This schedule easily gave us the amount needed after the party signed up.

Our start was made on the Tacoma Eastern Railway, and while we were still on the train, the commissary was divided among the men, packs were adjusted, and everything made ready for the trail. Then followed the bus ride, during which we ate our lunch. This gave us the entire afternoon for our packing. We followed the Tahoma Creek trail for two miles making an elevation of two hundred feet. Then the real climb began, 2,000 feet with our packs. At first we followed a zigzag trail, and, when this gave out, made our way through low undergrowth. Camp was made near Lake Allen, and the regular routine committee work took care of the cooking, serving, and dishwashing.

A very early start was made the next morning, and the party easily reached the summit, 1,500 feet above camp. After a good long rest, giving us ample time to enjoy the view and take pictures, we returned to camp, picked up our packs, and jogged down the mountain side. We ate lunch by a mountain stream, and took our time down the trail to the road, where the busses were waiting for us and our packs.

CRISSIE CAMERON.

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¶ One of the unique trips of the Everett Mountaineers was scheduled for September. It called for hard work for a night and the day after. The short account which follows gives a fine flavor of the unusual.

A NIGHT AND DAY HIKE TO IDA PASS

A trip to Ida Pass (3,500 feet) above Monte Cristo had long lured us, and there seemed but one way to accomplish it. So Saturday, September 16, we took the Monte Cristo car to Barlow Pass. Then, with bugs, and without beds, we started over the beautiful trail that follows the Sauk and the Elliot for eight miles to Goat Lake. It proved a delightful four hours work and we arrived at the lake about one-thirty in the morning. A roaring fire and refreshments followed, and later a bit of drowsiness conquered some of the party.

Soon after daylight, with a morning bath in freshly-dewed huckleberry, we started on the one route over the pass, a long ledge to the right of the ravine, then over snowfields to the top. The view from there was much too wonderful for the time we could give it. By sliding down waterfalls, swinging from hemlock branches, and coasting over heather or mud, we finally reached the depot, just in time to gather our carefully arranged commissary and to carry it home. "Hard, but well worth while" was the universal comment.

MABEL McBAIN.

¶ There are still many new trails in the Olympics. Mr. Pugsley's account of a trip up the Dosewallips and down the Elwha gives another impression of the possibilities of this fascinating region. His course carried him near Mount Constance where some Mountaineer in the near future will "do his bit" as a pioneer.

UP THE DOSEWALLIPS AND DOWN THE ELWHA

Lured by that wild mountain spirit which calls to all real Mountaineers, Mrs. Pugsley and myself set forth August 5, 1917, for a two-weeks outing in the Olympic Mountains. Crossing the Sound to Bremerton, we took stage to Seabeck and thence across Hood Canal to Brinnon. Disdaining a packtrain and other elaborate equipment, we rolled our carefully selected and weighed, but neither meatless nor wheatless provisions and other necessities, in our sleeping bags, wrapped these with a silk duck fly, put our packs on our backs, and hit the trail up the Dosewallips River.

The first day's tramp was along a dusty road where the rivulets of perspiration on our bodies and the weight of our packs made every wayside log welcome. Sidestepping to Idlewild or Rocky Brook falls for lunch, we camped at 4:30 in the woods beyond Corrigenda Ranger Station, having traveled about six miles. Next morning, after a breakfast of fish donated by a passing angler, we found the cool, shady trail a great relief from the dusty road, but the hill of grief encountered at the close of the day will long be remembered. The following days we toiled steadily upward along the well-graded and

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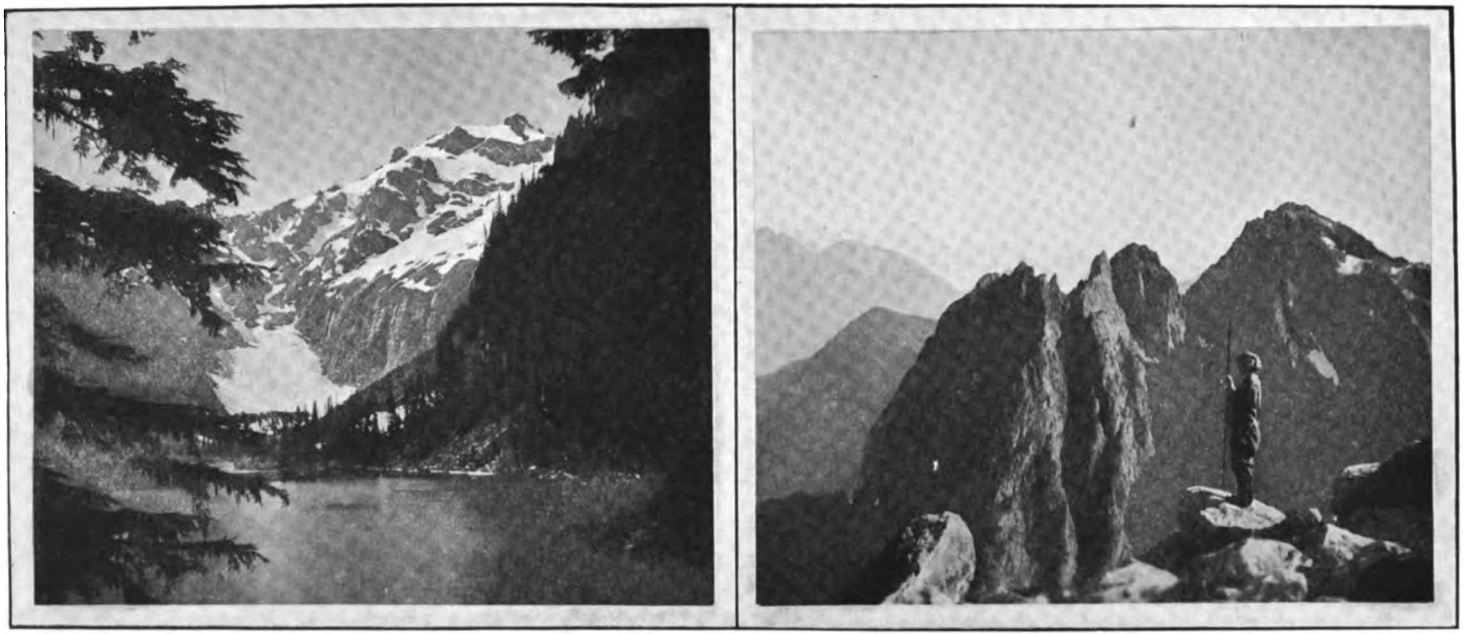

H. B. Hinman

VIEWS TAKEN ON EVERETT OUTINGS

Goat Lake (elevation 3,154 feet), the source of Elliott Creek, flowing into the South Fork of the Sauk, lies eight and one-half miles by an easy trail from Barlow Pass, on the Hartford and Eastern Railway. Foggy Mountain is shown at the upper end of the lake. This lake will furnish one of the camp sites for the 1918 outing.
Mount Index from the summit of Mount Persis. The ascent of Mount Index is made by way of Anderson Creek Basin, which intervenes between the two mountains, thence to the connecting saddle and from there to the summit by the south side of the ridge.

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splendidly constructed new trail, the deep silence of the forests about us broken only by the roar of the river in its box canyon far below and by the occasional chatter of a bird or squirrel overhead. Sometimes an opening afforded a glimpse of high, rocky pinnacles or of foaming torrent and waterfalls. The fourth day brought us into the meadows and parks, carpeted by flowers and surrounded with snowy peaks. Huckleberries were added to the lunch menu, and whistling marmots greeted us. Here one might camp for a week and have plenty of climbs and sidetrips to the near-by parks and peaks, including Mount Claywood and Mount Anderson with its hanging glaciers.

Crossing Hayden Pass above a high, steep shale slope, the highest of the three passes out of the Dosewallips, we camped a short distance down the Hayes, the most scenic of all our camps. The new trail from the pass to the Elwha was covered in an afternoon. Surviving an attack of yellow jackets, we turned up stream over the trail of the Mountaineers in 1913. The camp at Letha Creek, the log jams, Chicago Camp, the sign of the turtle, and the Elwha basin and snow-finger, all had a familiar look. Even many of the same gray-whiskered, bloodthirsty mosquitoes of 1913, with all their progeny, were there. Having reached our goal, Dodwell-Rixon Pass, and gazed upon beautiful Mount Olympus, we directed our steps down the Elwha and in due time arrived at Hume's Ranch. After a day and a half with its hospitable and good-natured proprietor, we caught the stage to Port Angeles and boarded the boat for Seattle.

FRANK G. PUGSLEY.

FROM SNOQUALMIE PASS TO MONTE CRISTO AFOOT

GRACE HOWARD

THE first official knapsack trip of The Mountaineers extending over a period of two weeks was participated in by five members, Wilfrid Harrison, leader, Olive Rand, Mrs. C. M. Bixby, Grace and Henry Howard. On Saturday night, July 14, we left for Rockdale via the Milwaukee; arriving at 10:10 p. m., we shouldered our packs and traveled up the old track to the Snow Lake trail. Here a hurried camp was made for the rest of the night.

The next day we followed the Snow Lake trail past Snow Lake, 4,100 feet elevation, down to Rock Creek, a tributary to the Middle Fork of the Snoqualmie, a distance of seven miles. Monday morning we took a side strip to Goldmeyer Hot Springs. These springs are sulphur dioxide, very hot and strong. The party returned to the

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H. W. Playter

SNOW LAKE AND
MOUNT THOMPSON

The trip to Snow Lake at the foot of Chair Peak is a favorite with visitors at Snoqualmie Lodge.

Mount Thompson, lying some miles north of Snoqualmie Pass, with its forbidding tooth long defied climbers, but during the past season was conquered by Mountaineers.

Rock Creek camp and on to Taylor's Ranch, having covered thirteen miles for the day. Here we found our first food cache. The next day was perhaps the hardest of the whole trip; our packs were heavy and the trail steep, a climb of 2,000 feet in nine and a quarter miles being

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necessary to reach Lake Snoqualmie. Here we found winter conditions while the night before summer had prevailed. The next day we crossed our second snow pass, elevation 3,700 feet, and on down to Lake Dorothy, a short journey of two and three-quarter miles, passing Deer and Bear lakes en route. We found warmer conditions here, and a good camping spot at the south end of the lake, so decided to rest a day or two.

Thursday we spent fishing on the lake—lots of fun but no fish. We explored the lake in a dugout made five years before by the forestry men. As we were all Mountaineers we felt we must do some climbing and Friday, July 20, we made a very pleasant and uneventful ascent of Big Snow, elevation 6,700 feet. Saturday morning, much to our regret, we had to leave Lake Dorothy with her beautiful shores and lovely islands and continue on our way. We loaded all our belongings in the dugout and paddled to the lower end of the lake, a distance of more than two miles.

Saturday night brought us, after a fourteen-mile journey, to what we called our hobo camp on the banks of the Skykomish River. This was our first touch of civilization and nearly proved disastrous, as one of our party was mistaken for an I. W. W., said to be a perfect type, in fact, from the rear view. Our second cache was at Skykomish, therefore dinner was an elaborate affair consisting of canned salmon, fresh potatoes, bread and butter, tea, with canned pineapple for dessert; and for breakfast such luxuries as scrambled eggs. On the Skykomish we were at an elevation of 930 feet, the lowest reached on the trip. The next day was a lazy one, spent in a trip to the Money Creek Soda Springs and mine. That night we went to Index by train and started next morning on our second week's outing. The personnel of our crowd was changed slightly, Mrs. Bixby taking the place of Olive Rand.

We had come down the South Fork of the Skykomish, now we traveled up the North to Galena, making camp ten miles from Index on Silver Creek. The next day, Tuesday, we started to climb again and after traveling five miles reached an elevation of 3,200 feet at the Good Hope mine, where the night was spent. Wednesday morning, after visiting the mine, we climbed the zigzags to Silver Lake which was almost entirely frozen over, then on over Poodle Dog Pass, elevation 4,500 feet, and down to the town of Monte Cristo. Monte didn't appear attractive to us, so we kept on down the track for half a mile finding a good camping place on the South Fork of the Sauk, after having made but three and one-half miles.

Thursday, with no packs to bother us, we made a side trip into Glacier Basin, visiting the Boston American mines on the way. The weather had been perfect, but just as we were preparing to turn in a

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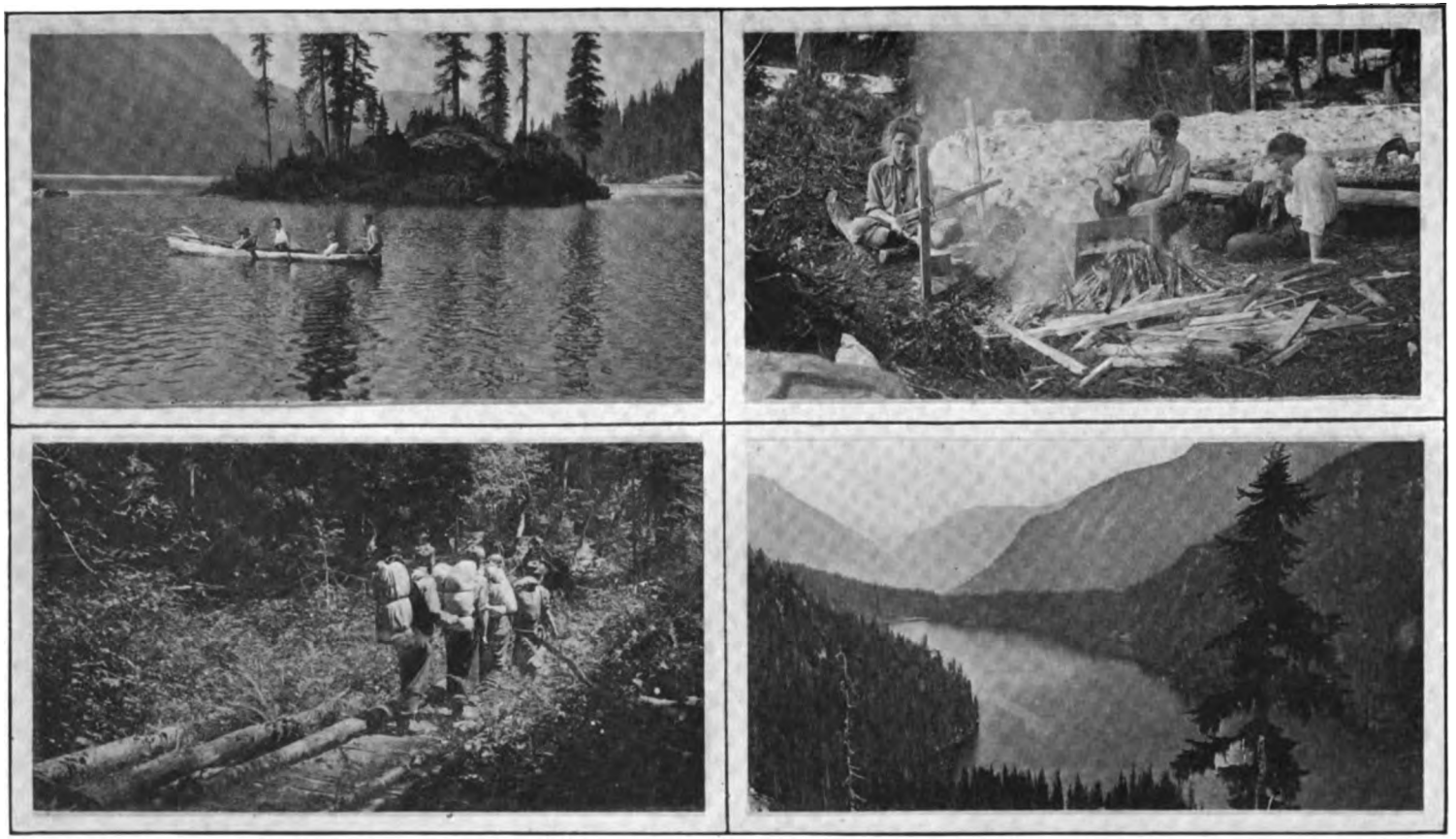

KNAPSACKING The joy of travelling without packs; at the close of a perfect day; off on the trail; beautiful Lake Dorothy. *E. W. Harrison*

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shower came up; fortunately it stopped before morning and caused no great discomfort. Our next day's journey was down the railroad to Barlow Pass and into the Stilaguamish valley. Low hanging clouds cut off all views of the peaks, but with the hope of good weather we turned up Sunrise trail toward Headlee Pass and camped that night about two miles up the trail on the South Fork of the Stilaguamish, thus making eleven miles for the day. Here we spent a very wet night and would advise future knapsackers to have more adequate rain protection. Saturday, our last day, we walked eight and one-half miles to Silverton where we took the train, and thus ended our two weeks in the open.

We had come from Snoqualmie Pass on foot, carrying all our worldly goods, over Snow Lake, Snoqualmie Lake, and Poodle Dog passes, down to Monte, traveling up and down the intervening river valleys, a distance of one hundred and nine miles, on first-class trails all the way. A great variety of scenery was enjoyed. In a single day climatic conditions ranged from torrid heat to frigid cold.

The average pack carried by the women of the party was twenty-two pounds, by the men thirty-five. We all used pack boards. A light dunnage bag for holding the pack was found very useful on trail and in camp. We carried but five days' rations at any one time, having four food caches, which made the packing easy. The average distance between camps was eight miles, the longest fourteen. Needless to say, the personal outfit was cut down as low as possible, no extras except underwear and socks; bug nets were found useful.

Our general outfit consisted of a small medicine kit and only the very necessary cooking utensils, a reflector, an axe, pot hooks, food bags, and twine for tying cross-pieces to uprights, which we found a great improvement over forked sticks. We can not praise the reflector too much; it cooked us many good batches of johnny cake and biscuits, in fact, so good that we never had any left from dinner baking for breakfast as our schedule called for. We would almost say that a party of four needs an eighteen instead of a sixteen inch reflector.

The commissary amounted to about two pounds per day per person; for some parties this might be cut down. It is an advantage to have the commissary made up to suit the special tastes of the party, if a small one. A menu was made out giving the weight of each article of food to be used for each meal; this was followed carefully and found to be a most excellent scheme.

The reason for the choice of this route, aside from scenic beauty, was the ease with which food caches could be made. We believe this, together with a very well planned commissary and the fact that we did not attempt to do too much, accounts for our very successful trip and fine vacation.

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The entire expense of the two weeks for each person was $16.35, divided as follows: Commissary, $10.38; packing, 75c; railroad fare, $4.25; telegrams and telephone, 52c; cooking outfit, 20c; hotel, 25c. The Snoqualmie, Skykomish, and Glacier Peak quadrangles were uesd.

The members of this outing are proud to have paved the way for future knapsack trips and feel we have proved beyond a doubt that such a trip can be a real pleasure and not just hard work. We sincerely hope a summer knapsack trip of at least two weeks' duration may become an annual event of The Mountaineers.

COMMISSARY FOR KNAPSACK TRIPS

The following commissary lists furnished by Mr. H. W. Playter have been carefully worked out, tested, and found satisfactory. They are printed with the hope that they will prove reliable models for other ambitious knapsackers.

Provisions used by four people for two days, back-packing from Rockdale to Snow Lake:

1 pound cheese	¼ pound baking powder
½ pound rice	¼ pound coffee
1 pound prunes	1 dozen eggs
½ pound butter	1 loaf bread (pumper-nickel)
½ pound bacon	2½ pounds ham
2 pounds flour	4 squares Maggi soup
½ pound apricots	2 squares Oxo
1¼ pounds sugar	1 can milk

A total of 14 pounds or 1¾ pounds per person per day.

Provisions used by two people on a seven days' back-packing trip around Mount Rainier, moving camp every day:

3 pounds bacon	2 pounds apricots
1½ pounds cheese	2 pounds prunes
1¾ pounds sugar	¼ pound baking powder
1½ pounds rice	12 squares Maggi soup
4 pounds flour	6 squares Oxo

¼ pound salt

A total of 16 pounds or 1 1/7 pounds per person per day.

Provisions for three men seven days back-packing on Mount Baker, moving camp every day:

4 pounds bacon	½ pound baking powder
3 pounds prunes	¼ pound tea
4 pounds sugar	1 pound chocolate (stick)
2¼ pounds rice	1 pound nuts (assorted)
6 pounds flour	10 squares Maggi soup
3 pounds apricots	10 squares Oxo
2½ pounds cheese	1 box Grant's crackers

¼ pound salt

A total of 30 pounds or 1 3/7 pounds per person per day.

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A minimum weight was used by Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bennett on a 17 days' trip, October 9 to 25, 1916, back-packing from Bear Gap to Goat Rocks, Mount Adams and Glenwood:

2½ pounds Maggi soup sticks	3 pounds raisins
4 pounds Olympic pancake flour	1½ pounds walnuts
1 pound cornmeal	1½ pounds butter
4 pounds hardtack	2¾ pounds sugar
2 pounds Grant's crackers	2 pounds chocolate
4 pounds bacon	1 pound coffee
2½ pounds apricots	½ pound salt

2 pounds cheese

A total of 34 pounds or 1 pound per day per person.

The cooking utensils carried were in each instance a knife, fork, spoon, tin-cup and plate apiece, one extra spoon, one or two frying pans, one small cake pan, one quart pail and one quart-and-a-half pail.

Sugar and flour were always carried in water-proof sacks. Rice was carried in small sacks. Some advocate carrying all commissary in large water-proof cloth bags.

Mr. Harry McL. Myers furnishes lists in a different form. The following menus used by three men for two weeks' back-packing on Mount Rainier make up a commissary weighing slightly over 1½ pounds per man per day:

Breakfast

Corn meal mush, or	Prunes, 6 ounces
Cream of Wheat, or	Bacon, 4 ounces
Cracked wheat, 6 ounces, or	Grant's crackers, 6 pieces
Prepared pancake flour, 9 ounces	

Lunch

Nut meats, 2½ ounces	Chocolate, 3 ounces
Raisins, 6 ounces	Cheese, 6 ounces

Grant's crackers, 6 pieces

Dinner

Maggi soup, 2 cubes	Apricots, 6 ounces
Boiled rice or spaghetti, 11 ounces	Grant's crackers, 6 pieces
Bacon, 4 ounces	Tea

Assorted evaporated vegetables every other day, 4 ounces

Besides this, 8 ounces of white sugar, 2 ounces of brown sugar (for mush) and 1½ ounces of salt per day were allowed, but no coffee, butter nor milk.

Mr. Myers writes: "It was found very convenient to have all the articles packed by rations, that is, each 6 ounces of corn meal in a paper sack, 4 ounces of bacon sliced and wrapped in waxed paper, etc. Individual lunches were put up in paper bags and three of these in a larger bag for one day. All of this is work in preparation but it saves time in camp and assures one that the grub is going to hold out to the end.

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"The item in the list which will probably call forth most criticism is that of Grant's crackers. Pilot bread has a following, as also knackebrod, but the objection to the first is that it breaks easily and to the second that it does not pack so compactly as Grant's. Some of us there are who bake bread and biscuits on the trail and the result probably justifies the labor and time involved, but when one arrives in camp at the end of an eight to ten hour day of hard hiking he may be satisfied with hardtack if it saves labor."

AT RHODODENDRON TIME

At Rhododendron time,
The violets first awaken
In wilderness of green;
Young tender ferns are shaken
From dusky rolls to screen
The nooks where twin-flowers climb.
Strong tides begin their surging—
Red tides of heart desire—
A something in me urging
To build a friendship fire
At Rhododendron time.

At Rhododendron time,
The dogwood stars are glowing
In emerald forest skies,
And elfin trumpets, blowing,
Proclaim the old surprise
Of dawn, as flower-bells climb.
What joy! The same glad story:
When days, as wingéd hours,
Bring Kitsap Lodge this glory
Of sunrise in the flowers,
At Rhododendron time.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

Dedicated to The Mountaineers,
21 June, 1917.

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THE KITSAP LODGE

ARTHUR L. LOVELESS

HEN we think of the Kitsap Lodge, those of us who love it, we do not call to mind the weather-beaten, decrepit relic of some early settler's losing fight to conquer the stony soil, which stands in unabashed and unlovely nakedness by the edge of the forest, staring across the little clearing. Instead we conjure up a picture of a habitation nestling among the second growth of the plateau above the valley, guarded by the tall firs, and lulled to sleep by the music of their voices as they nod and whisper to each other. This dream is as yet unrealized, but the hope of its fulfillment makes the problems of decaying timbers and sagging corners of the present log house, of wells which are empty, or else too much inhabited, and how to build a $75.00 fireplace for $15.00 seem mere trifles. And when they get too difficult—the problems—we go down to Hidden Ranch and listen to "Fiddle and I" and forget our troubles. And as we toil up the long incline to our own property, stopping often for breath and a backward look at that most restful of all spots, Peaceful Valley, we go back to work with renewed energy and enthusiasm.

For a building which will suitably house us, is, of course, a thing we have constantly in mind. Until that plan becomes a reality the present log house can be made to serve, though its timbers are rapidly rotting away. What form the future Lodge will take, or even its exact site, has not been fully determined, although a building with living and cooking accommodations only, with individual sleeping quarters some distance away, has been discussed. Such an arrangement, while it would permit the night owls to keep the echoes awake all night, would also permit the early birds to get their beauty sleep, and go out searching for the worm as near daylight as they wished, without any heated discussion the next day as to proper hours for retiring and rising.

A considerable amount of permanent improvement to the property has been completed during the year. The land has been surveyed by R. H. McKee, the old corners located, and the boundary lines laid out. The fire trails, which define these lines, and serve as a means to fight possible fires, are also under way. A few hours' work at cutting some of the stubborn growth of underbrush which forms the thickets about the property is really necessary to make one properly appreciate the joys of a workless day at the Lodge.

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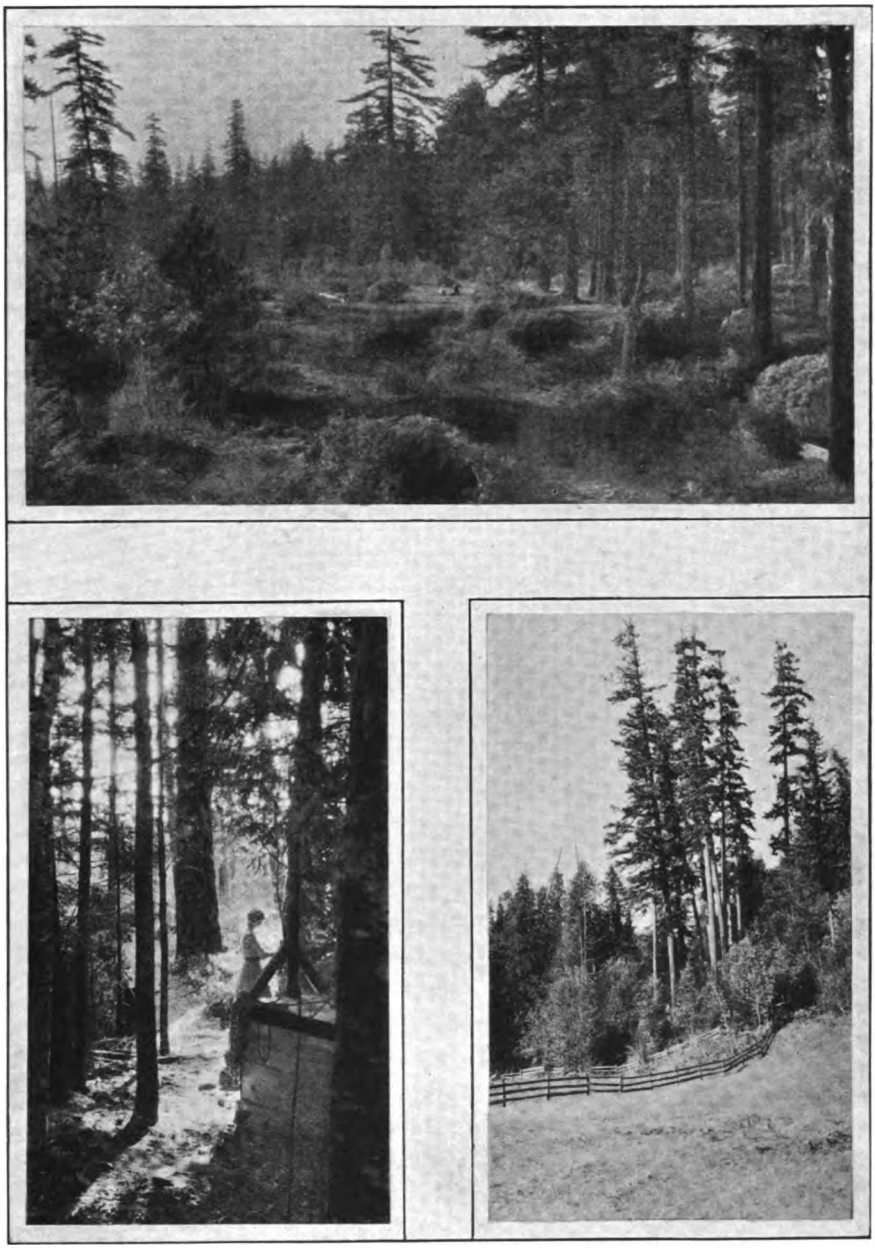

T. D. Everts

SCENES ABOUT KITSAP LODGE

The upper picture shows a vista into the series of little natural parks most favored as the site of the new Kitsap Lodge. A well seen in the lower left hand picture has been dug in a clump of trees near the proposed location of the Lodge. At the right is a group of tall trees at the southeast corner of the property, the largest on the tract.

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Since an adequate water supply is a pre-requisite to any future building, a well has been dug near the future site of the Lodge, under the direction of Edward Triol, which it is hoped will furnish sufficient water for all purposes. It is located in a clearing in the center of a little cluster of cedars, which has long been christened "The Chapel," from the dim seclusion of which one looks out, as from a room, on the level plateau and across the valley to Baldy.

On Helping Hand Day in the Spring, much work was done on the Bennett trail from Bolton's to the Lodge. This new avenue of approach to the Lodge property, up the gentle incline of the gulch, through the tangled undergrowth of the forest, forms a pleasing contrast to the open road over burned off land, through Duesler's, though it does not equal in charm the old trail to Hidden Ranch along the banks of the stream, among the giant cedars.

While the work done so far has been mainly confined to the Lodge property, once this has been properly developed, there are several useful trails which can be opened up to render the vicinity of the Lodge more accessible, and furnish objectives for hikes for those so inclined. One such trail has already been cut out, that around Kitsap Lake, which was made by Irving Clark and Jack Tusler early in the Spring. It would be improved by a little more work upon it. One to Baldy and return by a different route, another from Kitsap Lake to Lost Creek, and still another from Hidden Ranch to Wildcat Lake offer possibilities for strenuous work.

A number of scheduled outings were held during the year which were well attended. The rain, which beat a tattoo upon the dinner plates at the Rhododendron outing, served to raise rather than dampen the spirits of the crowd. During the Spring and Summer nearly every Sunday saw a small party enjoying the Lodge or its environs, and if hay mows proved often more enticing sleeping quarters than the ground, who shall say if they were not often well earned luxuries.

The green depths of the woods furnished a perfect background for the performance of Robin Hood which was held on the morning of the Rhododendron walk at different points along the trail, actors and audience moving from point to point as the scenes changed. The gay costumes of the performers lent an agreeable touch of color to the monotoned woods, whose staid trees had doubtless never witnessed such a gladsome frolic as took place in the shade of their drooping branches. There are endless possibilities in performances of this character, and it would seem desirable to give vent to the play spirit of the Mountaineers through more of such channels.

The full moon and crisp air were the one touch needed to evoke the spirit of Hallowe'en, which brought in its train headless horsemen,

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ghosts and goblins, and various elfish pranks on the Hallowe'en outing in October.

No account of Kitsap Lodge would be complete without some reference to our neighbors on the hill and in the valley, whose warm hospitality, and friendly advice and assistance add so much to the attractiveness of the place, and make one realize what true neighborliness means. Indeed, without them, Kitsap Lodge would lose half its charm.

LOCAL WALKS

BEN C. MOOERS

FOR more than ten years local walks have been one of the principal activities of The Mountaineers. At least every other Sunday throughout the year, except during July and August, a crowd of men and women spends the day, rain or shine, walking in the open. The observing hiker gets an intimate knowledge of the geography of the Puget Sound region. The Seattle walks during the past year covered practically all the territory surrounding Seattle on both sides of the Sound and of Lake Washington, while week-end outings embraced climbs of different peaks of the Cascades. Included in this territory is every variety of forest and mountain scenery. The walks follow unfrequented trails in the primeval forest; along old skid-roads; now through dense, dark timber where the ground is carpeted with moss and sword ferns; then across the logged-off open spaces and burns; along the high bluffs bordering the Sound, from which are caught picturesque glimpses of the waters below and the snow-clad mountains beyond; down deep ravines and past waterfalls where the maidenhair luxuriates; across turbulent mountain streams on log or stepping stones; or still higher, perhaps, to the summit of some mighty peak where one has all nature at his feet. These and more than these are sights that greet the hiker on local walks.

The walks afford an excellent opportunity for those who like to commune, not only with nature, but with their fellow men as well. For the social is not the least important side of mountaineering. There is an admirable spirit of democracy and camaraderie that adds greatly to the enjoyment of the walks. It is a cosmopolitan crowd that attends. Team work is the long suit of The Mountaineers. If there is work to be done there is no lack of volunteers.

Each branch of the Club has its own series of walks conducted in a systematic manner and according to definite rules by a Local Walks Committee at each place. Every month the committee schedules certain walks which have been previously scouted by the committee itself

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or by some other Mountaineer. Members are encouraged to scout and lead walks, preferably into new country and as far as possible along trails or old roads. But civilization is so encroaching on the forest near the cities that it will become necessary in future years to go farther and farther afield before reaching the favored trails and old roads in the timber.

Ordinary walks average about ten miles in length, although occasionally long walks are put on as a special attraction for strenuous hikers. These vary from seventeen to thirty-three miles in length.

Although the leader actually leads the walk, at least one member of the Walks Committee always attends and takes general charge of the walk. The leader is given a badge as a mark of distinction and a whistle with which to signal for starts and stops. A rear guard is delegated to see that no one loses his way. This is a very necessary precaution particularly on trails through heavy timber or thick undergrowth, as in these cases the crowd is generally strung along in single file.

At noon a stop is made for lunch and all those who have obeyed the Bulletin injunction to "bring lunch, cup and spoon" immediately proceed to group themselves on available logs and grassy spots and fall to. Tea and coffee are made for everyone over an open fire in cans carried for the purpose. On some of the shorter walks the usual luncheon stop of an hour is lengthened to two hours or more and spent in swimming, playing games or lazily resting. Occasionally a short talk at the noon hour on some out-of-door subject adds both to the pleasure and profit of the day.

Occasionally a supper walk is taken. The walk proper is terminated at some convenient beach on the Sound or lake. Soon numerous tiny fires are glowing along the shore line and little groups are busily preparing that delectable feast known as a beach supper. Afterward, if the schedule permits, all gather round a big bonfire for a sing before boarding the boat for home.

Walks are frequently taken which have special features. These may take the form of a visit to some object or locality of interest, as a logging camp or peat bog. Annual feature walks include the Tacoma violet walk on the prairies, the rhododendron and Christmas greens walks to Kitsap Lodge, and chicken dinner, strawberry and apple cider walks for the edification of outdoor appetites.

Week-end outings, under the auspices of the Walks Committee, are of frequent occurrence throughout the year. On New Year's snow revels are held simultaneously by the Tacoma and Seattle clubs. The Tacoma party goes to Paradise Valley making headquarters at the Paradise Inn and spending several glorious days in snowshoeing, skiing

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and tobogganing. The Seattle midwinter outing is spent at Snoqualmie Lodge. On these week-end trips the party is divided into committees which attend to the cooking, serving, dishwashing, firebuilding, etc. The menus for each meal are planned and the commissary purchased by the committee. The evenings are spent around the fireplace in the big living room singing songs or carrying out some impromptu program.

The Everett club usually holds its week-end outings in the near-by Monte Cristo district where there is a wealth of rugged mountains.

Mountaineering then, in a word, is organized play in the open. The local walks enable the lovers of the out-of-doors to indulge in this highest form of play in a useful and effective manner.

MONTE CRISTO OUTING

The Monte Cristo district has been selected for the 1918 outing of The Mountaineers, with an Outing Committee consisting of Dr. H. B. Hinman, chairman, C. G. Morrison, and M. M. Delwert. On account of war conditions the Board of Trustees deemed it wise to eliminate the big expense of the pack train, and to have an outing where members could go for one, two, or three weeks as desired. The Monte Cristo district is ideal for this purpose, the Hartford and Eastern Railway penetrating to the heart of one of the most rugged and picturesque mountain regions of the state. This makes camps possible very near lines of transportation, at the same time giving opportunity for many fine climbs.

Camps will probably be made at or near Robe, Silverton, Buck Creek, Goat Lake, Weden Creek, Monte Cristo, and Silver Lake. Probable climbs are Mount Pilchuck, Anaconda Peak, Marble Peak, Bald Mountain, Vesper Peak, Big Four Mountain, Del Campo Peak, Silver Tip Peak, and Cadet Peak. An attempt may be made on Sloan Peak, hitherto unscaled. While few of the mountains of the region are over 7,000 feet in elevation, many of them will test the skill of the trained mountaineer. There are also many beautiful alpine lakes, fine waterfalls in abundance, and a number of glaciers. It will be possible to provide both hard and easy trips nearly every day, and for one who wants simply a camping trip, the camp sites will always be in beautiful spots near the Stillaguamish or Sauk except the camps at Goat Lake and Silver Lake, which are even finer for short strolls or pleasant days around camp.

The expense will be less than on any previous annual outing.

H. B. HINMAN,
Chairman Outing Committee.

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SUMMARY OF LOCAL WALKS AND SPECIAL OUTINGS—YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1917

No.	Date 1915-1916	Route	Miles	Leaders	Attendance	Cost
292	Nov. 5	Maury to Manzanita	10	Olive Rand	61	$0.50
293	Nov. 19	Sandy Beach to Eglon to Kingston	10	J. N. Bowman	99	.50
294	Dec. 3	Lake Ballinger to Edmonds to City Limits	17	Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Young	36	.31
295	Dec. 17	Elwood to Kitsap Lodge to Chico (Xmas Greens Walk)	7	Ruby W. Entz	206	.50
296	Jan. 14	Manchester to Point Glover to Waterman	10	Cornelius Barry	130	.50
297	Jan. 28	Southworth to Olalla	9	Charles Hazlehurst	134	.50
298	Feb. 4	Fort Lawton to West Point to Interbay (Anniversary Walk)	8	J. Fred Blake	71	.10
299	Feb. 18	Youngstown to Salmon Creek to Endolyne	8	Helen Criswell	102	.10
300	Mar. 4	Houghton to Hunt's Point	8	Leland J. Clark	60	.25
301	Mar. 18	Navy Yard City to Kitsap Lake to Chico	10	Boyd E. French	111	.50
302	Mar. 25	Auburn to Renton	17	Alida J. Bigelow	50	.70
303	April 1	End Phinney Ave. to Ballard Beach	5	Mary J. Prettegiani	64	.10
304	April 7	Visit to Brown's Bay Logging Camp	6	Local Walks Committee	6	1.01
305	April 15	Port Orchard to Black Jack Creek to Old Soldiers' Home	10	Paul S. Dubuar	79	.50
306	May 6	Redmond to Redmond	9	G. Irving Gavett	88	.50
307	May 13	Seattle to Tacoma (South Park to Municipal Dock)	28	Ben C. Mooers	19	.50
308	May 20	Esperance to Cowen Park	13	Leslie F. Curtis	48	.35
309	June 3	Chico to Kitsap Lodge to Chico (Rhododendron Walk)	6	Inez Wynn	135	.60
310	June 10	Maple Valley to Renton	17	Alice Stenholm	23	.95
311	June 17	Kennydale to Kennydale	9	Mary H. Cutter	56	.50
312	June 24	Colby to Long Lake to South Colby (Chicken Dinner Walk)	9	M. Ross Downs	46	1.50
313	Sept. 16	Renton to Renton	10	Peter McGregor	58	.40
314	Sept. 30	Mercer Island—East Seattle to East Street (Also Campfire)	10	A. H. Cruse & Gordon Lamb	101	.40
315	Oct. 7	Charleston to Kitsap Lake to Charleston	10	Ruby W. Entz	48	.60
316	Oct. 21	Manitou Beach to Agate Pass to Manitou Beach	12	Helene H. Warren	86	.50
		Special Outings				
32	Dec. 30-Jan. 1	Snoqualmie Lodge. Snowshoe tramps and sports	....	Local Walks Committee	32	5.00
33	Feb. 10-12	Snoqualmie Lodge. Lincoln's Birthday. Snowshoe tramps	....	Local Walks Committee	25	4.30
34	April 28-29	Climb of Silver Peak (5,527 ft.) from Snoqualmie Lodge	....	Local Walks Committee	28	3.70
35	June 30-July 1	Climb of Unnamed Peak (5,255 ft.) from Snoqualmie Lodge	....	Local Walks Committee	22	3.70
36	July 14-29	Knapsack outing. Snoqualmie Pass to Monte Cristo	....		5	16.35
37	Sept. 1- 3	Gold Creek. Alta Mountain (6,285 ft.). Bivouac	....	Local Walks Committee	10	4.25
				Total attendance	2039	

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REVIEWS AND REPORTS

THE ASSOCIATED MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS OF NORTH AMERICA

In May, 1916, nine clubs and societies with common aims associated themselves in a Bureau with headquarters in New York. The membership now numbers nineteen, comprising about 16,000 individual members, as follows:

American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York.
American Civic Association, Washington.
Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston and New York.
British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver.
Colorado Mountain Club, Denver.
Explorers Club, New York.
Fresh Air Club, New York.
Geographic Society of Chicago.
Geographical Society of Philadelphia.
Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont.
Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu.
Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.
Mazamas, Portland, Oregon.
Mountaineers, Seattle, Tacoma, and Everett.
National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.
Prairie Club, Chicago.
Rocky Mountain Climbers Club, Boulder, Colo.
Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.
United States National Parks Service, Washington.

Among the common aims, aside from the exploration and mapping of mountain regions and the ascent of leading peaks, are the creation, protection, and proper development of National Parks and Forest Reservations, the protection of bird and animal life, and of trees and flowers. Many of the clubs and societies issue illustrated publications on mountaineering, exploration, and conservation of natural resources, and are educating their members by means of lectures to a deeper appreciation of nature.

The Bureau publishes an annual Bulletin giving the officers, membership, dues, publications, lantern slide collections, outings, and other matters of interest of each club. Data on mountains and mountaineeering activities is supplied in response to inquiries.

Acquaintance with the literature of a subject is essential to efficient work in the field, and the Bureau sends many important new books on mountaineering and outdoor life to its members free of charge. A large collection of mountaineering literature has been gathered in the central building of the New York Public Library and the American Alpine Club has deposited its books therein, providing a permanent fund for additions. A bibliography of this collection has been published by the library. An extensive collection of photographs of mountain scenery is being formed and is available to anyone wishing to supplement the literature of a region with its scenery.

LE ROY JEFFERS, Secretary,
Librarian American Alpine Club,
476 Fifth Ave., New York.

December, 1917.

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NOTES FROM MOUNTAINEERING CLUBS FOR 1917

In glancing over the communications from other mountaineering clubs received in response to our request for a record of the past year's accomplishments, one notices immediately the changes brought about by the war, many plans necessarily having been changed, outings abandoned or short ones substituted for long ones. Week-end outings or two-to-three day outings appear to be growing in favor generally. This is partly due to the fact that many clubs have acquired mountain homes. Lodge building is proving contagious. We notice that many new lodges or forest retreats have been built or clubs are considering the erection of some place of resort where the wearied man may "loaf and invite his soul" after a busy week, without journeying too far afield.

Trail making is being actively undertaken by several of the clubs and we trust this altruistic work may be encouraged by all mountaineering clubs and receive financial support from state legislatures and co-operation from the Forest Service, as the benefits to all lovers of the out-of-doors are obvious.

No notable climbs of any sort have been reported either by clubs or individuals.

Lecture courses have been given during the year by many of the clubs, the lectures being usually of an educational character.

An idea started by the Prairie Club of appointing a "Fellowship Committee" to keep in touch with members in the service, is worthy of commendation, and would be of particular service in the holiday season.

ALPINE CLUB OF CANADA — The Annual Camp was held in Cataract Valley just west of the Great Divide, July 17-31. Among the mountains climbed were Hungabee (11,447 ft.), Cathedral (10,454 ft.), Huber (11,041 ft.), and Odasay (10,165 ft.). Representatives of the English and American Alpine clubs and from the Appalachians took part in the outing. Nearly one hundred members are in the service and many others were detained at home by war conditions.

The first ascent of Mount Moloch on the north fork of the Illecillewaet was made by Dr. Hickson.

APPALACHIAN CLUB — The winter snowshoe parties continue to be the most popular outings of the club. Three were held during the winter, one of ten days duration in February at Randolph, N. H., the others of four to five days. The usual Memorial Day excursion and the July field meeting were given up because of insufficient registration due to the war.

Saturday afternoon walks were held throughout the year and several three-to-four-day outings. The camp at Three-Mile Island in Lake Winnepesaukee was open as usual through July and August. A permanent New England Trail Conference was organized, made up of organizations in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Massachusetts, aiming to develop the tramping possibilities of the region.

BRITISH COLUMBIA MOUNTAINEERING CLUB — The club has had its usual enjoyable week-end trips into the nearby hills, well attended in spite of the fact that many members are in active service.

Two outings of several days each were held in June and July, the first to the Lions (5,700 and 5,800 feet), the second to Cathedral Mountain (5,750 feet). This year an outing was made in the Garabaldi district, the fifth camp held there.

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Two parties made the climb of Mount Garabaldi (8,700 feet); sixteen reached the summit, one-third of whom were ladies. Dr. and Mrs. Hinman of The Mountaineers were guests of the club at this camp. Copper Peak (7,900 feet), Sphinx (7,725 feet), Castle Towers (8,100 feet) and the Black Tusk (7,350 feet), were climbed.

KLAHHANE CLUB OF PORT ANGELES

The Klahhane Club indulges in no extensive outings and has made no remarkable climbs. The club has leased from the Forest Service a log house on the slopes of Mount Angeles at an elevation of 2,300 feet. Here week-ends are enjoyed by members of the club, seldom a Sunday passing without some members seeking the spot for rest and recreation. Knapsack trips have been made over Mounts Angeles and Hurricane, returning by the Elwha, all the commissary, camp equipment, and blankets being carried. A small party climbed Mount Christie and another visited the Low Divide and Delabarre Park.

A course of seven lectures was held during the year and six sets of mountaineering slides were shown. Some important trail work is being undertaken and through the club's influence an automobile road to Mount Angeles is in progress, which when finished will be a splendid scenic highway.

MAZAMAS

The twenty-fourth annual outing was made to Mount Jefferson, Oregon (10,522 feet). The party numbered fifty and all previous records were broken, as forty-six persons reached the summit safely. On the first trial in 1900 not a single person reached the summit. The annual outing to Mount Hood was taken July 14-15. This trip was arranged early in order to accommodate visitors to the National Education Association convention and proved most successful as eighty-three persons reached the summit. The club continued its educational lecture courses during the year and had an exceptionally good series of local walks. A decrease in attendance was noticeable after the outbreak of the war, many of the men having given their services to the country. The club is contemplating the building of a lodge in the mountains but a site has not yet been selected.

PRAIRIE CLUB OF CHICAGO

The club made an outing this summer to Glacier National Park, and a summer camp was held at Beaver Bay, Minnesota. A number of the members have gone into the service of the country and a "Fellowship Committee" has been appointed to keep the absent members in close touch with their friends in the club, through the sending of letters, news budgets, reading matter, goodies and smokes, and remembrances on birthdays and holidays.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS' CLUB

Even in war time there has been no decrease in membership or loss of enthusiasm among the members. The most notable thing the club has achieved this year is the acquisition of one of the most splendid headquarters rooms it could be possible for any mountaineers even to imagine. It is in the Community House just completed on the grounds of the Colorado Chautauqua. The room is 38x38 feet, the walls finished with field stone to the height of six feet, gray stucco being used above this. The ceiling is beamed, the floor cement.

A ten-days' journey through the Rocky Mountain National Park and a climb of Long Peak had been planned this summer, but owing to the drafted men being called out, the trip was made in three days in place of ten. Trips were also made to the top of the Arapahoe peaks and to the summit of Mount Aubudon.

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SIERRA CLUB

The main outing which had been planned to the south fork of the San Joaquin and the Middle Fork of the King's River, was abandoned because of war conditions, and instead the party visited Tuolumne Meadows in the Yosemite National Park, for three weeks.

The lodges in the Sierras were kept open with an attendant in each. The Le Conte Memorial Lodge in Yosemite was made use of by several thousand visitors. The work on the John Muir trail is being continued, a second appropriation of $10,000 having been secured from the state legislature to be used in continuing the work on the trail. This magnificent work will connect the Yosemite National Park with Mount Whitney, and cover a distance of 250 miles through the highest part of the Sierra Nevadas.

The work of the club has been seriously affected by the war and the membership has fallen to some extent.

BOOK REVIEWS

Edited by Margaret W. Hazard

*The Boys' Book of Hunting and Fishing. By Warren H. Miller, George H. Doran Company, New York. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

Reviewers can do no better for the books of Warren H. Miller than to quote the words of Dan Beard:

"Then let us give our boys an outdoor life, give them an opportunity to go to the open for their games and recreation, and I know of no better way to stimulate a desire for this than to put into their hands books of the outdoor world, books such as Mr. Miller writes."

Mr. Miller has written in a common sense way with a consistent thought that his advice should be adapted to the needs, the opportunities and the pocketbooks of average boys. This gives the book an unusual value.

Part One: Angling for Boys.
Part Two: Shooting for Boys.
Part Three: Camping for Boys.

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*The Boys' Book of Canoeing and Sailing. By Warren H. Miller. George H. Doran, New York. Illustrated from photographs and drawings. $1.25 net.

"What I have set down in these pages will make a fairly able seaman and boat carpenter of any boy who loves the salt sea and the open waters."

The author will come very near to a realization of the ideal stated above. He leaves nothing to chance. In the preface he includes a picture of a yacht labelled with correct nautical terms. He warns the boy against lazy reading and makes it easy for him to learn.

Part One: Sailing and Boat Building.
Part Two: Canoeing and Cruising.
Part Three: Motor Boat Management and Construction.

Karakoram and Western Himalaya. An account of the expedition of the Duke of Abruzzi, by Filippo de Filippi, member of the expedition. E. P. Dutton & Co. $15.00.

Three months of the summer of 1909 were spent in the Karakoram region of the Himalaya, during which the Duke of Abruzzi reached a height of 24,600 ft. on Bride's Peak, within 510 ft. of the summit, where unfavorable weather conditions compelled him to turn back. This record still stands as the highest in mountain climbing. The party spent about two months above 17,000 ft. and

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nine days above 20,000. Appendices are devoted to photogrammetric survey, meteorological report, geological results, botanical report, and a folio of panoramas and maps. The wonderful illustrations from photographs taken by Cav. Uff. Vittorio Sella, the story of camp life, Indian porters, food, camping supplies, clothing, and the hardships and rewards make fascinating reading aside from the scientific value of the work.

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*The Klondike Clan. By S. Hall Young. Fleming R. Revell Company, New York. Illustrated. $1.35 net.

In this novel, the author of "Alaska Days with John Muir" has told a dramatic story of the Klondike gold-fields. To him alone who has spent thirty years in the Northland would such a book be possible. In contrast with the usual story of a mad rush for gold the writer is able to give an imprint of moral fervor. It will not appeal to the reader who is lured by the "Trail of the Abysmal Brute." The book will do a great deal to dispel the old illusion that the Klondike is a region of elemental fury and fight. It leaves the imprint of the lives of men "broadened and sweetened by breathing the air and absorbing the thought and character of the great West."

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*Woodcraft for Women. Kathrene G. Pinkerton. Outing Publishing Co. Price 80 cts.

Clothing, packs and packing, tents, camp making, fires, cooking, fishing, winter woods, camp courtesy, are all given consideration and many practical suggestions are made. The chapters on suitable and comfortable clothing and footwear emphasize their importance and many of the most experienced of the Mountaineers will agree with the author's conclusions.

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*Your National Parks. By Enos A. Mills. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

"Your National Parks," by Enos A. Mills, should be read by every Mountaineer. The first impulse of the reviewer was to turn to page 230, The Olympic National Monument. In a powerful exposition of the Olympics came this sentence: "Both in exploring this Olympic region and in endeavoring to have a part of its primeval scenes saved in a park, the Mountaineers' Club of Seattle has taken an aggressive part."

Chapter twenty, John Muir, next attracted. Mills quotes from Muir in a sentence that interprets him as "the grandest character in National Parks history and in nature literature." The quotation is as follows: "Every wild lesson a love lesson; not whipped into us but charmed into us."

The preface, the contents, a random reading of many topics, convinces one that this latest work of Mills should be read and studied in its entirety.

A guide to the National Parks with detailed information regarding transportation and expense, by Laurence F. Schmeckebier is included in the volume.

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*Glacier National Park, Its Trails and Treasures. By Mathilde Edith Holtz and Katherine Isabel Bemis. George H. Doran Company, New York. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

This record of a horseback trip through the park is also a guide. The chapter on Blackfeet legends is especially interesting as it gives the reasons for many of the Indian names of localities and shows that in some instances the white man misinterpreted them. Chapters on flowers, lakes, glaciers, trails, and roads call the prospective traveler's attention to the many beauties of this national preserve. A map of the park and a splendid index add to the value of the book.

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*Trout Lore. By O. W. Smith. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Illustrated. $2.00 net.

"I am an angler, not a crass fisherman. While I can say without a smack of conceit that I take my share of trout, it is not the fish that calls me afield, rather the invitation of the purling brooks, the woo of God's out o' doors."

This paragraph from the foreword of "Trout Lore" sounds the keynote of the book. The author has a "great love for the speckled trout" even while he is taking them. He is not given to sentimental adjective exaggeration, yet he manages to leaven his exceptional technical knowledge of fishing with the atmosphere of humor and philosophy.

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*The Book of Camping. By A. Hyatt Verrill. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Illustrated. $1.00 net.

This is a practical little book on all phases of camp life. How and where to camp, camp housekeeping, trailing and tramping, how to trap and why, and emergency hints for taking precautions after accidents are all well treated by a man who has had much camping experience. In the chapter on preparing to go camping there are good lists on outfits, clothing, first-aid kits, and provisions. A commissary list of twenty-five pounds is given for a two-weeks' tramp. Illustrations of different blazes and how to read them as well as how to mark trail in a desert country, will be of value to the chechako.

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*Two Summers in the Ice Wilds of Eastern Karakoram. By Fanny Bullock Workman and William Hunter Workman. E. P. Dutton & Co. Illustrated.

Dr. and Mrs. Workman have spent eight summers exploring and climbing in the Karakoram region of the Himalayas. Dr. Workman writes of their 1911 work on the Dong Dong and other glaciers, while Mrs. Workman writes of their exploration of the Siachen, or Rose Glacier, in 1912. She designates the Rose as the world's longest non-polar glacier and estimates its length at 45 miles, most of which they traversed, also exploring several of its affluents and making one first ascent, Tawiz Peak, 21,000 ft. The book is well illustrated and mapped.

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*A Thousand-Mile Walk to the Gulf. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

In 1867 John Muir tramped from Indiana to Florida. Fifty years later his manuscript describing the trip was given to the world, reaching the reviewers and the book shelves in 1917.

It is the story of Muir's first great adventure in the outdoors in quest of nature's treasures. Unlike the earlier work of most writers there is shown no hint of the amateur. Rather does it glow with the fresh emotions of twenty-nine presented with all the mature technique of a man of letters. It would be indeed difficult to find a work equal to this book of John Muir when viewed from two distinct viewpoints—as a contribution to literature and a study-companion of the mountaineer.

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*Canada the Spellbinder. By Lillian Whiting. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Illustrated.

The last chapter of this book entitled "The Call of the Canadian West," indicates its theme; it is an enthusiastic and convincing invitation to the reader to become a part of "a region which will ere long become a vital center of population and strength to the British Empire."

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The selection of detail gives a well-balanced content, while the illustrations assist materially the entire exposition. But most of all the author's thought calls for the advance of "an enlightened civilization into the vast new region that beckons to humanity."

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*Camping and Woodcraft, by Horace Kephart. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

This handbook for vacation campers covers a very wide range of outdoor information. The chapters most interesting to The Mountaineers are the ones on pathfinding, trips afoot, packs, and concentrated foods. For one who goes without a pack the chapters on bark utensils, edible plants, and living off the country should prove valuable. Each of the twenty-three chapters deals with some phase of camping or woodcraft.

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*The Bird Study Book, by T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary, National Association of Audubon Societies. Illustrated. $1.25 net.

As a guide to the beginning student in ornithology this book suggests lines of action that will cause a deeper study of the subject. It treats of birds in a general way under the following subjects: First acquainance with the birds, the life about the nest, domestic life of the birds, the migration of birds, the birds in winter, the economic value of birds, civilization's effect on the bird supply, the traffic in feathers, bird protective laws and their enforcement, bird reservations, making bird sanctuaries, teaching bird study.

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*The Book of Forestry. By Frederick Franklin Moon. D. Appleton and Company, New York. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

By virtue of Doctor Moon's life work as Professor of Forest Engineering at Syracuse, he is ideally prepared to write a book of forestry. To him has come, first of all, the theme of conservation. His social ideals have dominated the writing of the book, giving it a strong appeal to all forest lovers. His point of view is clearly shown in his preface statement that: the early settlers considered the forest a menace; the American citizen of today knows that virgin forests can be used up; it is time for that type of conservation that uses our forests and at the same time develops them by intelligent care and cultivation.

Part one tells of the value of forests, their growth, the properties of woods, the life of the forester, measuring, harvesting, and preserving the forest crop, and the future of the science of forestry. Part two describes trees and shrubs and presents a key to species. The book concludes with a valuable appendix, a list of reference books, definitions of forestry and logging terms, and a comprehensive index. The book will appeal to mountaineers.

*Supplied by the Associated Bureau of Mountaineering Clubs.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

The following list of names has been submitted by the Committee on Geographic Names and approved by the Board of Trustees. It is to be forwarded to the National Board of Geographic Names for its consideration:

SNOQUALMIE QUADRANGLE

Gem Lake—Small lake north of and flowing into Snow Lake.

Melakwa Pass—Pass between Chair and Kaleetan Peaks.

Tuscohatchie Lake—Source of creek of the same name lying north of Granite Mt.

Tunnel Creek—Flows from Divide Lake just north of C. M. & St. P. tunnel, east into Coal Creek.

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Hyak Lake—Small lake at 3,700 feet elevation near divide just south of C. M. & St. P. tunnel.

Hyak Creek—Flows from Hyak Lake, east to station of Hyak on C. M. & St. P. R. R. on Coal Creek.

Rampart Ridge—Forms the eastern wall of Gold Creek Valley.

Chikamin Ridge—Runs east of south from Chikamin Peak towards Park Lakes.

Low Mt.—Between Granite and Denny Mts.; elevation shown on quadrangle as 5,357.

Source Lake—The source of the South Fork Snoqualmie River.

Gingerless Lake—Small lake southwest of Alaska Mt. and east of Red Mt.

Humpback Mt.—West of Humpback Creek; elevation given as 4,839.

Lake Annette—Source of Humpback Creek.

CEDAR LAKE QUADRANGLE

Bandanna Mt.—North of Bandera on C. M. & St. P. R. R.; elevation 5,255.

Pratt Mt.—North of Bandanna Mt.; elevation 5,105.

Pratt Lake—Formerly known as Ollie Lake.

SKYKOMISH QUADRANGLE

Lennox Creek—Rises on southern slope of Lennox Mt. and flows westward.

Cascade Mt.—Between East and West Forks of Miller Creek one mile north of Great Falls Creek.

Upper and Lower Scenic Lakes—Connected lakes at source of Surprise Creek.

Mt. Baring—New name for Mt. Index.

Merchant Peak—Should be called Townsend Mt. and the former name applied to peak one mile to southwest; elevation 5,827.

Gunn Lake—On southwest slope of Gunn Peak.

Pass Creek—Rises near Cady Pass and flows west into Skykomish River.

Quartz Creek—Rises near Curry Gap and flows south into Skykomish River.

Ward's Pass—Pass through Cascade Divide from source of Skykomish River and Wenatchee River between peaks 6,352 and 5,867.

Toad Mt.—Half mile northeast of Silver Lake; elevation 5,382.

Poodle Dog Pass—The pass at the head of Sunday Creek just before reaching Silver Lake from Monte Cristo.

Sunday Creek—Small stream flowing north from just below Poodle Dog Pass into the Sauk in the town of Monte Cristo.

Wilman Peaks—Two sharp peaks one mile southeast of town of Monte Cristo.

Foggy Mt.—Peak about 6,700 feet due north of "C" in Monte Cristo, having a glacier on its eastern slope.

Ida Pass—Immediately west of Foggy Mt.

76 Gulch—Runs north from pass above Twin Lakes into town of Monte Cristo.

GLACIER PEAK QUADRANGLE

Lewis Peak—About two miles southwest of Barlow Pass; elevation 5,580.

White Mt.—On Cascade Divide near Glacier Peak at beginning of words "Snohomish Co."; elevation 6,986.

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GLACIER PEAK GLACIERS

Milk Creek Glacier—At source of west branch of Milk Creek.

Pumice Glacier—Large, long glacier on northeast side and gives rise to Pumice Creek, which flows just south of peak; elevation 7,011.

Chocolate Glacier—Next south of Pumice Glacier. So named because of its dark color.

Chocolate Creek—Rises from glacier of that name.

Cool Glacier—Next south of Chocolate Glacier.

Meany Glacier—Large glacier with two branches on southwest slope. Named for Professor Edmond S. Meany.

Suiattle Glacier—The source of the Suiattle River on south slope of Glacier Peak.

Ten Peak Glacier—On north slope of Ten Peak Mt.

Ten Peak Mt.—On Cascade Divide south of Glacier Peak, shown as 7,960 just east of words "boundary line."

Disappointment Peak—Sharp peak just below summit of Glacier Peak and on the southwest ridge.

White River Glacier—Only glacier flowing into White River, south of Glacier Peak.

East Fork Suiattle River—Eighth creek southeast of Canyon Creek flowing into Suiattle.

C. G. MORRISON, Chairman.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

Following is a summary of the various activities of The Mountaineers for the year ending November 1, 1917:

The By-Laws of The Mountaineers were amended to include four classes of membership, with dues as follows: Active, $4 for King County members, $3 for all others; Contributing, $10; Life, $100; and Honorary members. Wives and husbands of members were given the privileges of members, except as to voting and receiving publications.

In April the Board voted to suspend the dues of all members in military service during the period of the war. Later the same rule was held to apply to members who were in service with our Allies.

From Labor Day to the Fourth of July the Local Walks commitees of Seattle and Tacoma and Everett have scheduled trips for practically every Sunday and week-end, often making the choice a hard one between three attractive outings. The Seattle committee has co-operated with the two Lodge committees, the New Year and other week-end trips going to Snoqualmie Lodge and the Christmas greens and Rhododendron walks making Kitsap Lodge headquarters. The Seattle Local Walks Committee also conducted a two weeks back-packing trip. The Everett week-end outings have been mostly in the rugged Monte Cristo country, while the Tacoma committee has taken advantage of the proximity of Mount Rainier and a five days' mid-winter snowshoe trip and other holidays were planned for various parts of the Rainier National Park.

Around Snoqualmie Lodge the trail fund contributions have been judiciously spent. There is now a trail to Silver Peak with a short cut down Rockdale Creek to the station. Surveyors, Divide and Rockdale lakes are connected by trail and work has been done on the Denny Creek trail. Telephone connections have been made with Rockdale; the woodshed is full; and a few trees have been cut near the Lodge to open the view. The Lodge Committee has also

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conducted outings and a helping hand day. The registered attendance for the year is 392.

The Kitsap Lodge Committee has successfully carried out plans for the improvement of Kitsap Lodge and property. A fire trail has been cut, the Bennett trail built, work done on a trail to shorten the route to Charleston and the trail to Hidden Ranch improved. The buildings have been repaired and a well dug. The Committee has given a number of week-end parties and helping-hand days. The registration for the year is 503.

The Annual Outing for 1917, August 4-25, to Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams was successfully carried through with 65 members and guests from other clubs. The real trip started at Spirit Lake with tryouts and the climb of St. Helens, 9,750 feet, 49 making the climb. Then across to Mount Adams, and around three sides of it, 37 making the climb of 12,307 feet. Record tubes Nos. 15 and 16 were placed on St. Helens and Adams respectively.

The Mountaineers have long desired a club room in Seattle, and in September our room at 725 Central Building was opened. The furniture was especially designed for the room and the committee is now getting together the books, albums, maps and records of the club to be kept there. The Committee on club quarters also arranged for storage space in the basement of the Central Building for the various equipment owned by the club.

Eight evening meetings with illustrated lectures, etc., have been held, and the tenth anniversary of the founding of The Mountaineers was celebrated with a dinner at the Butler Hotel.

During the Industrial Exhibit in Seattle in June, The Mountaineers had charge of an evening devoted to mountaineering equipment, etc.

The membership as of November 1, 1917, stands: Main Organization, 401; Tacoma Branch, 89; Everett Branch, 51; Monroe Branch, 7; total 547. Of this total 262 are men, 285 women.

OLIVE RAND, Acting Secretary.

REPORT OF EVERETT MOUNTAINEERS

For Year Ending September 7, 1917

Number of members, 47; business meetings, 1; lectures, 2; lectures given out of town, 1; local walks, 16; mountain trips, 3. Average attendance on local walks, 21. Balance in treasury, $159.

H. B. HINMAN, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE TACOMA MOUNTAINEERS

October 12, 1917

Membership—

Men, 36; women, 53; total	89
New members during the year	24
Removals and withdrawals	24

Out-of-Doors Activities—

	Number	Attendance	Mileage (Approx.)
Local Walks	20	508	218
Week-end Outings	2	55	40
Special Outings	1	68	56
Totals	23	631	314

MARY H. MUDGETT, Secretary-Treasurer.

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REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

December, 1916–November, 1917

December 15, 1916. Lecture, "Mountains in English Literature," Professor E. G. Cox, of the University of Washington.

January 19, 1917. Banquet at the Butler Hotel celebrating the tenth anniversary of the founding of The Mountaineers. Speakers, Professor E. S. Meany, George E. Wright, Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown, Professor J. N. Bowman, Mary R. Paschall.

February 16, 1917. Illustrated lecture, "The Cascades and Lake Chelan," L. D. Lindsley.

March 16, 1917. Lecture, "Birds and Their Habits," S. W. Rathbun.

April 20, 1917. Lecture, "Trees of the Northwest," Dean Hugo Winkenwerder, School of Forestry, University of Washington.

May 18, 1917. A series of talks under the general subject, "A Preparation for the Trail, Trail Ethics," W. H. Gorham; "Women's Outfit," Mary L. Hard; "Man's Outfit," C. G. Morrison; "Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens," L. A. Nelson and H. B. Bennett.

June, July and August. No meetings.

September 21, 1917. Nominations for Board of Trustees. Short talks, "Snoqualmie Lodge," E. W. Allen; "Kitsap Lodge," H. McL. Myers.

October 19, 1917. Illustrated lecture, "Color Photography," L. C. Murdock.

November 16, 1917. Illustrated lecture, "Mount St. Helens and Mount Adams Outing, 1917," Leslie F. Curtis.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian.

REPORT OF LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE

Year Ending October 31, 1917

The Local Walks Committee arranged for twenty-five walks and six special outings during the past year, as shown in the accompanying schedule (page 84). The total attendance was 2,039, which includes 309 guests. The walks may be summarized as follows:

	Average Attendance	Average Mileage
4 long Sunday walks	32	20
20 short Sunday walks	89	9
1 Saturday afternoon walk	6	6

Included in the above were a Christmas Greens walk, the first walk of The Mountaineers over again, a chicken-dinner walk, a campfire and a visit to a logging camp in operation. One of the walks was a supper walk. On three of the walks short talks were given as follows: "Reforestation," Professor B. P. Kirkland; "The Geology of Puget Sound," Professor C. E. Weaver, and "How to Know Trees," Dean H. Winkenwerder. A fourth talk was arranged but had to be called off because of the lecturer's sickness.

On the six special outings four ascents were made: Silver Peak (5,527 feet), Big Snow Mountain (6,670 feet), Alta Mountain (6,285 feet) and an unnamed mountain (5,255 feet).

New Year's day falling on a Monday presented an opportunity for a snow frolic at Snoqualmie Lodge which could not be overlooked. Thirty-two participated in the outing and pronounced the snowshoeing "great." A trip was made to Guye cabin on Sunday and on Monday there were snowshoe races on Lodge Lake. The Lodge's big living room was comfortably filled and impromptu vaudeville made the evenings seem all too short. "A good time was had by all."

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Lincoln's Birthday was our next long week-end and this too was celebrated by a snowshoe outing at Snoqualmie Lodge. Toboggans, snowshoe tramps and amateur vaudeville filled the allotted time full well.

It having been decided that the snow would probably be hard enough by then, the last week-end in April was selected for a climb of Silver Peak. Only a week before the outing the scouts were compelled to use snowshoes on which they climbed practically to the summit. Snow conditions improved during the week, the crust was in good shape for the party to climb, and all would have made the summit easily but for a blizzard which met us on the ridge just below it.

June thirtieth saw a party twenty-two strong attacking an unnamed peak. Snoqualmie Lodge was again used as a base. A glorious day and an easy but varied climb with magnificent views marked an outing which will be remembered by all.

Those interested in the knapsack trip scheduled for July dwindled to five who participated in an outing well worthy of repetition in years to come. Starting at Rockdale the party traversed forest service trails to Skykomish, climbing Big Snow Mountain from Lake Dorothy. From Skykomish the train was used to Index, forest service trails again to Monte Cristo and thence to Silverton. Including side trips this aggregates about 110 miles. Good weather, varied mountain and forest scenery and the best of good fellowship made an outing never to be effaced from the memories of the fortunate few who made it.

The Labor Day week-end was celebrated by an outing in the basin of Gold Creek. Alta Mountain was climbed but on account of lack of time the summit was reached by only two.

The attendance for the year on activities conducted by this committee has again fallen off. Co-operation on the part of the two lodge committees, who have held a number of outings, accounts for some of this as their attendance figures are of course not included herein. Owing to the increased cost of boat charters fewer have been made and a larger number of regular steamers used, curtailing the territory available for walks and incidentally reducing attendance.

Financially the past year has differed from several former ones in that this committee has been unable to accumulate a surplus and make transfers therefrom to the general treasury. This is greatly to be regretted but is a condition which must be looked for during several years to come.

E. WILFRID HARRISON, Chairman.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE COMMITTEE REPORT

For Year Ending October 31, 1917

The committee's efforts this year were directed largely toward making the Lodge more attractive and serviceable. Window curtains were designed and hung under Miss Bigelow's direction; the kitchen cupboard was remodeled; Mr. French presented a mounted map of the Lodge region; Mr. Abel donated a comfortable chair; a small stock of provisions which may be purchased by visitors was laid in; the water supply was reopened; the wood shed was filled with a two years' wood supply; a swimming place on Lodge Lake was cleared out; by cutting a few trees, several grand vistas were opened up from the Lodge.

Those who have waited for late trains at Rockdale will particularly appreciate the installation of a telephone system, the cost of which was donated by the Tacoma Mountaineers, and the work on which was done by volunteers under Mr. Mooers' direction.

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Perhaps the most noticeable improvement is in the trails. A voluntary committee headed by Mr. Wright collected subscriptions and directed their expenditure with the result that an excellent trail now leads to Silver Peak; another makes a loop connecting Divide, Surveyors and Rockdale Lakes with the Lodge; whereas another curves around Lodge Lake. These trails are all designated by attractive trail markers presented by Mr. Otto Voll. An increasing number of people are taking advantage of the Lodge as a summer resort.

Charging the Lodge this year with only one-half of the cost of the wood supply (enough was cut and piled to last at least two years), the year shows a net profit, after repaying all advancements made by the club, of $17.29, not including the donation being used to install a telephone.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Chairman.

REPORT OF KITSAP LODGE COMMITTEE

In the past year there have been about 750 visitors at the lodge of whom some 400 stayed over night. Eight week-end parties were given with attendance of from 20 to 120. A new well has been dug and the old one cleaned out, the most important fire trail to a considerable extent completed, and the Bennett trail finished through the beautiful gulch to Bolton's ranch.

In conclusion, the committee desires to thank all the visitors of the past year who have done so much hard work and especially to thank our neighbors on both sides for their continuous and thoughtful assistance.

HARRY McL. MYERS, Acting Chairman.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

Outing

	Receipts	Disbursements
Members of outing	$2,757.10	
Scouting		$ 83.83
Outfit		21.30
Commissary		538.08
Cooks		264.00
Pack train		715.35
Transportation, rail, stage, boat		775.45
Reunion		13.70
Miscellaneous		54.07
Refunds	.92	63.42
Profit		228.82
	$2,758.02	$2,758.02

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Local Walks

Balance on hand, October 31, 1916	$ 61.95	
Receipts for the year to October 31, 1917	1,481.21	
Transportation, railroad and boat		$1,020.06
Commissary, including chicken dinners		262.18
Cooks and helpers		9.00
Lodge fees		35.80
Freight, drayage and packing		3.00
Printing, postage, telephone, etc.		11.28
Outfit, new and repairs		2.65
Prizes		6.60
Scouting		8.00
Committee expenses		95.08
Reunions		8.05
Refunds to members		16.15
Balance on hand October 31, 1917		65.31
	$1,543.16	$1,543.16

Snoqualmie Lodge

Dues	$ 110.90	
Commissary	28.64	
Appropriation from treasury	125.00	
Donation, Tacoma Branch	25.00	
Donation	5.00	
Construction, maintenance and operation		$ 42.44
Wood supply		153.80
Commissary		10.41
Balance on hand		87.89
	$ 294.54	$ 294.54

Kitsap Lodge

Fees and party charges, including proceeds of Red Cross sale	$ 305.16	
Donations	5.00	
Appropriation from general treasury	100.00	
Commissary, etc.		$ 174.60
Permanent construction		163.61
Donation to Red Cross		15.00
Balance on hand		56.95
	$ 410.16	$ 410.16

Audited November 15, 1917.

B. J. OTIS, Chairman.

W. H. ANDERSON.

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TREASURER'S REPORT FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1917

	Receipts.	Disbursements.
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1916	$ 243.43	
Dues	1,876.00	
Reserve for Permanent Fund	388.43	
Permanent Fund (Deposited in Bank for Savings)		$ 391.43
Snoqualmie Lodge Donation	27.50	
Snoqualmie Lodge (Maintenance and Operation)		181.73
Kitsap Lodge (Permanent Construction)		100.00
Kitsap Lodge (Maintenance and Operation)		12.91
Rooms		219.50
Magazine Cost		672.12
Magazines Sales	92.59	
Bulletins and Prospectus		489.51
Advertising in Publications	322.00	
Interest on Bonds	71.00	
Pins and Fobs	16.00	
Miscellaneous	15.00	130.75
Outing, 1914	237.50	
Outing, 1916	.50	
Outing, 1917	2,758.02	2,529.20
Pictures, Slides and Albums		60.36
Stationery and Postage		110.08
Salary Stenographer		101.00
Refunds to Branches		152.00
Entertainment Committee—Exhibit		2.12
Accounts Payable		282.98
Accounts Receivable	3.00	
Cash October 31, 1917		625.28
	$6,060.97	$6,060.97

Assets

Cash on Hand		$ 625.28
Investments		$1,100.00
Permanent Fund (Bonds and Savings Deposits)		1,596.19
Snoqualmie Lodge		2,900.00
Kitsap Lodge		523.55
Rooms		219.50
		$6,964.52

Liabilities

Surplus			$5,598.98
Deductions:			
Loss Surplus Outings	$ 714.47		
Less amount collected on 1914 Outing	$237.50		
Less amount collected on 1916 Outing	.50		
Less Profit 1917 Outing	228.82		
		466.82	247.65
			$5,351.33
Reserve for Permanent Fund			1,613.19
			$6,964.52

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Permanent Fund

Nov. 1, 1915—Municipal Bonds	$ 600.00
June 23, 1917—Liberty Bonds	500.00
Deposit in Bank for Savings	104.76
Life Memberships	200.00
Interest on Savings Deposit	29.43
Interest on Bonds	42.00
Initiation Fees for the year deposited in Bank for Savings	120.00
	$1,596.19

CHARLES ALBERTSON, Chairman.

Audited November 15, 1917.
B. J. Otis, Chairman.
W. H. Anderson.

THE MOUNTAINEERS

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president
George E. Wright, vice-president
Irving M. Clark, secretary
Frank G. Pugsley, treasurer
Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

Winona Bailey
H. B. Bennett
Crissie Cameron
L. F. Curtis
H. B. Hinman
R. H. McKee
Lulie Nettleton
J. H. Weer

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Outing, H. B. Hinman
Legislative, A. H. Denman
Local Walks, R. E. Leber
Snoqualmie Lodge, R. J. Hagman
Kitsap Lodge, H. McL. Myers
Entertainment, Lulie Nettleton
Membership, C. M. Bixby

EVERETT BRANCH

H. B. Hinman, chairman and member of Board of Trustees
Mabel McBain, secretary
Geo. A. Church, treasurer
J. A. Varley, chairman Local Walks Committee

TACOMA BRANCH

J. H. Weer, president
Wm. P. Trowbridge, vice-president
Mary H. Mudgett, secretary-treasurer
Crissie Cameron, member of Board of Trustees
R. S. Wainwright, chairman Local Walks Committee

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MEMBERS

November 15, 1917

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

Abel, H. V., 2006 Boyer St.
Acheson, T. J., 1617 Broadway N.
Akers, Mrs. Mabel, 927 17th N.
Albertson, A. H., 727 Henry Bldg.
Albertson, Charles, Aberdeen Shipbuilding Co., Aberdeen, Wash.
Alden, Capt. C. H., Supply Officer, Sanitary Trains, Fort Grant, Rockford, Ill.
Allen, E. W., 402 Burke Bldg.
Anderson, Crawford, 1520 7th Ave. W.
Anderson, Mrs. Hila B., 128 Harvard Ave.
Anderson, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria Ave.
Anderson, Nelson R., 1520 7th Ave. W.
Anderson, W. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
Andrews, C. L., 1802 E. 73rd St.
Asbury, J. L., Broadway High School.
Ashley, Mabel, 4213½ 14th Ave. N.E.
Auzias De Turenne, R., 1205 E. Prospect St.
Auzias De Turenne, Amaury, 1205 E. Prospect St.

Babcock, Gertrude L., 816 E. Prospect St.
Bailey, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.
Baker, B. W., 305 Lowman Bldg.
Baker, Mary N., Seattle Public Library.
Barnes, C. A., Jr., care King Bros.
Barry, Cornelius, 4759 Brooklyn Ave.
Batson, Mabel A., 1612 Boylston Ave.
Beaton, Jessie, 212 15th Ave. N.
Beechler, Glenn C., 211 New York Blk.
Belt, H. C., 414 16th Ave. N.
Belt, Mrs. H. C., 414 16th Ave. N.
Bennett, Edith Page, 2343 33rd Ave. S.
Bennett, H. B., 5249 University Blvd.
Bennett, Mrs. H. B., 5249 University Blvd.
Beuschlein, Hortense, 4030 2nd Ave. N.E.
Bigelow, Alida J., 1139 18th Ave. N.
Bishop, Lottie G., 174 Grand Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Bissell, M. L., Baker Apts., 1121 Broadway N.
Bissell, Mrs. M. L., Baker Apts., 1121 Broadway N.
Bixby, C. M., 731 34th Ave.
Blackburn, C. S., 1209 1st Ave.
Blackwood, Henry, care U. S. Customs.
Blake, J. Fred, 415 Pike St.
Blanchard, J. A., Hotel Stevens.
Bliss, Margaret, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.
Bliss, Ralph, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.
Blough, Allie, 4713 14th Ave. N.E.
Bohn, Herman, 906 N. 80th St.
Bolivar, Grace, 432 Boylston Ave. N.
Boothroyd, S. L., 1402 E. 75th St.
Bowman, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52nd St.
Bowman, J. N., 2103 E. 52nd St.
Brace, Leona P., 3802 11th Ave. N. E.
Braun, H. H., 1531 Madrona Drive.
Bremerman, G. F., 5834 Woodlawn Ave.
Brown, Agatha, 2716 Broadway N.
Brown, Constance, 2716 Broadway N.
Brown, Vaughan, R. D. 2, care O. P. Brown, Everson, Wash.
Bryant, S. V., Broadway High School.
Bryant, Mrs. S. V., 1703 12th Ave.
Buckley, Chas. H., 6223 27th Ave. N.E.
Burr, Wallace H., Y. M. C. A.
Butler, Helen, 5224 12th Ave. N.E.

Caldwell, Hugh M., 527 County-City Bldg.
Calhoun, Annie H., 915 1st Ave. N.
Carkeek, Vivian M., 1164 Empire Bldg.
Chapman, Effie L., Public Library.
Chilberg, Mabel, 619 13th Ave. N.
Christopher, Mrs. C. A., 3527 Woodlawn Ave.
Clark, F. B., 900 Leary Bldg.
Clark, I. M., 900 Leary Bldg.
Clark, Leland J., 900 Leary Bldg.
Cole, Lauretta C., 7743 Corliss Ave.
Coleman, Linda, Alhambra Hotel, 1723 Summit Ave.
Collins, W. G., 510 32nd Ave. S.
Collins, Mrs. W. G., 510 32nd Ave. S.
Copeland, May, 5432 46th Ave. S.W.
Corbet, D., 618 Mutual Life Bldg.
Corey, C. R., 5800 15th Ave. N.E.
Cosper, Cecil, 1209 1st Ave.
Coursen, Edgar E., 658 Lovejoy St., Portland, Ore.
Cox, Edward G., 109 E. Lynn St.
Cox, Mrs. Grace E., 5619 12th Ave. N.E.
Craven, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave. N.E.
Crawford, Clayton, Central Bldg.
Crittenden, Mrs. Max D., R. F. D., Edmonds, Wash.
Cross, Minnie B., 1308 N. 38th St.
Cruse, A. H., Assembly Hotel.
Culmer, Myrtle A., Annapolis Apts.
Curtis, Beth M., 4th and University.
Curtis, Florence, 1530 15th Ave.
Curtis, Leslie F., 6309 12th Ave. N.E.
Cutter, Mary H., 1106 E. Denny Way.

Daniels, Rose L., 6903 46th Ave. S.
Davidson, C. F., 509 American Bank Bldg.
Davis, Fidelia G., City Engineer's Office.
Dayton, Clara A., 1606 N. 54th St.
Densmore, H. B., 4311 Brooklyn Ave.
Depue, Charles F., Jr., 914 13th Ave.

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Depue, Earl B., 914 13th Ave.
Derry, Faye G., 1420 8th Ave.
Dickerson, Elizabeth, 619 13th Ave. N.
Dowling, Grace M., 1026 James St.
Drisko, E. B., 5151 Orcas St.
Dubuar, Paul S., 909 35th Ave.
Dunmore, Blanche, The Gables, 409 16th Ave.

Eckelman, E. O., 3442 Cascade View Drive.
Edwards, Ernest W., 8605 55th Ave. S.
Edwards, G. B., 231½ Harvard Ave. N.
Eloidge, Ford Q., 2828 Broadway N.
Emerson, G. D., 15 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.
England, Nellie, 2011 2nd Ave.
Engle, Norman W., care Alaska Eng. Commission, Anchorage, Alaska.
Entz, Ruby W., 5631 15th Ave. N. E.
Epler, W. F., 333 1st Ave. W.
Everts, T. D., 504 W. Highland Drive.

Fairbrook, L. F., care County Engineer's Office, North Yakima, Wash.
Farrer, P. M., Anchorage, Alaska.
Ficks, Edna, 165 10th Ave.
Firmin, Kate M., 203 W. Comstock St.
Firth, Mildred, 1217 Sylvester Place.
Flowers, Ruby J., Van Siclen Apts.
Foisie, Omer, Seattle Grocery Co.
Forsyth, Mrs. C. E., Golden, Ore.
Frada, Mrs. Anna, 426 30th Ave.
Frahm, Ida, 206 Harvard Ave. N.
Franklin, Harriet Wroot, 1126 19th Ave. N.
Freeborn, Helen S., 322 29th Ave.
French, Boyd E., 3544 Hudson St.
French, Mary E., 216 Wyoming St., El Paso, Tex.
Froelich, John F., 810 E. Denny Way.
Fuller, H. A., 4178 Arcade Bldg.
Furry, Mabel, 174 Highland Drive.
Gavett, George Irving, 5047 18th Ave. N.E.
Geithmann, Harriet, 4530 51st Ave. S.
George, C. B., Box 385, Bremerton, Wn.
Gerischer, Lillian, 1717 Belmont Ave.
Gillette, Cora M., 4321 Eastern Ave.
Gist, Arthur, 1317 N. 41st St.
Gleason, Mrs. Chas. S., 1627 6th Ave. W.
Gleason, Ruth, Stevenson, Wash.
Gleissner, Eva, 259 Colman Bldg.
Glisan, R. L., 612 Spaulding Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Gorham, Wm. H., P. O. Box 263.
Gorton, F. Q., 7310 View Place.
Gould, Carl F., Denny Bldg.
Gracie, Helen, Seattle Public Library.
Graessner, Margaretha, care P. S. T., L. & P. Co.
Graessner, Hedwig M., 308 Mutual Life Bldg.
Graham, W. A., Jr., 512 Arctic Bldg.
Granger, Mildred, 306 Electric Bldg.
Gregg, Marjorie V., 810 E. Denny Way.
Greenleaf, Joseph T., 602 14th Ave. N.
Greenleaf, Mrs. J. T., 602 14th Ave. N.
Greiner, Dr. F. W., 5223 Ballard Ave.
Griggs, W. O., Seattle Athletic Club.

Haber, Mrs. Mimi F., 1258 John St.
Hack, E. M., 600 Cobb Bldg.
Hagman, Reuben J., 302 King St. Station.
Haley, Lucia, Public Library, La Grande, Ore.
Hall, Cora Mae, 4722 15th Ave. N.E.
Hall, F. S., U. of W. Campus.
Hall, George B., 505 Arctic Bldg.
Haller, T. N., 606 Minor Ave.
Hargrave, Margaret D., 1215 E. Spring St.
Harford, Fred L., 1334 Terry Ave.
Harnden, E. W., 617 Barrister Hall, Boston, Mass.
Hamel, F. R., 4522 18th Ave. N.E.
Harris, C. R., 3118 34th Ave. S.
Harrison, E. Wilfrid, 200 Colman Bldg.
Hanscom, Zac., 5211 16th Ave. N.E.
Hayes, Rutherford B., 108 E. 50th St.
Hazard, J. T., Box 234.
Hazard, Mrs. J. T., Box 234.
Hazen, R. C., 1020 Seneca St.
Hazlehurst, Charles, 6th Co. W. C. A., Butte, Mont.
Heath, Harriet E., 519 4th St., Cheney, Wash.
Helsell, F. P., College Club.
Hemeon, Mrs. Kathleen M., 612 Windsor Apts.
Higgins, Margaret, 1367 E. 56th St., Chicago, Ill.
Hill, E. C., 819 25th Ave. S.
Hobert, Clyde, 2433 E. Valley St.
Hodgkins, Ethel, 712 Lowman Bldg.
Hoffman, W. F., 726 Leary Bldg.
Holmes, Kate M., 215 23rd Ave. N.
Howard, Grace, care Title Trust Co.
Howard, H. C., care C. A. Newell Co., 1870 Westlake Ave.
Howard-Smith, L., College Club.
Hubbard, Mary, 1408 E. 42nd St.
Hubert, Else, 718 Queen Anne Ave.
Hull, Edna M., 1408 E. 42nd St.
Hull, Lorena D., 308 Douglas St., Wenatchee, Wash.
Hultin, C. A., 804 Virginia St.
Humes, G. W., Port Angeles, Wash.
Humphreys, C. B., 49 Humphreys St., Upham's Corner Sta., Boston, Mass.
Hurley, Harry D., 2008 Nob Hill.

Imrie, Norman A., Y. M. C. A. Headquarters, Canadian Corps, B. E. F., France.
Ingraham, E. S., 844 Henry Bldg.
Irish, Evelyn, 1000 Cobb Bldg.

Jacobs, Frank A., P.-I. Bldg.
Jefferson, Herbert F., 1105 Boylston Ave.
Johnson, Helen, East Seattle, Wash.

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Johnson, Jennie M., 1517 2nd Ave.
Johnson, Mary W., 2020 6th Ave.
Johnson, Maude G., 6314 15th Ave. N.E.
Johnston, Lucy K., Pacific Beach, San Diego, Cal.
Jones, Nancy E., 711 E. Union St.
Joslyn, Sheafe, 1133 8th Ave. W.
Judd, Elsie G., 1323 E. Pine St.
Jurgensohn, Eva E., 1405 E. 56th St.

Keene, Mrs. W. A., 1408 E. 65th St.
Keeney, B. Dale, 124 W. 83rd St.
Keever, Emma, 2010 N. 78th St.
Kellett, Gladys M., 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kellett, Gwendolyn O., 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kellett, Susanna, 1609 E. Columbia St.
Kelliher, L. Madeline, 1323 Terry Ave.
Keppel, Mrs. Jos. I., 1816 N. 53rd St.
Kerzie, F. L., 619 W. 77th St.
Kidd, Jessie A., 5038 University Blvd.
King, Geo. H., 220 14th N.
Kirkman, Elsie, care Title Trust Co.
Kirkwood, Elizabeth, 5030 University Blvd.
Kirkwood, Gardner, 5030 University Blvd.
Knudsen, Edith, 8609 Renton Ave.
Knudsen, Ragna, 8609 Renton Ave.
Kohler, I. J., 1112 Western Ave.

Lamb, Gordon A., care City Water Office.
Lamb, John, care City Water Office.
Lawley, A. C., 44 Roanoke St.
Lear, H. B., University State Bank.
Leber, R. E., 506 Maritime Bldg.
Lee, F. B., 1217 6th Ave. W.
Lee, John A., 401 Concord Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Leitch, Harriet E., 1015 Marion St.
Leitz, Jessie E., 907 Boren Ave., The Stetson.
Lewis, Martha M., 1027 Bellevue Court.
Linton, J. H., 20 Smith St.
Littleton, Laura, 1204 Smith Bldg.
Lowe, Jennie E., 1635 Queen Anne Ave.
Loveless, Arthur L., 513 Colman Bldg.

Marr, Isabel, 914 E. Harrison St.
Marks, Nellie J., Old Colony Apts.
Martin, Anne C., 510 Central Bldg.
Mathews, Margaret, 338 16th Ave. N.
McClure, William E., 1509 Hoge Bldg.
McConaghey, Jas. M., 817 Arctic Bldg.
McCullough, Emma K., 907 Boren Ave.
McDonald, Isabel, 1314 Marion St.
McGregor, P. M., 302 Cobb Bldg.
McKee, R. H., Houghton, Wash.
McMaster, Beth, 1934 9th Ave. W.
McRobert, Agnes, 2615 47th Ave. S.W.
Meacham, Alma, 417 Smith St.
Meany, E. S., 4025 10th Ave. N.E.
Megrath, Pearl, 904 16th Ave. N.
Meredith, Roberta, 710 Boren Ave.
Mills, Harry E., 554 1st Ave. S.
Mooers, Ben C., 1007 Boren Ave.
Moran, Robert, Rosario, Wash.
Morrison, C. G., 1004 3rd Ave.
Murphy, James B., 911 Lowman Bldg.
Myers, Harry McL., 1012 Queen Anne Ave.
Myers, Pearl C., Hopper-Kelly Co.

Nation, Arthur C., 7th Canadians, B. E. F., care War Office, London, England.
Neikirk, L. T., 4723 21st Ave. N.E.
Nelson, Esther R., 3926 Aurora Ave.
Nelson, Hertha, 403 Terry Ave.
Nelson, L. A., 411 Beck Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Nettleton, Lulie, 1419 6th Ave. W.
Nettleton, Walter B., 620 W. Lee St.
Nichols, Bessie, 5220 20th Ave. N. E.
Nichols, Herbert S., 802 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore.
Nickell, Anna, 410 Stanley Apts.
Noel, Blanche, Broadway High School.
Norcross, James E., 23 E. 26th st., New York, N. Y.
Nudd, Mrs. H. A., 2232 W. 56th St.

Oakley, Enola, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oakley, June, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oakley, Mary, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oberg, John E., 7th Co., W. C. A., Butte, Mont.
O'Connell, F. E., 700 Cobb Bldg.
Olson, Karen M., 1002-3 White Bldg.
Ost, Hattie E., 131 30th Ave.
Otis, B. J., care P. S. T., L. & P. Co., 7th and Olive St.

Page, Horace W., 711 2nd Ave.
Parsons, Mrs. E. T., 1 Mosswood Road, Berkeley, Cal.
Paschall, Mary R., Chico, Kitsap Co., Wash.
Patten, David, 810 E. Denny Way.
Peaselee, Emilie S., 320 Summit Ave. N.
Peterson, Jos. A., care E. N. Brooks & Co.
Pettibone, Cornelia M., 4135 14th Ave. N.E.
Pfeifer, Katherine, Hotel Stetson.
Philips, Alice Milne, 1119 20th Ave. N.
Philips, Calvin, Jr., 1041 Summit Ave. N.
Pickel, H. E., cor. Railroad Ave. and Massachusetts St.
Playter, H. W., 4838 Le Droit Pl. S.W.
Prettegiani, Mary J., 622 52nd St.
Price, W. M., 530 1st Ave. S.
Pritchard, C. R., Paulsen Bldg., Spokane, Wash.
Proper, Winona O., 1717 Belmont Ave.
Pugh, Anne S., 833 34th Ave. N.
Pugsley, Frank G., East Seattle, Wash.
Pugsley, Mrs. F. G., East Seattle, Wash.

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Quigley, Agnes E., 3433 Claremont Ave.
Quirk, Nellie J., 7310 View Place.

Rand, Grace, care American Postoffice, Shanghai, China.
Rand, Olive, 900 Leary Bldg.
Redman, Frank M., 2012 L. C. Smith Bldg.
Reid, Robert W., 1511 Boylston Ave.
Reinoehl, F. R., Chewelah, Wash.
Remey, Wm. B., 1527 New Hampshire Ave., Washington, D. C.
Richardson, Alice M., 4751 University Blvd.
Riddell, George X., Assembly Hotel.
Riggs, Geo. B., 4719 9th Ave. N.E.
Roberts, Nellie L., 2325 W. Smith St.
Robinson, J. T., Jr., 1019 Belmont Pl.
Roller, Martha A., Recherche Hotel.
Rosenfeld, S. A., 611 36th Ave. N.
Rosenfeld, Mrs. S. A., 611 36th Ave. N.
Rucker, W. J., Lake Stevens, Wash.
Ruddiman, Ronald R., 905 20th Ave.
Rueter, Wm., 5937 California Ave.

Sakrison, Carl H., Bristol Hotel.
Sanborn, C. D., 1234 E. 69th St.
Sandborn, Elizabeth, 412 E. 43rd St.
Sandborn, Lynne J., 5256 16th Ave. N.E.
Sanford, Rollin, 927 1st Ave. W.
Saunders, W. R., 1124 16th Ave.
Schildknecht, Ella, 303 29th Ave. S.
Schneider, Katherine, 4302 Burke Ave.
Schneider, Sophie L., 2107 Warren Ave.
Scholes, Emma D., Route 6, Box 88, North Yakima, Wash.
Schoregge, Iva, 507 N. 61st St.
Schoregge, Jo M., 507 N. 61st St.
Schuler, Bertha, 1703 Arch Ave.
Schumaker, Katherine, Majestic Hotel.
Schwager, Mrs. Lewis, 943 22nd Ave. N.
Schwartz, Fenimore, 1408 E. 42nd St.
Seelye, Walter K., 806 American Bank Bldg.
Sexsmith, Harold O., 5212 21st Ave. N.E.
Sharpe, E. W., 343 Hulet St., Schenectady, N. Y.
Shea, James, 1115 16th Ave. N.
Shela, Louis E., 811 Lowman Bldg.
Shelton, Celia D., 2904 Franklin Ave.
Shelton, Mary E., 2904 Franklin Ave.
Shepardson, Bertha, Northern Life Bldg.
Simmons, Anna, 724 Rose St.
Slater, Irma L., 907 American Bank Bldg.
Small, Lloyd L., 2121 E. 55th St.
Smith, Adelaide, Luzerne Apts.
Smith, A. B., 1331 13th Ave. S.
Smith, Ilo M., 208 Northern Life Bldg.
Smith, Jessie B., The Donna, Honolulu, T. H.
Smith, Oscar J., Arctic Club.
Smith, S. G., 430 Henry Bldg.
Snow, Stacy M., 941 25th Ave.
Springer, Alice, 209 Union St.
Stackpole, E. B., Plattsburg Barracks, N. Y.
Stackpole, Mrs. E. B., 91 Sherwood Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.
Stamm, Albert G., 504 Crary Bldg.
Stenholm, Alice, Public School Clinic, 7th and Madison.

Tadlock, James M., Raymond, Wash.
Terrell, Lewis, 606 Hoge Bldg.
Thompson, Maud, 1454 E. Harrison St.
Thornburg, Mildred, 1402 E. 63rd St.
Todd, Luella, 810 20th Ave.
Townsend, Mrs. Edith, 4710 Alki Ave.
Tremper, Henry S., 802 3rd Ave.
Triol, Mrs. E. K., 4265 Lowman Drive.
Tugwell, Richard J., 2 Armour Bldg.
Turrell, Herbert N., Jr., 903 2nd Ave.
Tusler, J., 216 Colman Bldg.

Vaas, Bertha L., 536 18th Ave.
Vaupell, Helen K., 5738 Keystone Pl.
Voll, Otto, 947 28th Ave.
Voll, Mrs. Otto, 947 28th Ave.

Walker, A. Martha, Seekirk Apts., Santa Monica, Cal.
Walker, Geo. H., 1715 E. Spring St.
Wall, Florence M., 3045 W. 58th St.
Ward, Sidney G., 907 1st Ave.
Warren, Helene H., 115 Olympic Place.
Washburn, Winifred, 516½ E. Mercer St.
Watson, Cecile A., 1004 Queen Anne Ave.
Weer, Mrs. Margaret, 531 30th Ave. S.
Weer, Mrs. Natalee, 3826 Ashworth Ave.
Whithed, Houghton H., 5036 21st Ave. N.E.
Wiestling, Annette, 818 17th Ave.
Willard, Gladys F., Florence Hotel, Missoula, Mont.
Willatzen, Andrew C. P., 422 Boston Blk.
Williams, Geo. T., 1100 Cobb Bldg.
Williams, Theresa, 529 10th Ave. N.
Willson, W. R., 118 22nd Ave.
Wilson, Ruth K., 1448 E. 67th Place, Chicago, Ill.
Wilson, Geo. S., 4114 10th Ave. N.E.
Winslow, Catherine, 670 E. 12th St., Eugene, Ore.
Wisby, Mrs. M. J., Box 34, Baynerville, Kans.
Wortman, Estelle A., 1120 Western Ave.
Wright, G. E., 1227 38th Ave. N.
Wright, Mrs. G. E., 1227 38th Ave. N.
Wunderling, Herman P., 920 7th Ave.
Wynn, Inez, 908 Shelby St.

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TACOMA BRANCH

(Place is Tacoma unless otherwise stated)

Ainey, Mrs. Cora, 3812 South J St.
Alcott, Mary E., 3712 N. 39th St.
Alger, E. Belle, Earlham Court.
Allen, Agnes M., 939 S. Ainsworth Ave.
Allen, Glenville F., 408 Federal Bldg.
Bair, M. Blanche, Earlham Court.
Barlow, Jessie C., 324 S. Tacoma Ave.
Barnes, A. H., R. D. 3, Box 164-H.
Barnes, Mary, 3806 N. 24th St.
Bassett, A. H., 1033 N. Steele St.
Bell, Myrtle, 1010 N. 8th.
Bisgaard, Thor, Avalon Apts.
Blair, Homer O., 524 N. Cushman Ave.
Borhek, Russell J., 306 Ingleside Apts.
Borhek, Mrs. Russell J., 306 Ingleside Apts.
Botsford, Walter P., 928 Broadway.
Cameron, Crissie, 316 S. I St.
Campbell, Margaret, 1314 National Realty Bldg.
Coleman, A. H., 315 South L St.
Crim, Katherine, 3724 S. Thompson Ave.
Criswell, Clare, 1501 N. 5th St.
Denman, A. H., National Realty Bldg.
Drips, Arthur N., 817 S. L St.
Engebretsen, 832 S. Fife St.
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McQueen, H. Gertrude, 1653 E. 32nd St.
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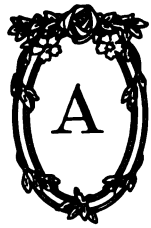

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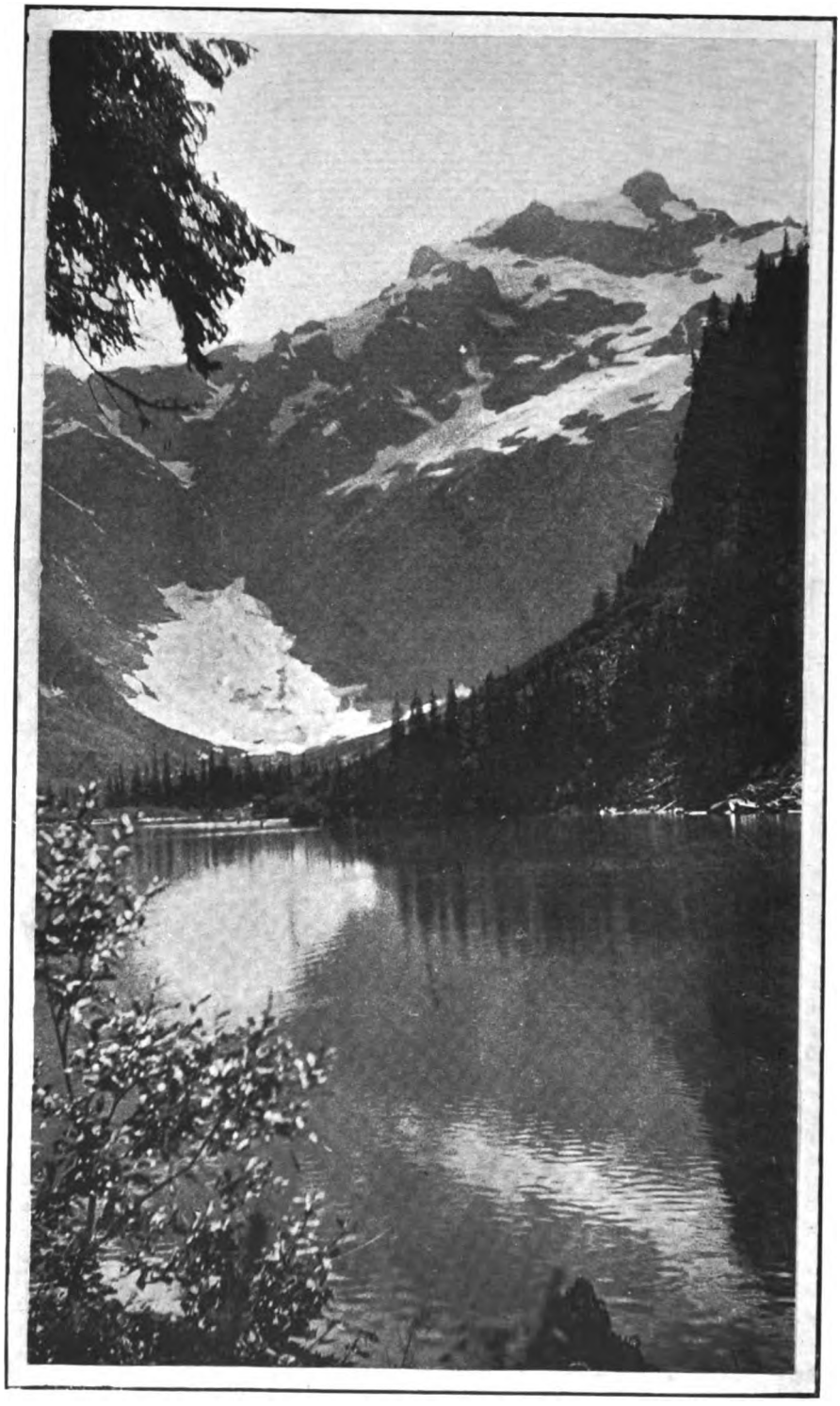

GOAT LAKE *Mabel Furry*

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You Mountaineers, who have been serving on land or sea or in the air, with ambulance, in hospital, welfare hut or repatriation camps, you, who have been serving our Country anywhere in this great world crisis, you are asked to receive our greetings at this season sacred to love and remembrance.

To your grim task you have taken the strength of mountains, the healing of rivers, the cleanliness of snow We have followed you with prayer and hope. We now prepare to welcome you home that you may again become our comrades in the hills to enjoy the blessing of the dawn, the glory of the sun, the benediction of the stars.

Edmond S. Meany

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The Mountaineer

Volume Eleven | Seattle, Washington | December 1918

H. B. Hinman

COPPER LAKE From summit of Vesper Peak. Big Four Mountain at the right.

THE MONTE CRISTO OUTING, 1918

MARGARET D. HARGRAVE

NOW, everybody knows that of the genus Prospectus there are two species: Mountaineers and Mining. In the former we have always reposed an abiding and implicit confidence, but as for a Mining prospectus—! The obliquities of that document are so ingrained into the public consciousness that perhaps it is not strange that when the Mountaineers advertised an outing through a mining country, some of the mis-information of the Widow-and-Orphan's Delight should creep into our hitherto unimpeachable publication. In no other way do we like to account for the statement on page 10 of our 1918 Prospectus:—

"on account of absence of rain in the district"—

To give the phrase in full is a waste of footage; the quotation has become a classic and I'm not sure it isn't eligible for use at a Sunday night camp-fire!

It was in a fine drizzle that some thirty Mountaineers transferred at Everett to the Hartford jitneys. But nobody minded a drizzle, especially a drizzle that held off while we inspected Granite Falls, with its whirling waters and smooth-worn boulders. We were loath to leave its rugged beauty, but our leader's whistle called, so off we hiked, down an old road where overhanging boughs deluged the unwary with coolish shower-baths, until the welcome lunch hour. By the way, have you ever noticed that meal hours on summer outings are just twice as far apart as they should be?

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After the last crumb had been prudently salvaged, we "hit the ties" and were soon in the wonderful Stilaguamish Canyon, for whose beauty we were somewhat prepared. We also found ourselves in a heavy shower; for which we were not at all prepared. Eeight miles of track we did, but not all in a shower; most of it was in a heavy downpour, and only three tunnels in the whole distance. More than one nifty hat there was whose camouflage silently faded away; many the boot, innocent of grease, that squashed into camp at Spithills. Our dunnage had passed us long before, and no time was lost in making camp. The women had fine quarters on a sandy river bank—sand is lots drier than grass—but tales of freshets went about, and nervous damsels retired to rest with one anxious ear cocked for the sound of rising waters. However, we were all able to answer the breakfast call without the use of rafts.

A misty, moisty morning it was, but the majority of the party toiled up Mount Pilchuck according to schedule, hoping for a clear view at the top. They returned to camp firmly convinced that the winter rains had set in. The climb had been strenuous; bedraggled they were, but undaunted, bragged of the cocoa served by the ranger and refused to envy the stay-at-homes even when we sang of the luscious huckleberry pies that Jim had given us at noon.

And right here is a good place to rhapsodize about our cooks. Billy was an old friend to many; Jim was a discovery Dr. Hinman had made in British Columbia. They were a royal pair. As Professor Meany said at our last camp-fire, we had sometimes had good cooks with uncongenial personalities; we had had poor cooks who were personally agreeable; but never had the Mountaineers been so fortunate in having two men who were both A-1 cooks and at the same time such a distinct addition to the personnel of the Outing. They were as expert with ice-axe and life-line as with wheat substitutes, they contributed to our camp-fire entertainment, and they let us dry our feet around the commissary fire!

We left Spithills by train and I suppose we'll never live it down. Bona fide Mountaineers travelling by train? "Impossible!" say you old-timers, and you mention Three Prunes, Lame Duck and the Sky Line. But wait; we got ours. Wait until you hear about Copper Lake.

Silverton welcomed us with blue skies and warm sunshine, and we had our first intimation of the character of the country we were in. Mountains crowded and jostled each other so closely they could scarcely find standing room, many with bare and rocky peaks where no snow could cling. And on the rocky slopes and in the lower forests as well there were mines, hundreds of mines; some mere prospectors' holes, others with elaborate cook and bunk houses, but deserted, dilap-

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idated, haunted by memories of ardent beliefs, bitter toil and long-enduring patience. Silverton itself was once quite a mining center; three saloons at least; but many houses stand empty now and we were able to festoon our damp belongings all over the place. For that afternoon we were Sun-worshippers, offering our all to the blessings of a beneficent deity.

SNOW CAVES, SILVER GULCH *Paul S. Dubuar*

Several side-trips were made from Silverton; the first a jaunt up Silver Gulch, where the points of interest were the ice-caves, somewhat demolished by the melting sun, Hoodoo Pass just above us, and a large patch of the juiciest salmon-berries that ever supplemented a "squirrel" lunch. One small party visited Lake Kelcema, while another trip, ladylike in the extreme but well worth taking, was one to the snowfield known locally as Rucker's Glacier. A mile of board walk connects the snowfield with the railroad, but not even a board walk, with sophisticated-looking suspension bridges, could mar the bubbling joys of the little stream it followed, nor dull the rainbows in the hundred slender waterfalls dashing over the cliffs at the head of the valley. And who will forget the lovely meadow at the foot of the big snow slope, with its patriotic color scheme, red fireweed, white valerian and blue lupine!

In a class by itself was the side-trip to Copper Lake. Saturday morning, bright and early, the sturdy knapsackers departed, led by Dr. Hinman and with Jim as rear guard, and accompanied by others whose more moderate ambition was to spell the packers to Marble Pass and lazily spy out the land from afar. They carried food for

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one day, expecting to reach their goal by mid-afternoon and return for dinner the next night. But we, waiting in camp at Silverton, waited in vain; no party returned to share our Sunday night ice-cream. Morning brought the news of the Doctor's midnight arrival, and soon the rest of the heroic band limped in, making a bee-line for commissary. It was some time before we could extract the least bit of information; and indeed the story of their exploits had best be told, first-hand, by Mr. Remey. He says:

"Leaving the supporting party of philanthropists at Marble Pass, we thirteen knapsackers started down the steep slope toward Williamson Creek, using an old trail until the abandoned Forty-five Mine was reached. From now on the difficulties to rapid transit were many. Williamson Creek had to be crossed, even if it did run in a narrow gorge. We crawled down the north wall on a slanting ledge, crossed the stream, and climbed the south wall on the remains of what once had been a ladder. Several hours of steep side-hill work took us over alternate stretches of rocks and fallen timber, and through thickets of cladothamnus brush. You don't know the difficulties of brush travel until you have bucked cladothamnus. It was like going up hill against a series of giant porcupines, with spines all bristling down hill. High temperature, lack of breeze, packs, hunger and thirst all contributed to our discomfort. Some of us thought we could go no further, but short rests and encouraging shouts from those in advance developed resolution to continue rather than die alone in the wilderness.

"The Forest Service had obligingly scouted a possible route for us, but to follow infrequent blazes over rough country proved hard work for cheechakos, not yet seasoned and quite unused to packing. Finally, in the dusk of evening, we reached the lake and camp was made. We had been thirteen hours out from Silverton.

"Copper Lake (alt. 3227 ft.) is nearly a half-mile long. Steep talus slopes extend from the cliffs to the water's edge. The striking feature is the wonderful greenish-blue tint of the water, possibly due to copper sulphate in solution. At any rate, we drank it in only with our eyes. Commissary was located on top of a huge boulder, it being the largest area of anything within sight approaching the horizontal. After a slight supper and the usual evening song, we scattered to curl up in our sleeping-bags wherever a fairly level spot could be found.

"At six a. m. Dr. Hinman and Jim started on a scouting trip to the head of the glacier occupying the upper end of the valley to see if it would be possible to leave that way, and at nine they returned with a favorable report. We had already consumed our moderate breakfast of a cup all around of macaroni, bean and tomato mulligan, so off we started up the rocky talus slope and onto the glacier. The

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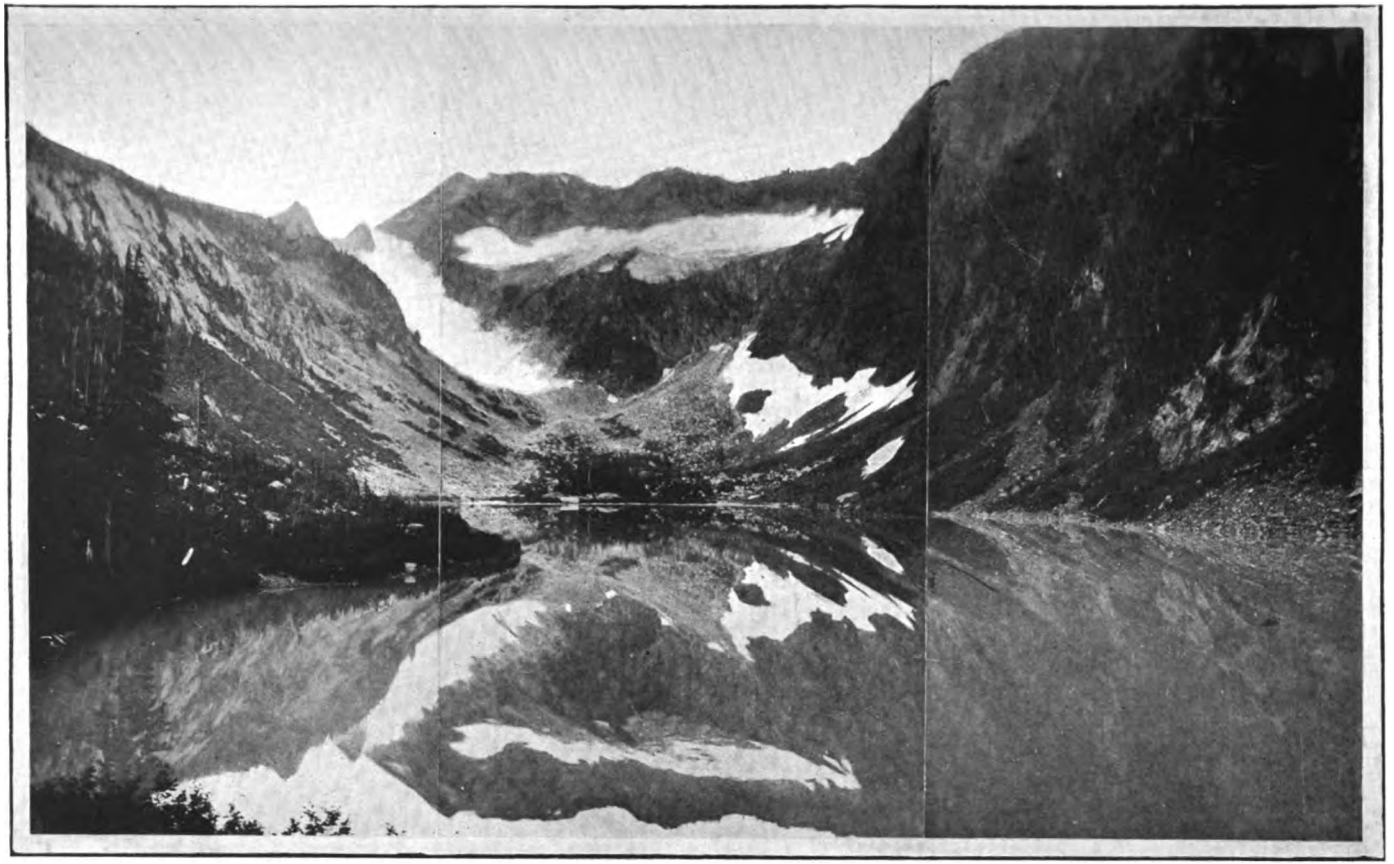

Paul S. Dubuar

COPPER LAKE "Steep talus slopes extend from the cliffs to the water's edge. The striking feature is the wonderful greenish-blue tint of the water."

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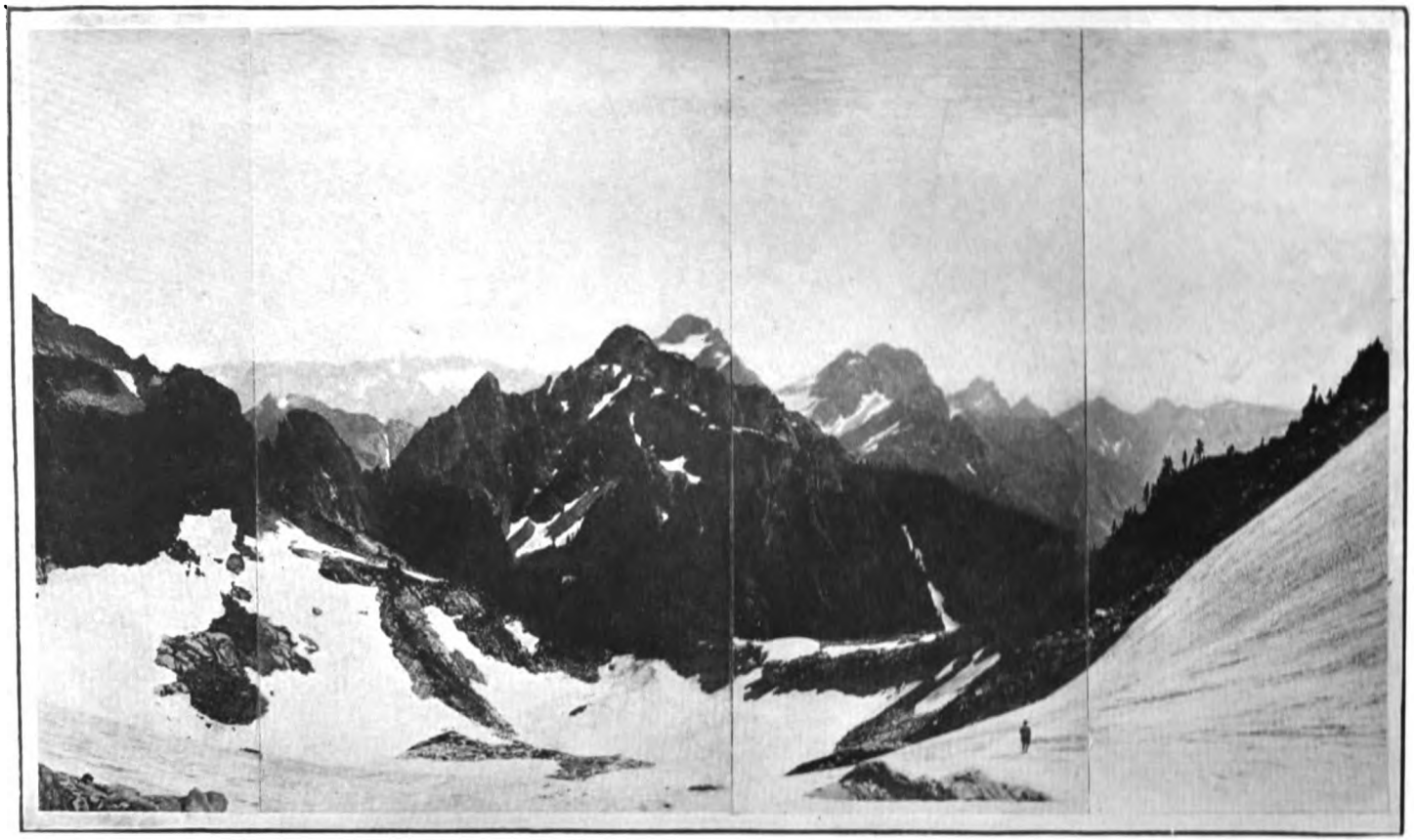

VIEW FROM AN UNNAMED PASS BELOW VESPER PEAK

Headlee Pass is the lowest gap at the left.

Paul S. Dubuar

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slope became steeper as we neared the top of the pass, requiring frequent zig-zags to ease the grade and to avoid crevasses. From this yet unnamed pass we had a wonderful panorama.

"Continuing down the east slope, first over steep loose rocks and then over a snowfield, stopping once for a lunch that consisted mostly of tea, hardtack, water, fresh air and scenery, we finally encountered the Sunrise Trail, which led us over Headlee Pass down to the junction of Buck Creek and the railroad.

"Here, after 8 p. m., we made our second camp. Meager rations of tea, hardtack, nuts and raisins were doled out, but there was no camp-fire singing tonight; most of us were hors-de-combat. Only Dr. Hinman was far from "all in." In spite of the long, hard day, our plucky leader walked the eight miles to Silverton to report our safety, and to try to have a special car sent to take us in.

"The next morning a ravenous party rolled out of their sleeping-bags at Buck Creek, but there was no food in camp. We all sniffed bacon in the direction of Silverton, and soon a heterogeneous troupe of half-starved nomads entered base camp and took the commissary by storm. We ate, laughed and sputtered our experiences with our mouths full of food. With something on the inside, we soon forgot the fatigue and hunger, and the agreeable features of the trip held full sway in our minds. We had accomplished an unusual trip and felt satisfied with ourselves, our leader, our cook, and the world in general."

Our last day at Silverton, Dr. Hinman escorted a party to Granite Pass, which overlooks a wonderful glacial cirque. It was a hot, hot day, and after rounding Long Mountain and leaving the cooler shadows of Marten Creek, our trail simply evaporated. Did that give us pause? Not at all; we bucked brush, did some side-hill-nanny work, climbed a couple of waterfalls, crawled through more brush and finally emerged at the foot of Granite Pass, a boiling hot mass of boulders. Well, the boulders had nothing on us, and only a very few had the pep to carry them up the grade and over the top. Most of us preferred to take the Doctor's word for the fine glacial cirque, and spend the precious moments cooling off. For time pressed; it was already late, and we had a train to catch! And at that, the four-thirty car had to back up for the stragglers.

Fourteen strong, the second party joined us at Buck Creek, bringing with them a thunderstorm that sent us all scuttling under the forbidden commissary fly. It was the only community shelter available, except that one gallant gentleman accommodated two young ladies under the voluminous folds of his waterproof cape. That was helpful as far as it went, but what the situation really demanded was an octopus, one with Mormon tendencies, and with a circus-tent for a cape. However, Jim and Billy not only tolerated our presence in

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their crowded quarters, but achieved a special dinner that was nothing short of a banquet, all the way from soup to wild blackberry pie.

The climb of Vesper Peak was made from Buck Creek, under the leadership of Mr. Dubuar, who, for the first two weeks of the trip, was taking Mr. Morrison's place on the committee. The route led by forest up to Wirtz Basin, a grassy park strewn with enormous boulders, then by the Sunrise Trail with its thirty-seven switchbacks, over Headlee Pass. (The Sunrise Mine is one of the few now in operation.) The weather had been uncertain and by the time we reached the upper slopes of Vesper, we were in the midst of a storm. The wind blew so hard that the rain fell horizontally. But the clouds were breaking, and when we had crossed the snow and negotiated the great slabs of smooth rock covering the summit, the skies cleared and we had a wonderful view, Rainier and Glacier, Baker and a host of lesser peaks, while the peculiar green of Copper Lake glistened far below.

In announcing the climb of Vesper, Dr. Hinman had explained that if anyone cared for a two-day trip, it was possible to knapsack over Headlee Pass and so climb both Vesper and Sperry. He called for a rising vote on this knapsack proposition, but the only man standing at the time happened to be one of the Copper Lake refugees, and he sat down with speed and unmistakable decision. So no one climbed Sperry Peak. Another hike which was not taken was up Buck Creek to Dickerman Mountain. Dr. Hinman and O. J. Smith spent a whole day scouting this trip, but they admitted there was some brush on the way, and after that there wasn't any enthusiasm.

Goat Lake was our highest and loveliest camp. Leaving the railroad at Barlow Pass, we descended along the Sauk valley, passed Monte Cristo Lake and then turned again to follow the steep Elliott Creek trail. This leads through a wonderful forest whose aisles and colonnades were a fit approach to that crescent sheet of blue water—which, by the way, surely deserves a happier name. A poet might describe it; the place is poetry. A grove of magnificent hemlocks sheltered our commissary, behind this a long ridge shut off Sloan Peak from envious eyes—(for all idea of attempting Sloan had been relinquished)—another steep wooded hill rose opposite, while Foggy Mountain and Ida Pass seemed fairly to overhang the southern end of the lake. Beautiful by day, it was a fairy dream in the moonlight, and when one of our ranger-packers took his saxophone across the lake and played for us—Grieg, Scotch melodies, grand opera—the twilight dusk was enchanted indeed.

The next day a visit was made to the abandoned Penn Mine, lying far up on Foggy Mountain, but we found a greater novelty in boating on the lake. The boat, to be sure, had been out of water for seven years, and when launched, it was "all hands man the pumps!" and the timid stayed ashore.

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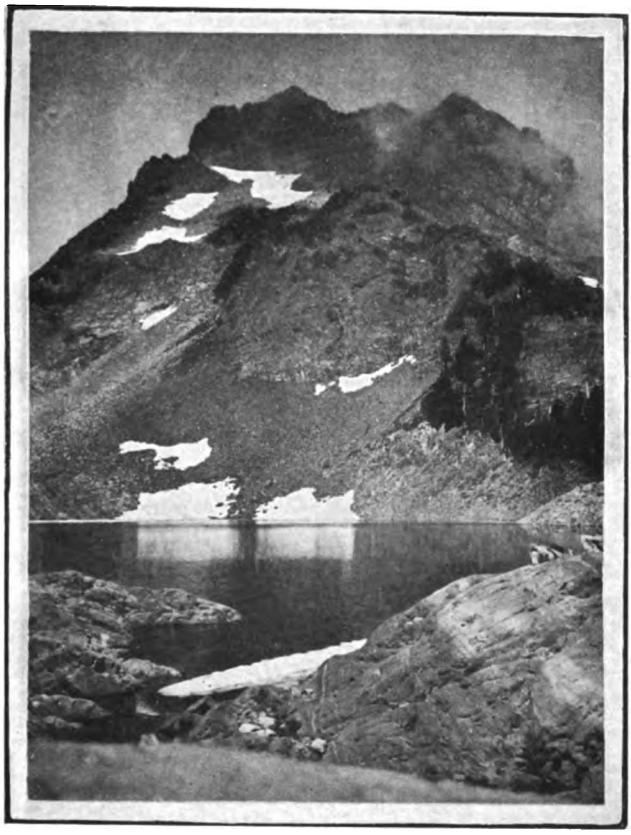
A select few of the "tough" ones left Goat Lake for Weden Creek via Ida Pass, but the green pools of Elliott Creek called to the fishermen of the party, and most of us retraced that lovely trail. If Buck Creek had the best swimming holes, Weden Creek had the best beds. To tell the truth, disciples of Leander were apt to find themselves in embarrassing situations, the streams of this district being so congested with fishermen and their wives that—. But let us return to the safer subject of the domestic appointments at Weden Creek. The



DEL CAMPO PEAK *O. J. Smith*

earth under the big trees was springy with needles and moss, interlacing branches made a reassuring canopy, and much of the river bed was dry and offered exceptional facilities for camp-fire stunts, laundry and shampoos.

During the Outing, the Mountaineers placed their official brass record cylinders on three mountain tops; Vesper (6190 ft.), Del Campo (6100 ft.), and Cadet (7100 ft.). Of these three climbs, I am sure a majority vote would award the palm to Del Campo. It is difficult

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Mabel Furry

GOTHIC PEAK "The mediaeval outline of Castle Rocks etched on the horizon." View as seen from the ridge on Del Campo.

to compare views when all are superlative, but certainly Del Campo interposed the greatest obstacles and so gave our zest a keener edge. Two assaults of this peak were carried out from Weden Creek. A trail that was almost a boulevard led by an even grade to Tin Cup and Crater lakes. The larger party had a cool, foggy day for the climb and had that wonderful experience of watching the fickle wizard, Wind, inconstant lover of the shining peaks, as he swept concealing folds of misty drapery all about, then lifted them for a tantalizing glimpse, or with some regal gesture whirled them quite away. Well might the Wind know that if mortal eye could find fault with the beauties so disclosed, it argued but blindness of mortal soul.

Hot tea was served with our lunch at the lakes, and some of the party elected to stay here, while on the ridge above we lost still others. Truly the view demanded leisure; a level sea of white clouds below us, the tips of peaks protruding like rocky islands, and the mediaeval outline of Castle Rocks etched on the horizon. Leaving timberline, our party of eighteen traversed a snow slope and reached the real climb, a chimney of loose rocks, not difficult but still dangerous. "Watch your step" was the watchword, and we passed at last to the safer boulders which formed a veritable staircase to the summit. Only the treads were exceeding narrow, the rises sometimes knee-high, and the staircase zigzagged inconsistently. But oh the view! Whidby Island and the Sound, Baker, Skuksan, Three Fingers, the whole sweep of the horizon around to Rainier and back to the Olympics again. Descending, the life-line was used twice; once to give security down a steep heather slope, and again over a rock wall where the

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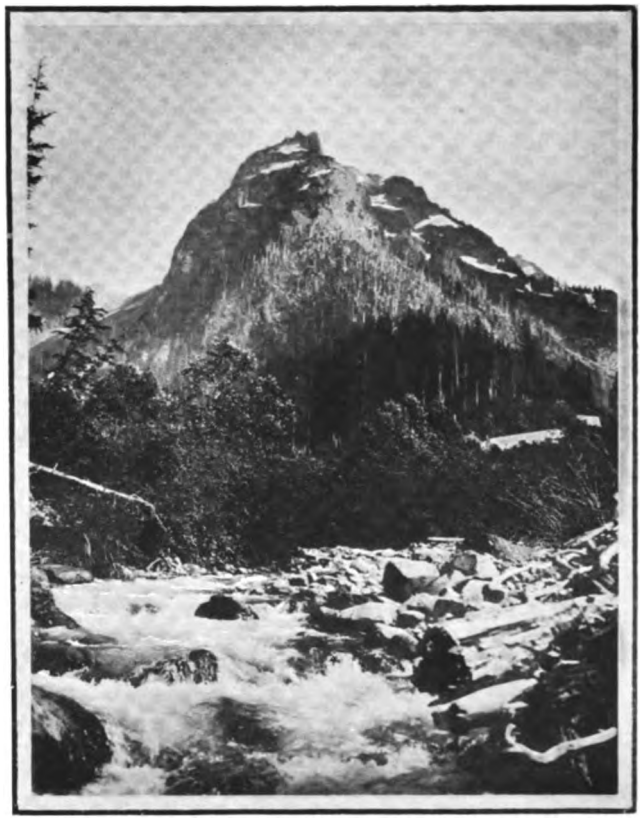
Doctor and Jim directed our footsteps at critical points. Thus we avoided the round-about staircase. Gingerly we picked our way down the treacherous chimney, coasted, all too briefly, down the snowfield, and were soon regaling ourselves with more hot tea at Crater Lake, regretful that so thrilling a climb was over. No, not over; for some of us found the hardest part of the climb was the descent along the trail: the grade was too even! But the lamest knees and muscles were reanimated by the tonic of a douse in the Sauk, and responded nimbly enough when Jim called us to the best dinner yet.

That night a gentle patter disturbed our slumbers; the charm was working again. We breakfasted in a drizzle, broke camp in the rain and moved to Monte Cristo in a downpour. It was the day for the third party to join us, and this time the rain lasted four solid days. But if it had to rain, this was the least inopportune time. For Monte Cristo used to be even more of a town than Silverton, and we staked out our claims in vacant cottages, store buildings and assay offices. Only a very few stuck to their tents.



WILMAN PEAK FROM MONTE CRISTO *H. B. Hinman*

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It was largely due to the undue precipitation that the knapsack trip to Silver Lake was called off. Or perhaps the plan was spoiled because the Monte Cristo horse put his foot in it. Certainly, wherever that unwilling beast put his foot, there he intended it to stay. Only by Herculean efforts did Mr. Diewert persuade him to drag a few boxes to our commissary; the length of Dumas Ave. was his absolute limit, and to have attempted packing to Silver Lake would have meant a life sentence for Mr. Diewert. But even without this knapsack trip, no one was idle. We met all the trains, we sacked the ruins of assay offices for exquisitely tinted (and chipped) crucibles, we foraged for wood for the fireplaces which graced our several abodes, we paid calls, and some good swimmers even reached Glacier Basin and Silver Lake. And after each and every expedition we returned to our respective hearths to drip and steam and change our socks. During the rainy season we also had two splendid indoor campfires. On the first occasion we were entertained at the "Tacoma Incinerator," the program including candy, bits of Monte Cristo history, games and a Virginia reel. On the next night the Monte Cristo Fog Horn published broadcast all the latest news, including the most recent affaire de coeur, caustic editorial comment and a juicy weather report.

On the fourth evening the weather cleared, and for the first time we really saw the little town that had given us shelter. Mountain peaks completely encircled us; Foggy Mountain, Wilman, Cadet, Coney and Toad, and down the valley Saddle Mountain caught the last sunset rays. Once more the cobbler was in demand, for we were warned to have our shoes well hobbed for an early start to Twin Lakes and Blanca Lake. Happy was he who heeded, for we travelled cross-lots through marsh and up rock slides, and moreover had a touch of cladothamnus; a perpendicular thicket of it, and when we emerged at the top I heard Dr. Hinman say, "There wasn't much as bad as that on the Copper Lake trip." (Which accounts for the fact that the Copper Lake knapsackers are, today, able-bodied citizens.) From the ridge we had reached, we looked across Poodle Dog Pass to Silver Tip, and in the curve of its wall, Silver Lake rippled in the bright sun.

Twin Lakes lie in beautiful park country, their dark blue waters guarded by majestic hemlocks and sheltered by Columbia's palisades; the outlet giving a vista of distant blue ridges. Those who were content to forego the sight of Blanca remained here, stretched out happily on heather couches, absorbing the view and longing to camp some day on these inviting shores. Late that afternoon our Blanca friends rejoined us,, footsore but voluble. The trip had been strenuous, but they talked less of aches and blisters than of the opaque, milky green of Blanca's water, and of beautiful Columbia Glacier which debouched directly upon the shores of Blanca Lake, in a fan-shaped terminal moraine.

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TWIN LAKES *O. J. Smith*

COLUMBIA GLACIER *C. G. Morrison*

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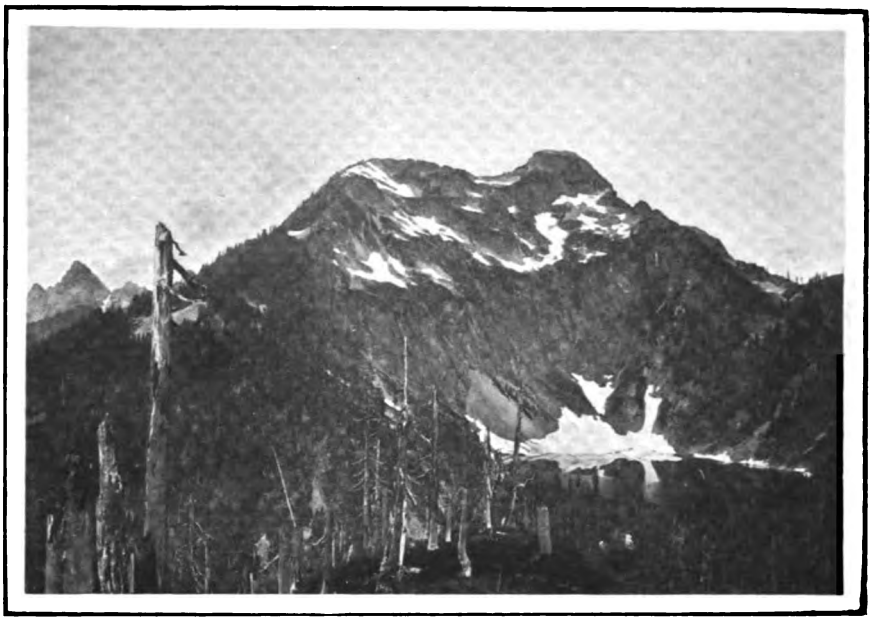

Lloyd Smail

SILVER TIP PEAK "From the ridge we had reached, we looked across Poodle Dog Pass to Silver Tip, and in the curve of its wall, Silver Lake rippled in the bright sun.

We returned to camp by a shorter route, leading down the famous '76 Gulch, first by trail and then turning off to follow a dry, precipitous water-course—or was that trail too? Anyway, drooping willow boughs overhung it, and we progressed chiefly in the fashion of our arboreal ancestors, dropping down hand over hand, our feet occasionally touching a high spot but more often dangling restfully in mid-air. After reaching the floor of the valley and passing the old '76 Mine, the trail became the Trail Ideal for home-coming Mountaineers; it landed us plump in the middle of the commissary!

Another perfect day we had for the climb of Cadet, Mr. Morrison leading. Just at the edge of Glacier Basin, where the ice age has left such legible history. we turned to the north and struck an old mining trail. When this petered out, we scrambled straight up over heather and rock, and, without encountering any real difficulty, were soon breathlessly grouped on the summit. The rain had washed the valleys clear of fog, and the view included even Adams, dimly visible on the horizon. Glacier Peak was so close it was startling; few of us had dreamed it was so beautiful. But the eye was drawn again and again to craggy, lop-sided Sloan, quite close, a challenging puzzle; and to our newly-named Monte Cristo Peak, a huge pile of red rock just across Glacier Basin to the southeast.

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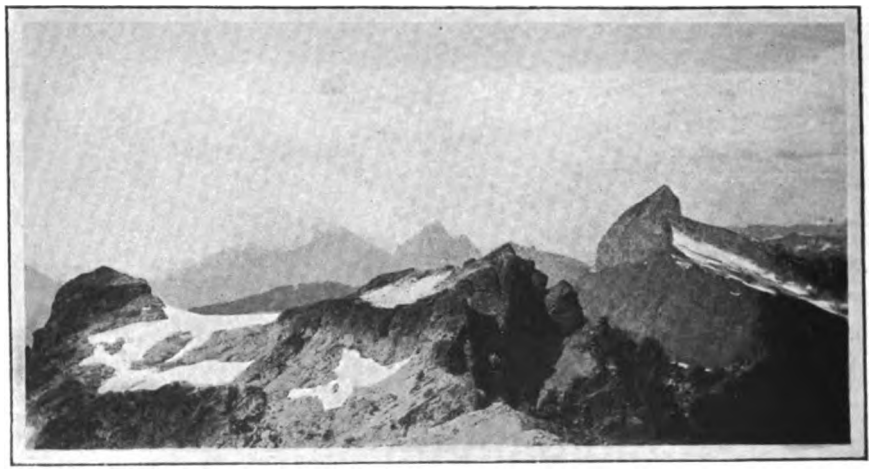
That night, for the last time, our camp-fire stunt was organized, and under a thin veil of mirth we tried to express a little of our appreciation of our leader. Dr. Hinman was to leave for Y. M. C. A. service in France just two days after the close of the trip, and we knew that only by great personal sacrifice could he have found time and energy for the many labors which are synonymous with a successful outing. So while we cheered our Committee to the echo, and our President, and our cooks, our hearts held just a little extra measure of gratitude and loyalty and well-wishing toward our beloved leader.

As we packed up the next morning and boarded the little gas-car, we realized we were leaving a wonderful, beautiful region we had but partially discovered, a country to which we could return many times without disappointment. The skies themselves wept softly at our departure. Swiftly we sped over the shining rails, cheering each camp-site in turn; singing and munching while our eyes bade reluctant farewell to the peaks and the forests. The Stilaguamish Canyon was a gate that closed behind and shut us once more into city streets; but there are no locks on Nature's gates, and we shall pass that way again.



C. G. Morrison

SLOAN PEAK FROM CADET

"But the eye was drawn again and again to craggy, lop-sided Sloan, quite close, a challenging puzzle.

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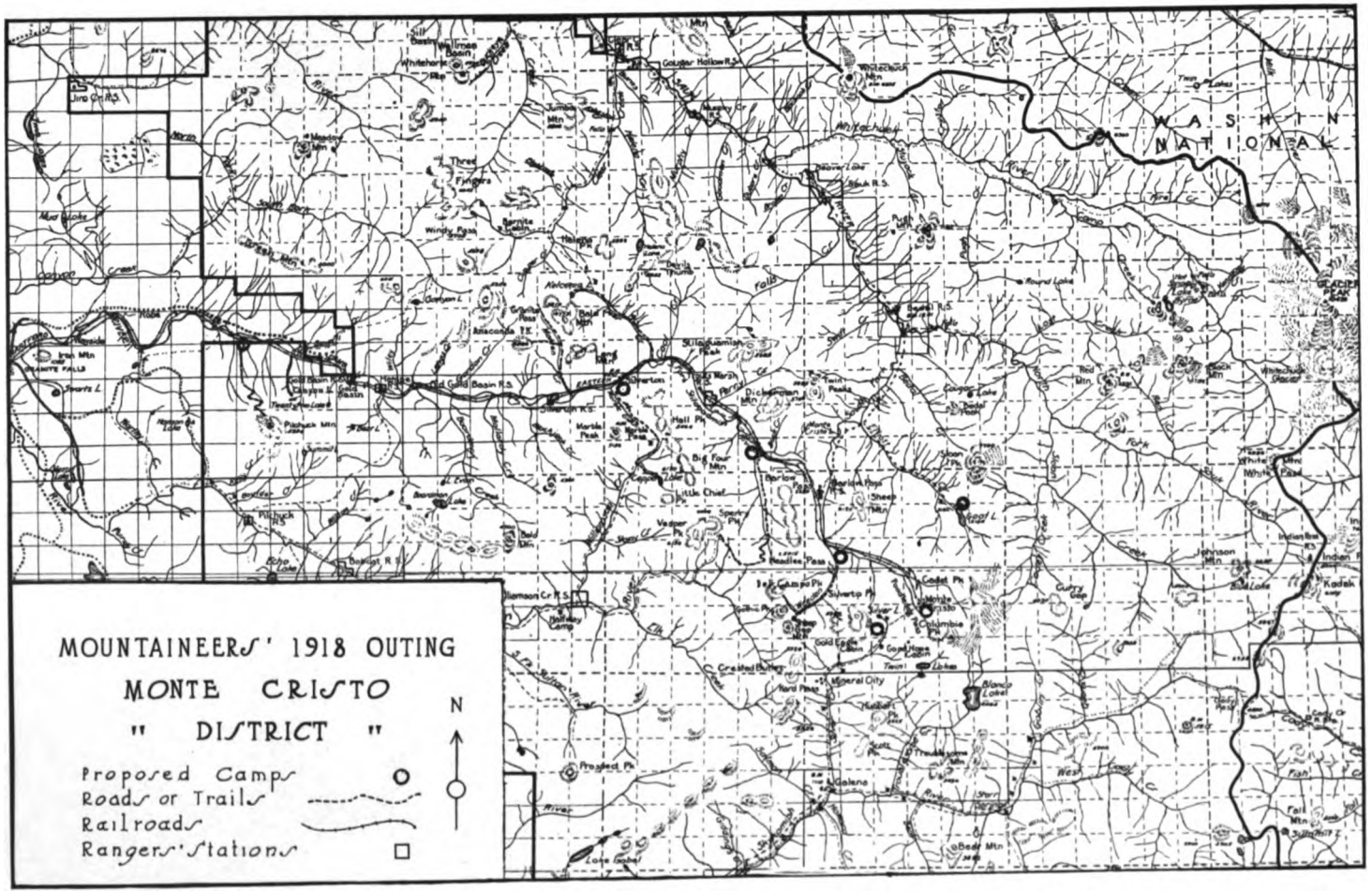

The camps were made as proposed except that the Silver Lake camp was omitted.

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MEMBERS OF THE 1918 SUMMER OUTING

OUTING COMMITTEE

C. G. Morrison M. M. Diewert

H. B. Hinman, Chairman

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Bernice E. Bailey
A. H. Bassett
Hortense Beuschlein
Margaret Bliss
Lillian Burns
V. E. Cady
Mrs. V. E. Cady
Margaret Campbell
Effie Louise Chapman
May Copeland
Inez Craven
Catherine Crayton
Fidelia G. Davis
Fay Derry
M. M. Diewert
Paul S. Dubuar
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H. A. Fuller
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Frank P. Helsell
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THE MONTE CRISTO DISTRICT

GEORGE E. SAWYER
Forest Ranger

THIS country is one of sharp peaks and deep canyons and the valleys are, for the most part, glacier carved and narrow, not becoming broad twenty or thirty miles from the stream sources. The rock is mainly of granite formation. J. E. Shurr, of the U. S. Geological Survey, made quite a complete examination and report of this mining district in 1900, which report can be found in the Seattle Public Library.

The town of Monte Cristo, at an elevation of about 3,000 feet, is practically at the headwaters of the South Fork Sauk River, lying on a point of the ridge forming Wilman and Columbia peaks, and is about fifteen miles west in an air line from the main range of the Cascades. The nearest high peak is Columbia, 7134 feet in altitude.

We first hear about the Monte Cristo country when the Wilman brothers came over the divide from Silver Creek and the North Fork Skykomish in the late seventies and located some of the first mining claims in the Monte Cristo district. About this same time prospectors began to come up the South Fork of the Sauk from the main Sauk and Skagit rivers. It was not until 1887 that the Everett and Monte Cristo Railroad was built from Everett up the South Fork Stilaguamish and South Fork Sauk to Monte Cristo by Rockefeller interests, which at that time held considerable mining property in the vicinity. Several surveys were made for a grade up the Stilaguamish Canyon, but finally a water grade was decided upon, that is, the track was laid directly in the canyon not far from the river, necessitating numerous rock tunnels and blasting work. However, the scenery along this canyon is quite remarkable. Grades and curves on this line are very bad, as the grades average from 2 to 4 per cent and there is one curve of at least 25 per cent known as the Shoofly. Two switchbacks were necessary before Monte Cristo was reached. By 1896 Monte Cristo was supporting a population of nearly one thousand people by the mining, concentrating and shipping of base ores of gold, silver and lead. At Silverton, about twelve miles down the line, the mining industry had also gained considerable proportions.

It is reported that several million dollars' worth of gold and silver ore were shipped to the Everett smelter from this district, and all indications seem to point to the reliability of this statement. However, it is believed that a larger amount has been spent in prospecting and development work. There are miles of underground tunnels and shafts in solid rock in this district. On the Penn Mining Company's property, near Goat Lake, there is over 11,000 feet of tunnel work in hard

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rock and no ore has ever been shipped. One reason for this large amount of work is that the surface showing of mineral is very good, but veins or leads do not extend to any depth and the rich ore deposits were found mainly in pockets or "kidneys," so that considerable work is necessary to locate the valuable ore. Most of the ore shipped from Monte Cristo was from the Pride and Mystery mines.

By the summer of 1897 the district had attained its maximum development, and during November of this year floods destroyed long sections of the Everett-Monte Cristo Railroad and it was not until about four years later when the Northern Pacific took over the road. Therefore, the mining industry suffered a very severe setback.

This mining community, like many others, had its notorious characters. One of the most prominent at Monte Cristo was perhaps M. T. J. Commins, called locally X. Y. Z., or the Count of Monte Cristo. Commins was educated to be a Catholic priest, but fell into evil ways and was attracted by the fabulous stories of the mineral wealth of Monte Cristo. He had a number of claims but never made his stake. Having some knowledge of astronomy, he would, when under the talkative influence of John Barleycorn, give wonderful prophecies of the future of Monte Cristo as told by the stars, much to the edification of the assembled miners. Jakey Cohen, a jovial bar tender, was also one of the noted characters of this camp, and to this day there is a rock resembling a human figure—more particularly Jakey—on a high cliff to the south of the town, which is known as Jakey, or Sentinel Rock. There were many games of chance on pay-days at Monte Cristo and several shooting affrays resulted therefrom.

The Stilaguamish Valley is well timbered, hemlock and cedar being the predominating species. Several small shingle mills are in operation in the lower part of the valley, and a 500,000,000 ft. B. M. sale of hemlock and white fir for paper pulp is being talked of. Timber for mining purposes, however, was shipped in from the vicinity of Granite Falls, since only Douglas fir was considered of value for building and mining purposes in the early days. Prospectors, however, have been able to find timber enough for their cabins on their claims. The Penn Mining Company and the Forty-five Mining Company erected small sawmills and manufactured lumber for all their development work, timber being secured from their claims. One cabin has been built near the head of the South Fork Stilaguamish on the Sunrise Trail, of entirely whip sawn lumber.

Several bad fires have occurred along the Everett & Monte Cristo Railroad, resulting in most cases from sparks from locomotives, the Long Mountain and Buck Creek fires being the largest and covering five or six hundred acres. These fires occurred in 1897-8. The soil was badly damaged on Long Mountain and has eroded considerably

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since the fire. The Forest Service, however, planted the remaining portion of this burn having suitable soil, in 1914, and these plantations together with some natural reproduction are doing well. Planting operations were carried on on the Buck Creek area in 1910-11 and 1914-15, another fire having occurred on this area in 1914 which destroyed some of the plantations. Most of the stock used in the planting operations was raised at the Silverton Nursery, where at one time there were 800,000 Douglas fir and white pine seedlings on hand. There are at the present date some pine plantations on the Buck Creek area having an average height of four feet, some trees having attained a height of six feet.

Most of the trails in this district were built by miners. The Forest Service, however, has done considerable maintenance work in recent years, and a great number of interesting trips can be taken from Barlow Pass or Monte Cristo over these trails.

For the past two years the Forest Service has maintained a lookout on Pilchuck Mountain, having telephone connections with the District Ranger at Silverton Ranger Station. This lookout, in connection with two others located on Pugh and Higgins respectively, has located a considerable number of fires in time to result in the saving of many thousand feet of timber.

POINTS OF INTEREST IN THE MONTE CRISTO DISTRICT

H. A. Fuller

THE mountain region traversed by the Hartford & Eastern Railway, which embraces parts of the South Fork of the Stilaguamish and the South Fork of the Sauk rivers, is known locally as the Monte Cristo district. It extends from Hartford to Monte Cristo, Washington, a distance of 42 miles. Connection is made by auto stage with Everett, 10 miles west of Hartford.

In order from west to east the chief points of interest reached from stops on the railway, many of which have been visited by the Everett Mountaineers in either one or two-day trips, are as follows:

Granite Falls: Falls of the same name distant about a mile; Worthy Creek and Pilchuck River; Canyon Creek and Trout Lake. The canyon of the Stilaguamish River from Granite Falls to Robe is picturesque and interesting.

Stead: North side Forest Ranger's trail to Mount Pilchuck (5,334 feet).

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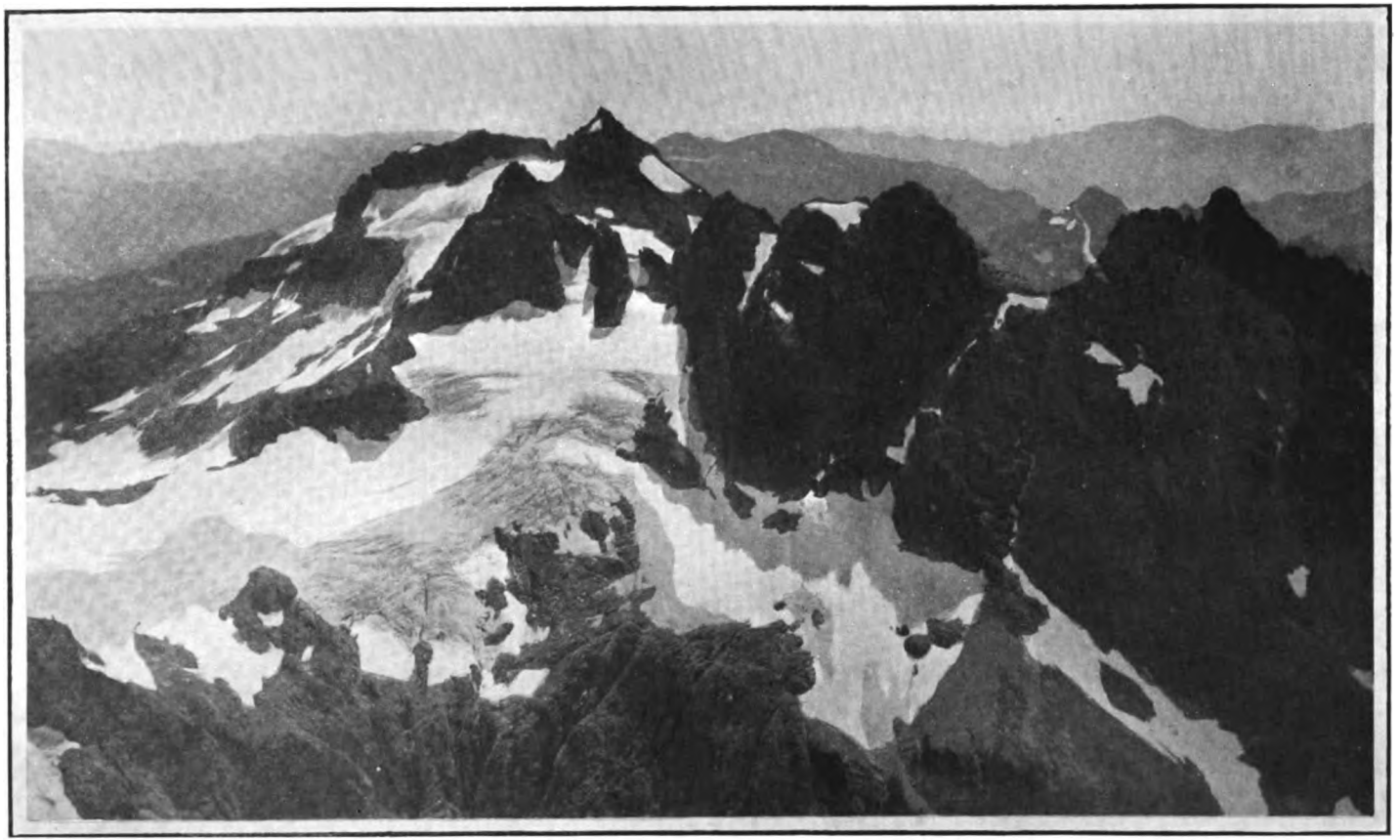

Mabel Furry

MONTE CRISTO PEAK

"Newly-named Monte Cristo Peak, a huge pile of red rock across Glacier Basin to the southeast" from Cadet Peak.

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Gold Basin: Canyon Lake.

Silverton: Bender Creek and Marble Peak (5,156 feet). Marble Gulch and Marble Pass, from both of which views are obtained of Hall, Little Chief and Vesper peaks; Copper Lake and Williamson Creek canyon; Silver Gulch, with snow caves, and Hoodoo Pass; Marten Creek and Granite Pass; Long Mountain (5,109 feet) and Anaconda Peak (4,986 feet); Deer Creek and Lake Kelcema * and Bald Mountain (4,773 feet), with views of Three Fingers, White Horse and Jumbo mountains, and head of Clear Creek.

Camp Glacier: Snow caves.

Buck Creek: Sunrise trail to Headlee Pass, Vesper Peak (6,190 feet), overlooking Vesper Glacier and Copper Lake, and Sperry Peak (6,000 feet); Dickerman Mountain (5,766 feet) and Twin Peaks (5,995 feet).

Barlow Pass: Pass into the Sauk Valley; Monte Cristo Lake, Elliott Creek, and Goat Lake; Sloan Peak (7,790 feet), reputed unclimbed, and Foggy Mountain; Ida Pass (6,000 feet) to Glacier Basin and Monte Cristo; Sheep Mountain (6,120 feet), Mount Pugh (7,150 feet), and Red Mountain (6,930 feet).

Weden Creek: Crater Lake, Del Campo Peak (6,500 feet), and Gothic Peak (6,100 feet).

Monte Cristo: Glacier Basin, Cadet Peak (7,100 feet) and Columbia Peak (7,134 feet); Silver Lake and Silvertip Peak (6,100 feet); '76 Gulch; Twin Lakes and Blanca Lake.

*Wrongly spelled Kehema on U. S. G. S. Quadrangle.

DISCOVERY OF MONTE CRISTO

THE last camp of the 1918 summer outing was in the old mining town of Monte Cristo, in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. At the campfire of Friday evening, August 9, Edmond S. Meany, president of the club, read the following chapter of history, giving the record of the discovery and naming of the district. It was taken from a book entitled "Mining in the Pacific Northwest," edited by L. K. Hodges and published by the Seattle Post-Intelligencer in 1897.

"The manner of the discovery of the great mineral ledges of Monte Cristo was not only dramatic, but was itself an evidence of their great size and richness. Prospectors had for several years explored the Silver Creek district, directly over the divide to the south, and had found the mountains everywhere stained with great red streaks, where

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surface influences had oxidized the iron in the surface ore. Joseph Pearsall pursued his explorations up the east bank of Silver Creek and climbed along and up the steep sides of Hubbart's Peak until he could see over the divide to the mountains forming a jagged amphitheatre around the Sauk Basin. He could look sheer down over 2000 feet to where the two creeks unite to form the Sauk and where Monte Cristo now stands. But another spectacle rivited his attention: this was a broad, glistening streak on the side of Wilmans Peak, overlooking Seventy-six Gulch. He also saw that all the mountains which shut in the valley beyond were streaked with broad red bands from summit to base. But that glittering streak more fastened his attention and he examined it from the distance with a field glass and convinced himself that it was galena. He was looking for galena, as were all the prospectors of the Cascades in those days, and waving his arms in delight, he exclaimed: "It is rich as Monte Cristo," and named the mountain after that master of fabulous wealth. This happened on the Fourth of July, 1889, and when he afterwards climbed to the spot and made his first location he named it 'Independence of 1776,' a name which has become abbreviated to Seventy-six and is now applied to this claim, the whole ledge and the gulch which exposes it and the creek flowing from it."

Asahel Curtis

MONTE CRISTO — Taken in 1906, showing the Monte Cristo mill in operation. A mine may be seen at the extreme left near the pass, another is near the top of the mountain. Wilman Peak, center, Seventy-six Gulch, right.

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MINES AND MINERALS OF WASHINGTON

MILNOR ROBERTS
Dean of School of Mines, University of Washington

NEARLY all the metal mines of Washington are situated in the northern half of the State, a region of highlands and rugged mountains. The mines are not confined to a few localities but are widely scattered. At least one hundred camps and organized mining districts are listed, besides many individual mines.

The principal coal mines are located in an interrupted belt lying along the western slope of the Cascade range, although in Thurston and Lewis counties the coal fields extend westward into the valley lands. The Roslyn field is the lone occurrence of coal that has been developed on the eastern side of the Cascades, where its position in the foothills corresponds roughly to that of the fields in the Puget Sound region.

In the group of non-metallic minerals other than coal, many useful substances occur abundantly in Washington. Large stone quarries, cement factories and lime-burning plants are in operation. Certain other industries are based upon deposits of natural materials not so well known, such as diatomaceous earth, magnesite and epsom salts. Clays are being burned to a variety of products; our ceramic resources, in fact, are of such importance that a special study of them is being made through coöperative efforts between the College of Mines and the United States Bureau of Mines station located at the University of Washington.

In addition to its natural resources in minerals, Washington possesses remarkable advantages as a center for the treatment of ores and metals. Numerous transportation lines centering here bring in ores from mines located throughout the northwest and along the shores of the Pacific from Alaska to Chile, with occasional shipments from the Orient. Hydro-electric power is cheap, fuels and building materials are present in variety and abundance. These favoring conditions have led to the establishment of such important metallurgical plants as the extensive copper smelter at Tacoma; the iron furnaces at Irondale, operated in conjunction with the steel plant at West Seattle; the Northport smelter and many smaller plants.

Gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc make up Washington's principal production in metals. Lead, which in point of value led the list in 1917, and zinc, which ran lowest, were produced that year in the northeastern counties only, although they are found in numerous

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prospects elsewhere. Gold, silver and copper are produced in most of the metal mining counties from Puget Sound to the Idaho line, the active localities varying somewhat from year to year.

The most important gold camp in the state is Republic, in Ferry county, where several mines maintain production. Among the individual gold mines elsewhere, one of the most successful is the Boundary-Red Mountain, located northeast of Mount Baker and near the Canadian boundary.

Placer gold is being mined on a small scale along Swauk Creek and its tributaries, where a total of several hundred thousand dollars was extracted in the years preceding the Alaska rush in 1897. An interesting trip through the Swauk and Blewett districts can be made by staging sixteen miles from Cle Elum to Old Liberty, then tramping up Williams Creek, crossing north over the Wenatchee range through Blewett pass and following down Peshastin Creek to the Great Northern railway near Leavenworth. In the neighborhood of Old Liberty are the pits of the former hydraulic mines and also the arrastres built of rough hewn stones in which quartz carrying coarse free gold was milled, the power being furnished by huge water wheels built in primitive style.

At Meaghersville, two miles up Williams Creek from its junction with the Swauk, a few men still carry on underground drift mining in gravel channels. The gravel is hoisted to the surface by horsewhim and washed in sluices, the gold being coarse and easily saved. Nuggets worth many dollars are not unusual and a few have been found of several hundred dollars' value. The gold was doubtless derived from quartz veins in the adjacent hills similar to those that are now being mined. Specimens of vein quartz containing very beautiful "fern" gold may be seen in some of the miners' homes. Two miles above Meaghersville in Cougar gulch is the Cougar mine, a quartz property with a ten-stamp mill.

From the Cougar mill to the highway through Blewett pass is about six native miles in a northwesterly direction over pine-clad hills, dotted with odd shaped monuments of sandstone. A few miles north of the summit is Blewett, where the first stamp mill in the state was erected. Since 1874 both quartz and placer mining have been carried on almost continuously in this locality. Cinnabar as well as gold is found along Negro Creek; a few miles to the westward in the Mount Stuart region deposits of copper, antimony and other ores are being explored. Shipments of iron ore have been made from a property on the highway south of Blewett.

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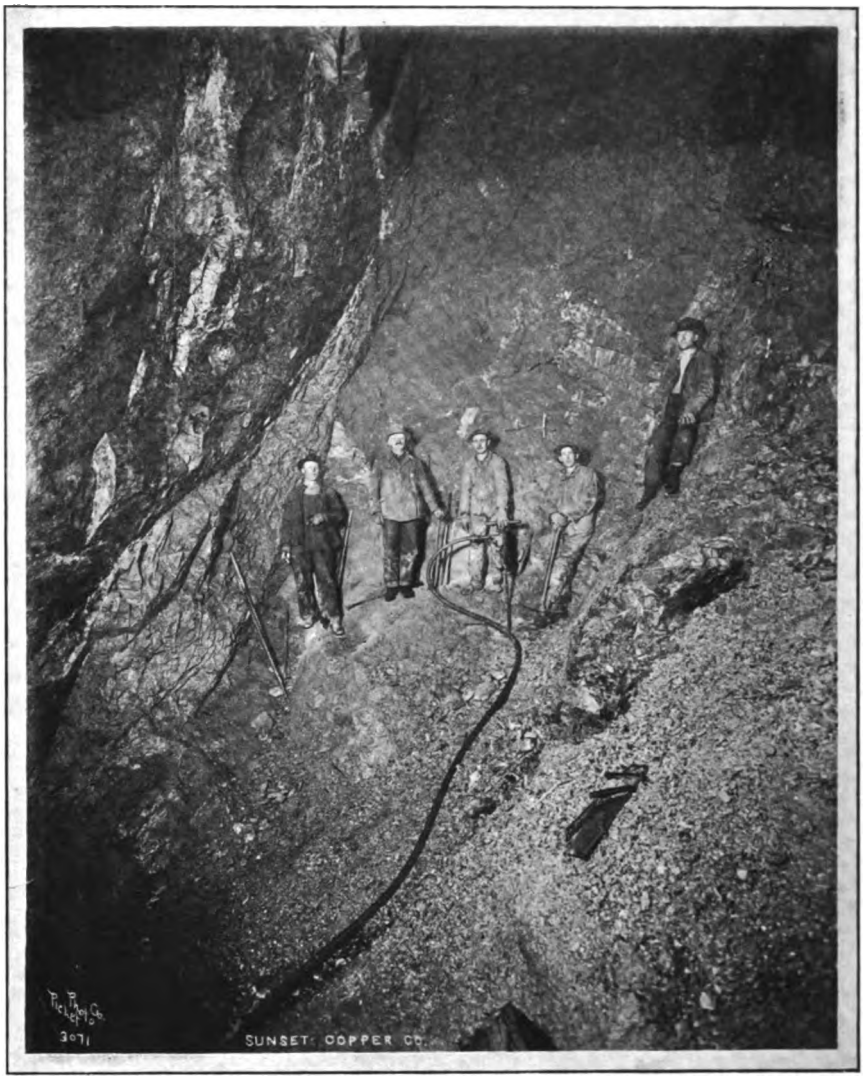

A STOPE IN THE SUNSET COPPER MINE

This mine is on Trout Creek seven miles above Index. Width of vein shown, fifteen feet. Photo used by courtesy of George H. Stevenson, President of the Sunset Copper Company, Seattle.

Copper in the form of sulphide minerals is probably found at more widespread points than any other metal in the state. A greater or less output is kept up by mines scattered over an area covering the northern counties and extending southward through the Cascade range. A copper mine easily reached from Puget Sound cities is the Sunset, near Index, which employs sixty men and has produced more than a million pounds of copper in the past two years. Formerly the

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ore was hand-sorted for shipment, but in August, 1918, a mill was completed at the mine. Approximately one hundred fifty tons of mine ore is treated daily in this mill on tables and by flotation, the concentrates being shipped to the Tacoma smelter. A railway with terminus at Index extends seven miles up the north fork of the Skykomish and its tributary, Trout Creek, to the mine.

The most southerly and also the most elevated producing copper mine is that of the Mount Rainier Mining Company, located on the northern slope of Mount Rainier at Storbo Camp, at an elevation of 5935 feet. Incidentally, Rainier is the only national park in the country in which mining is permitted. The United Copper at Chewelah has for some years been a steady producer of gray copper carrying silver values.

A striking feature of the ore deposits of Washington, especially those in the higher mountains, is the freshness of the minerals at points just below the surface. The "iron cap," the rusty, oxidized zone commonly found for some distance below the surface in other mining regions, is lacking in most of our camps. Here the glaciers have carved their way downward through the rocks and laid the ore bodies bare at their hearts. Since this exposure took place, so comparatively short a time has elapsed that the agencies of weathering have not yet made marked changes in the ore minerals. In rock-bound glacial basins the sulphides of the base metals often appear in unweathered condition directly at the surface. Pyrite, chalcopyrite and galena show almost their usual lustre at the outcrops of many veins situated above timber line. At lower altitudes these minerals may be found in a similar state beneath the covering of moss or glacial drift.

Of the metals that have been in especial demand for war uses, Washington makes intermittent production of chrome, manganese, molybdenum and tungsten, each of which is used to give special properties to steel. Shipments of chrome ore have been made from deposits in serpentine on Cypress Island opposite Anacortes. Manganese ore has been shipped from Okanogan county and also from prospects above Lake Cushman in the Olympic mountains.

Tungsten occurs at a number of points in the state. The largest mine is the Germania in Stevens county, which during the first year of the war was operated by Germans who were supposed to be acting for Krupp interests. Tungsten derived from Germania ore is said to have formed an important part of the cargo of the submarine freighter Deutschland on her homeward voyage from Baltimore.

Molybdenite, the chief ore of molybdenum, is found in many of our mountainous regions, especially in areas of the deep-seated rocks

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such as those of the granite family. Most of the occurrences, however, are small. The principal production has come from the Crown Point mine located on Railroad Creek, on the trail from Lake Chelan to Glacier Peak. The Crown Point, although not active, is an interesting mine to visit. The vein, which outcrops in blanket form across the face of a cliff in a glacier-scoured valley, is notable for the perfect specimens of molybdenite it has produced, some of which are as large as the palm of a man's hand.

Other minor metals such as antimony, arsenic and quicksilver are produced in the state from time to time. In fact, Washington makes up in variety what it lacks in quantity of mineral output. At Monte Cristo arsenic minerals are the chief carriers of gold and silver. The Tacoma smelter finds enough arsenic in coast ores to yield a steady production of white arsenic.

The greatest development in coal mining has taken place in the fields lying east of Seattle and Tacoma. Here the coals are of two types, bituminous and sub-bituminous, the one grading into the other. Renton, Newcastle, Issaquah and Grand Ridge are typical mines of sub-bituminous type. The coal does not coke; it has a fair calorific value and is useful for domestic and steaming purposes.

The bituminous coals in these fields differ from one another in their properties and uses. Black Diamond is a representative of the class of non-coking steam coals, while Wilkeson and Carbonado make strong coke. South Prairie is used especially for gas making. Other bituminous fields have been developed at Cokedale near the Skagit river and at Roslyn and Cle Elum in Kittitas county.

The southwestern counties are underlain by considerable areas of coal, which ranges in character from sub-bituminous to lignite. Tono coal, classed as black lignite, is extensively used under locomotive boilers. Farther south in the neighborhood of Castle Rock on the lower Cowlitz river are several small mines of brown lignite.

Elsewhere in the state are other occurrences of coal of unknown worth. In Moses Coulee, in the midst of the Columbia river lava fields, a borehole recently put down in search of water struck a bed of lignite underlying a thickness of several hundred feet of basalt. Exploration of this bed is now taking place. Of a similar nature is the occurrence of natural gas in the Rattlesnake Hills west of the Columbia river in Benton county, where wells sunk through basalt have encountered gas under strong pressure.

Two fields of anthracite are found in Washington but no producing mine has been developed in either of them. Both are situated high in the Cascade range. The Mount Baker or Glacier field occupies rugged

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ground on the ridges that buttress the western slope of Mount Baker. A well-built trail leads up from Glacier to several of the coal openings. In addition to gangways driven in the coal, exploration has been carried on by diamond drilling.

The Cowlitz field lies fifteen to twenty miles southeast of Mount Rainier, between the Ohanapecosh river and the summit of the Cascades. The usual route to the field is by the trail leading up from the Cowlitz river settlements to Cowlitz Pass. The Skate Creek trail from Longmire also leads to the Cowlitz anthracite field. Interesting occurences of coal may be seen in those places where intrusive igneous rocks have altered the coal to natural coke and even to graphitic forms. The latter are ignited with difficulty and merely glow without being consumed, thereby furnishing a true example of conservation of fuel.

Most of the coal mined in Washington is given treatment at the surface to prepare it for market. After preliminary sizing on screens, the clean lump coal is picked out by hand while the "bone and slate" are thrown aside. The remainder is screened into market sizes and washed to remove the clay, shale and other impurities that are mined with the coal.

Among the non-metallic mineral substances other than coal, the group comprising structural materials is of prime importance. Five cement plants are in operation in the state; two located in eastern Washington, two at Concrete on the Skagit river and one at Bellingham. Limestones of high purity are mixed with shales or clays in the process of cement manufacture. Similar limestones are used for lime burning, an especially large plant for this purpose being located at Roche Harbor on San Juan Island.

Granites, sandstones, tuffs and basalts for building and road construction are quarried at a number of points scattered over the whole state, while northeastern Washington countains some beautiful marbles. Common brick are made from local clays in most of the counties. Higher grades of brick of many standard types, tiles, hollow ware in great variety, vitrified pipe and pottery are being manufactured in increasing quantity, these industries centering near Spokane and Seattle.

An industry established in recent years in central Washington is that of mining diatomaceous earth, a peculiar white rock of such light weight that it will float in water until its minute pores become saturated. One of the principal uses of diatomaceous earth depends upon its absorbent power. The earth is also used in pulverized form as the abrasive in fine polishing powders.

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Pumice, another rock of floating tendencies which is valuable for its abrasive qualities, is plentiful on the surface of certain mountain areas where it has lodged after being ejected from some volcanic vent. It coats portions of the mountains west of Lake Chelan with a blanket varying in thickness from a few inches to several feet. The polishing power of this pumice is appreciated by the prospector in that region, who attacks his pots and pans with a few fragments of it and gives them a lustre that seems transcendental in comparison with their usual state.

The Mountaineers when on their summer excursions often have opportunities to visit mining districts, especially those in the Cascade range. The excursion made in 1910 to Glacier Peak passed near several prospecting camps. The party that made the circuit of Mount Rainier in 1915 spent several days at the Storbo copper mine. In the following year, on the Mount Baker trip, a visit was paid to the Lone Jack, a former gold producer located not far from the Boundary-Red Mountain mine. The Monte Cristo district, where the 1918 outing was held, contains a variety of interesting ores and serves to illustrate some of the difficulties that beset the miner in the region of precipitous mountains and deep snowfall.

If a mine or prospect appeals to the eye of the mountain traveler largely by reason of its spirit of independence or its location at a remote point in the heart of a wilderness of peaks, the mines of Washington should attract the Mountaineers. No wilder locations could be pictured than those of the mine cabins perched on cliffs among the glaciers of the northern Cascades. The prospector, armed with abundant hope and a few sticks of dynamite, has surely had an eye to scenery when posting his location notices in those mountain-goat pastures.

In these days of coöperation throughout our land, the Mountaineers may at times be able to assist in the development of our mineral resources. Molybdenite, for instance, is a mineral that members who have a liking for ore would do well to bear in mind. Trifling deposits of it are found at many points, but ore bodies of workable size are rare. It is often mistaken for graphite but the distinction between the two minerals is plain. Since molybdenite occurs in the regions frequented by that migratory and gregarious species, the Mountaineer, some member might be fortunate enough to locate a useful deposit of this valuable mineral.

Both the College of Mines and the Northwest Experiment Station of the United States Bureau of Mines, located at the University, are glad to identify specimens sent in for examination and to advise as to their uses and values.

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GOAT LAKE

Mazama's proud defiant poise
On silent cliff of old
Where crags of circle rampart gleamed
In mirror waters cold.

In flash of fire at morning light
The hunter's bullet sped—
On terraced field of lingering snow,
The first rude splash of red.

The slumbering ramparts all awoke
At thrust of miner's drills,
Yet here serene were limpid smiles
At feet of shaking hills.

While powder roars in rending rock
And saws cut deep their scars,
The mirror waters calmly sleep
And hold the waiting stars.

The ferns again may claim their own
At glow of tardy dawn
And rippling waters gently kiss
The lips of timid fawn.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

SILVERTON IN THE CASCADES

The river's song through alder brim
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
A forest cadence, Nature's hymn,
Ere man was known.

For pine and fir, no ax or knife,
That olden day, nor flaming scorch
In all the miles of swaying life.
A star, the only guiding torch,

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To light a pristine forest world,
Where crept the miner, rock to rock,
And quenchless passion-hammers hurled
To wake the hills with powder shock.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
A pledge of future power for him,
Who toiled alone.

A hearth, a trail, rude shop and school,
A man-built town in mountain nest,
Where strength matched strength, the manhood rule,
Since hills were new to miner's quest.
Above each hill glowed stars of hope
Where sledge and drill new tunnels planned,
Then grinding wheel, an iron rope
And loaded tram o'er canyon spanned.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
In city whirl of noise a dim
Forgotten tone.

Then O, the years of slow decay!
The grinding ceased when faith had fled.
Huge wheels, once changing night to day,
Are still. In darkness all seems dead.
There's grass around the schoolhouse door.
The men, so few, are bent and old,
Their sledges rust on th' great mill floor,
The empty furnace, bleak and cold.

The river's song through alder brim,
Liquid bell and rumble stone,
Now sighing past the ruins grim,
Will gain its own.

EDMOND S. MEANY.

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SURGICAL PROPERTIES OF SPHAGNUM MOSS

GEORGE B. RIGG

Department of Botany, University of Washington

THE extensive use of sphagnum moss for surgical dressings during the World War was due largely to its high absorbency, its lightness, its resistance to decay, its abundance and its cheapness. Among these factors the high absorbency is extremely important. This moss has much greater absorbing power than other materials that are available. It absorbs both water and pus readily. A pad made from good surgical sphagnum moss will absorb from 14 to 20 times its own weight of liquid without dripping. Absorbent cotton will take up only about 4 or 5 times its own weight.

The reason for this high absorbency is that the larger part of the substance of the leaves of this moss is composed of empty cells with porous walls. These empty cells are colorless, since they do not contain the green bodies which give color to ordinary green leaves. Water readily enters them not only through these holes but also by soaking through the cell walls, and is thus held in large quantities. The ordinary green cells of these leaves are much narrower than the colorless empty ones. A very conservative estimate based on the leaf cells of the four species that are useful for surgical dressings indicates that the total bulk of the colorless empty cells is 15 times that of the ordinary green cells such as make up the leaves of other common mosses. The leaves are only one cell thick, so that both sides of every colorless cell are in direct contact with water when the leaf is submerged. In two of the surgical species the green cells are not exposed at all on either surface of the leaf so that the entire leaf surface is composed of the colorless cells. Whatever green color we see in such a leaf is due to seeing the green cells through the colorless ones. The surface layer of both stem and branches is also composed of these colorless empty cells with porous walls. Mosses other than sphagnum do not have these empty cells and this fact readily answers the question so frequently asked as to why they are not good for surgical dressings.

Sphagnum moss makes a very light surgical dressing. Since a pad made from dry sphagnum is light and springy it is less heating on a wound that a heavier, more compact dressing. This tends to make the patient more comfortable than with pads of other materials. The discomfort of the patient is also decreased by the fact that sphagnum pads do not become so stiff and hard when they receive the discharge from a wound as pads of other materials. All of these qualities combine to make the sphagnum pad as comfortable a dressing for wounds as has been found.

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Experience has shown that this moss is not so readily attacked by organisms causing decay as other plants are. When a sphagnum pad is placed upon a wound it does not become foul so quickly as, for example, a cotton one. However, its values does not lie in any antiseptic effect upon the wound. Although the moss itself does not decay readily, it does not prevent the growth of organisms of decay or disease in surfaces with which it may come into contact. Every pad is sterilized before being placed upon a wound. This resistance to decay also makes it easy to store the moss. It is not necessary to dry it before storing as would be the case with other plant materials. Supplies of this moss have been stored for weeks or even months in fairly warm moist conditions without injury. The gunny sacks in which it was stored have been found so badly decayed that they could not be moved without coming to pieces and yet the moss was still of good quality and showed no decay.

It has been known for a long time that sphagnum moss is very abundant in the Puget Sound country and Alaska. It is also fairly common in certain other parts of the United States and is abundant in certain portions of Canada. Sphagnum grows only in moist places. If the climate of a region combines moisture and a mild temperature the conditions favor an abundance of this moss.

It has been known for years that it is useful for surgical dressings. An account of it appeared as early as 1882. When it came to using it extensively, however, as was done in this war, it was found that many species of sphagnum were useless for this purpose and that only four of the twenty-six western species were suitable. These are the larger, more leafy species which when dried form a looser, fluffier mass. These four species are superior because their absorbency is higher than that of the others and because they form a lighter and more open pad.

Two of these species are very abundant in certain parts of western Washington. The supply of suitable moss was found especially abundant in Pacific County and Grays Harbor County, though occasional supplies were found in bogs near Seattle and Tacoma, and in other localities. Altogether, the supply of good surgical moss was found to be abundant in western Washington and Oregon. The enormous supply in Alaska was really not drawn on at all. Smaller supplies of good moss were also found in other parts of the United States and some large supplies were found in Canada.

The gathering of sphagnum moss for surgical dressings has never been made a commercial matter so no one has exact data on its cost. During the war the raw material was always free. It would seem that this might continue to be so at least for some time if its use were continued, because its removal does not in the least lower the commercial value of the land from which it is taken. The items of cost in the

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product ready to put into pads would then be harvesting, transportation, sorting and drying. The labor involved in these items was all donated during the war as was also a good deal of the transportation. No other material was available of which so much of the expense could be eliminated by donated service. No data are at hand as to the cost of moss ready to be used in pads if all services and other expenses in connection with its collection, transportation, sorting and drying had to be paid for. The question as to whether sphagnum moss will continue to be used as a surgical dressing in peace times cannot be answered with certainty. Its desirable qualities will tend to encourage its use, but it must be remembered that its cost will be greater in peace times because none of the expense will be donated, while the cost of other materials that might replace it, e. g. cotton, will be less in peace times than in war times.

The following recent articles on sphagnum may be of interest to those who care to pursue this subject farther.

1. Frye, T. C. Illustrated key to the western Sphagnaceae. Bryologist 21; 37-48, 1918.

*2. Hotson, J. W. Sphagnum as a surgical dressing. Northwest Division Am. Red Cross, Seattle, 1918.

3. Hotson, J. W. Sphagnum as a surgical dressing. Science, N. S. 48; 204-208, 1918.

4. Nichols, G. E. War work for bryologists. Bryologist 21; 53-56, 1918.

5. Nichols, G. E. The sphagnum moss and its use in surgical dressings. Jour. New York Bot. Gar. Vol. XIX, 203-220, 1918. (Reviewed in The Literary Digest, Dec. 14, 1918.)

*Dr. Hotson has 150 copies of his illustrated article, "Sphagnum as a Surgical Dressing," which he will be glad to distribute to the first 150 Mountaineers who care to apply for them. Address Dr. J. W. Hotson, University of Washington, Seattle.

A CLIMB OF MOUNT FUJI

JOSEPH T. HAZARD

FIVE hours after touching shore in Japan, three hours from Yokohama, our little party, my wife, Anton Katala, a Russian, and I, left the train at Gotemba station. With us was a confused impression of the teeming life of the Orient, ahead the first trail of the ascent of Fuji-san. We had watched a sunset upon Fuji the evening before. As the Suwa Maru steamed into Tokyo Bay we faced a panorama of white capped waves, darting sails, a horizon thunder storm, and above all a dark mountain, contoured like Saint Helens, thrust against a flaming sky.

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Mrs. J. T. Hazard

MOUNT FUJI-SAN From the shrine village of Subashira within ten miles of the summit.

At Gotemba we hunted up a highly advertised horse tram. We found it a lean ribbed steed attached to a dilapidated chaise. Tram tracks there were none, and after a jolting half mile we walked. Terraced rice fields, unique houses, myriad children and the kindly country folk of Nippon made fascinating the miles that led gradually upward. With elevation came groves of post-card trees, and still higher dense forests of small trees matted together. After seven miles we entered Subashiri, a village at the foot of the mountain, with an elevation of three thousand feet. We spent a pleasant evening upon the one street followed by the unobtrusive curiosity of most of the children of the country side.

That evening two facts bearing on our ascent became evident. The total English vocabulary of the village was found in two words "Horso" and "Guido." Naturally "Fuji" and a pointing finger supplied the connection and told of our plans. The second fact, a stern one, was the breaking of the most destructive typhoon of the year. For two nights and a day we were storm-bound in a real Japanese hotel, with savory Oriental food, floor cushions, immaculate matting, and the truest spirit of hospitality that it has ever been our fortune to experience.

The morning of the second day was partly clear. The blanket of rain had ceased. The wind was as high as ever but good weather was seemingly on the way. At seven o'clock we took the trail with three horses and two guides, the latter fashioned in strange contrast. The head guide was a stocky little man "built like a brick house." The second was a thin-shanked agile fellow, with strange hieroglyphics,

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indicating some sort of priesthood, emblazoned all over his black tights.

After four miles of soft, lava strewn road we reached the first station of the real climb. It was a wayside tea house, one of a series dotting the side of the mountain offering all too frequent food and drink.

PACKER ON FUJI-SAN *Mrs. J. T. Hazard*

In the first four miles we had wasted much sympathy upon our stocky little "guido," who had carried our extra sweaters, coats, and provisions upon his back, resolutely refusing through some strange code to let the horses take the extra pack. As we now began to climb a switchback road we passed coolies going up and down, really loaded. One old man, a wizened little fellow with a face indicating a century of trail and travail, bore with sturdy unconcern a backpack that would have done credit to a moving van. His load was pyramided high above his head and contained enough merchandise to stock a small tea house. For the next two days we passed an endless chain of these sturdy fellows, working up and down the mountain side.

From the first station we made elevation fast, alternately riding and walking. At the second station it began to rain, our typhoon having lurked on our trail all morning. As we approached the third station, about 6,340 feet elevation, we passed out of the forest upon gale-swept lava slopes. We dared no longer burden the horses and sent them back from the third rest house. By this time we had learned that the Goriki, or coolie packers, were different from Mountaineers in that they were always ready to eat and drink. At every rest house they drank tea and ate sugar cakes.

From the third station we struggled up the mountain against sheets of rain and a sixty-mile gale. The trail was a half-road, six feet wide, firmly made and switch-backed with perfect judgment. In fact there are no dangers in the entire ascent for this broad trail extends now to the top, rock stairs even being fashioned where the

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steepness demands. Toward the top these steps were needed, for added to the push of the gale was the confusing lash and sting of wind-blown lava pebbles. Often during the climb the sun broke through the storm and we saw double and triple rainbows which ribboned the hurrying clouds and the green vistas far beneath our barren trail.

At 10,200 feet we reached the seventh station. It was only three o'clock, but the violence of the typhoon had increased until it was impossible to go farther. In a squatty stone hut with a rock anchored roof slanting from the contour of the mountain we found mats, some bedding, rice and a charcoal fire. We dried out and retired early, resting but sleepless in the howl of the storm.

At two a. m. we were startled from half sleep by wierd, savage cries out on the mountain side. Katala, the Russian boy, had left his blanket. Soon we heard his voice at the other end of the hut. After a time he returned with an explanation of the turmoil. From a soldier and the guides he had learned that three hundred Japanese soldiers were maneuvering in the night, during the typhoon, 2,100 feet below the summit of Fuji. Truly they should be hardy fighters. A company of ninety had been missed and the calls were to locate these men and to guide them to shelter.

Morning broke with the typhoon waning. Through fleeting clouds piled in gigantic billows we could catch glimpses of the green Paradise of Nippon. Far beneath, at the left, was a large lake surrounded by miles of barracks, the great training ground for Japanese soldiers. Beyond were green hills lifting to a distant mountain range. In front and at the right were the gardened plains of Japan stretching to Yokohama and the Pacific. As we watched there formed above that phenomenon famed throughout the world, the morning shadow of Fuji. It lifted darkly and in strangely pure lines against a huge fleecy cloud bank. We watched it until it faded, then prepared for the final 2,100 foot climb.

The wind tore from the summit in chill forty-mile gusts as we started. Three hundred Japanese soldiers and several squads of white robed pilgrims climbed with us and we made the summit in record time, rising from 10,200 feet to 12,390 feet in an hour and fifteen minutes, arriving at 7:45 a. m.

The top of Fuji is a yawning crater, 2,000 feet across, lined with snowslopes. On the side of the Subashiri ascent are many stone shelters enabling parties to sleep on the summit. We had our climbing sticks officially marked in Japanese "Top of Fuji," took some pictures, and after a last fifteen minutes with the wonderful panorama we started on the down trail. We had climbed 8,000 feet the first day and now after a final 2,100 foot ascent, faced 10,000 feet descent and nine miles distance to the Yoneyama Hotel at Subashiri.

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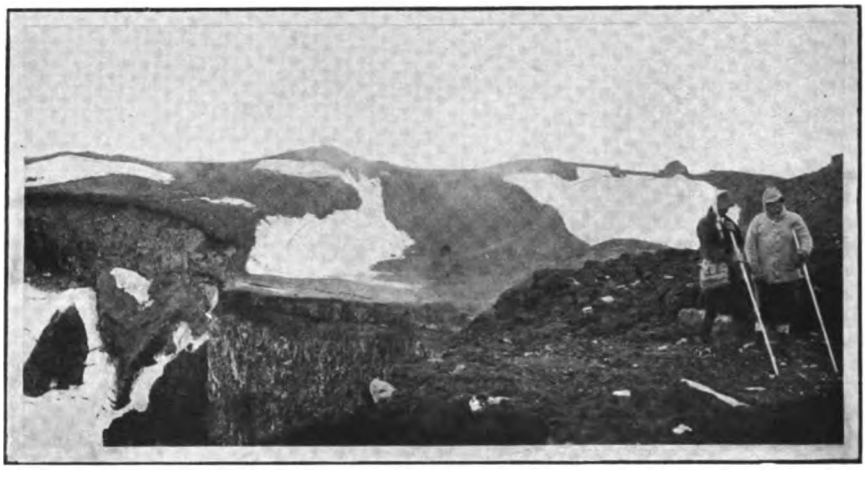
A thousand feet below the summit, despite the horrified warning gestures of the goriki we angled across to an 800-foot snow finger. That portion of the Japanese army then on Fuji halted in amazement while the crazy foreigners slid on their backs 700 feet toward the rocks below. The coast was a safe one, not even steep enough to slide standing, yet the Japanese all marvelled at it. With their cotton clothing and straw sandals one can understand that coasting is to them a strange and untried sport.

The descent was monotonous save for the tea houses, always new and strangely interesting. Despite buckling knees we made the last four miles in an hour, arriving at Subashiri at twelve o'clock noon.

Any mountain more than 10,000 feet high lifts one far beyond the commonplace. Fuji, in itself, is an ordinary mountain of even lava contours, offering no thrills and slight diversion. But add to its desolate peak, a genuine typhoon, the smiling, enterprising, picturesque Nipponese, the clean, handswept, green, well gardened landscapes, the altitude-born panoramas of Nippon, and there is offered to the mountaineer a playground to be forever cherished in memory.



Mrs. J. T. Hazard

SUMMIT OF FUJI-SAN — In the left foreground is the precipitous brink of the crater into which one is forbidden to descend.

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SUCCESS CLEAVER ROUTE TO RAINIER'S SUMMIT

J. H. Weer

IEWED from right or left, or lengthwise, Success Cleaver entices those fond of rock-work in mountain cilmbing. Untraversed by any glacier it is one of only two all-rock formations connecting timber-line and Rainier's snow cap, the other unsurmountable. Extending downward, southwesterly, from Peak Success, Success Cleaver has been ground by glaciers to a remarkably narrow and sharp ridge. At its right the cirque of South Tahoma Glacier impressively displays the destructiveness of Rainier's glaciers.

This article is based chiefly on observations and experiences of three Mountaineers, R. S. Wainwright, H. McL. Myers, and the writer during an ascent on August 23, 1918, the descent, on the following day, having been via Gibraltar route. Previous ascents via Success Cleaver are reported to have been three in number, by small parties under leadership of guide Joe Stampfler, from the last of which the descent was accomplished via same route.

Five days of heavy rain, during which the three climbers and T. Bisgaard camped in Indian Henry's Hunting Ground, were followed by several remarkably clear days and nights. Camp (6500 feet) at north base of Pyramid Peak was left at 2:15 a. m. and climbing was easy for a few hours, but after passing the 10,000-foot level difficulties were ever present.

At intervals every form and variety of rock entering into the structure of Mount Rainier was repeatedly encountered, ranging from fine sand to enormous upstanding projections at whose base it sometimes was necessary to crawl under outjutting ledges. The route at no place affords breadth of more than about fifty feet in width to pick a course. Sometimes progress was along the very comb of the jagged cleaver, pulling and crawling up onto a huge rock and dropping down beyond. Again upstanding masses were skirted to right or left, though usually to right where the glaciers have not produced a sheer wall as has the South Tahoma.

That which seemingly makes this route impracticable for general use or for any other than experienced mountain climbers is the succession of treacherous chutes of rock, snow and ice, extending sharply downward to the main bodies of Kautz, Success and Pyramid glaciers. These chutes must be traversed at varying angles at their very tips. During the climbing season their surfaces are mostly loose fine rock or sand, affording very insecure footing. On this occasion two inches of soft new snow increased the difficulties. A descent via

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Success Cleaver holds vastly greater hazards than an ascent.

This party found, to their surprise, and gladly used, ropes in position for scaling at elevations of about 10,500 feet and 13,000 feet. These appeared so new it was assumed they had been only recently placed. Later it was learned that Joe Stampfler had placed them in 1914 when making his last ascent, and the only descent, via this route.*

Nearing the top of Cleaver, and under Peak Success, the course swings to right up onto a snow slope leading by easy grade to the saddle between Peak Success and the crater.

Views of surpassing splendor by moonlight and at early dawn in the first stages of the ascent occasioned slow progress. Later, difficulties of the climb made speed impossible. Thus, over fifteen hours were consumed in reaching the saddle. Another hour was required to reach and cross the smaller (west) crater to its north rim, making total time sixteen and one-half hours. Hot lemonade and tea were made over steam jets at crater rim, then sleeping quarters were selected in one of the nearby steam-heated ice caves, and—but that's another story.

Note: * This party included Margaret Hargrave, Mountaineer, the only woman to climb via this route and one of the only two people, according to report, to have ascended Rainier over three of the four known routes.

MOUNTAINEER ACTIVITIES

Celia D. Shelton

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting,
For fear of little men;
Wee folk, good folk, trooping all together,
Green jacket, red cap, and white owl's feather.

HOUGH the days when the little people roved unmolested through the forests and up the mountain sides, have receded far into the dim and romantic past, the fairy spell of the forest glades has never disappeared. It beckons from the topmost peaks, it is abroad in the green woodland, it sparkles from the frozen hillsides, the lure so insistent that few mortals can resist it. Over the centuries that fairy glamour has endured, to invest the soul of the hardy hiker, and to drive forth the Mountaineers, imbued with the divine unrest, early or late, on long trips or short, to attain that serenity of spirit that the wee folk seem to have possessed, and that only the great outdoors can yield.

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On any fresh Sunday morning, in mist or rain, or sunshine, you may see them,

"trooping all together,

Green jacket, red cap," and here and there a jaunty feather to keep in mind man's ancient friendship with the feathered creatures of the world. The party is usually a heterogeneous one, its members drawn from all the varied social groups of a big and busy city, and perhaps at the outset of the walk a trifle strange even to one another. But a few miles of brisk exercise, fresh air, and friendly chat, makes comrades of them all, so that when lunch time comes with its cheerful crackling fire, and a bit of time to rest or play a game of ball, the ice is broken and even the most retiring strangers have found some common bond of interest as a source of conversation or even of most eloquent silence.

It is a mooted question as to which season of the year is most delightful for tramping in the Northwest woods. The springtime seems perhaps the ideal time, when the first tender green is beginning to show in the dark pines, and when the soft scents of the mouldering earth are mingled with those of early flowers and herbs. Nature seems to have prepared for herself, in this season, the most delicate and becoming of veils, so that no one may suspect how ancient she is, but be deluded into imagining her a rosy young thing all bedecked with the alluring charms of youth. So the haze and mild atmosphere of the early spring days make Sundays out-of-doors seem imperative. Then the local walks attendance rises to the breaking point, when boats are chartered and special cars are necessary, and the Committee must scheme to make the coffee planned for one hundred and fifty, spread out to welcome two hundred. Spring brings with it certain walks which have become annual events, such as the Rhododendron walk, when we all come home joyfully brandishing great armfuls of plump pink buds and glossy leaves, walks on Bainbridge Island or the mainland overlooking Hood Canal; in fact, all walks that feature a boat trip hold first place in the popular favor, particularly those mentioned in the bulletin as "over old roads and trails."

With the heat and dust of summer, the local walks are discontinued, and all the talk is of the summer trip. For it is out of the first ambition of its pioneer members to explore the peaks and the mountain ranges of this northwestern region that the club and its numerous activities have grown. The great occasion of the year then, is some such exploring expedition into the Cascades, or the Olympics, or even into neighboring states to try comparisons with other climbing clubs. The trip usually occupies the first three weeks of August, when the weather is most apt to be settled on the dry side of the question. Its leaders have thoroughly scouted the chosen region, cached supplies

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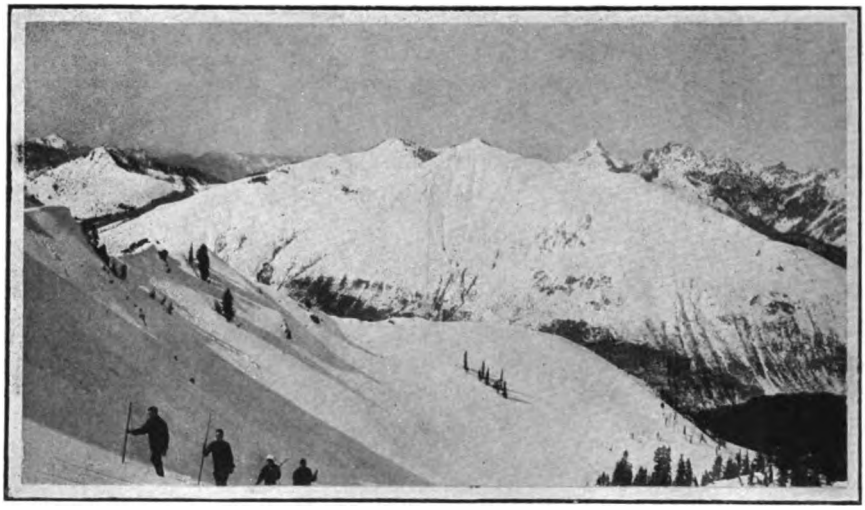

R. L. Glisan

CLIMBING SILVER PEAK — Granite Mountain is seen in the background across the valley of the South Fork of the Snoqualmie.

at convenient camping places, and have made all their plans for several try-out trips before taking the party on the big climb. Sometimes as many as a hundred people take this delightful summer outing, and at least seventy of the number qualify for the main climb. For many of these hundred people it is apt to be a soul stirring experience, when for three weeks they may be freed from the artificialities of life in the world of work, and when they may sleep under the open skies, the gypsies of the mountain-sides, learn the lessons of the deep silences, and feel the purifying breath of the winds from off the mountain tops. No one who has felt these things can ever be the same again. He has gained that magic something, perhaps he's touched with the fairy spell, that makes him forever long to return once more to the high places. At intervals he must go back to feel again the wide free air, and to catch again that fleeting vision of the meaning of life and the Infinite that seems to come to him who holds communion with the hills.

When the summer trip is over and the pilgrims have returned, the course of Club events is once more resumed. The Bulletin announces the first walk of the season, on which everyone must go to hear and tell accounts of the summer's experiences.

If spring time is popular for local walks, the Autumn season, too, has its devotees; those who love best the crisp, clean air, the clear views, and gorgeous colorings of October and early November. For beauty of scenery, no month can excel October, when a trip across the Sound, or a climb in the Cascades affords the most magnificent opportunities for distance views and color effects.

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R. L. Glisan

SUMMIT OF SILVER PEAK As seen on a snowshoe climb, Washington's Birthday, 1918.

But there are many hardy souls among the Mountaineers who love old winter best of all. When the days are short and rainy and the climate of Puget Sound seems dreariest, the real Mountaineer is in his element. Instead of spending a dark day indoors, he dons his suit of forest green and what he fondly hopes are his waterproof boots, and hies him forth in the dim winter morning light, to rejoice that the air is fresh, and the scudding clouds like pictures, and that the good earth under foot, though wet, is full of life and health. It is almost a tradition in the Club, that there is no day so wet that it does not clear up for at least a few hours of the trip, and there are enough exceptions to prove this rule. Where then, is the good Mountaineer who would miss a local walk on account of rain?

With winter come the snow-shoe outings when local walks lose something of their charm. The winter outing to the Lodge or the annual snow-shoe trip to Mount Rainier seem to occupy the center of attention. Then conversations on the trail turn inevitably to the burning question of snow-shoes, pacs, and the most dependable make of harness. The Beaver-tails and Bear-paws hold heated arguments with the Canadian trappers, and even now and then a timorous Cook's Inlet shoe dares to put in a word. The masters of the gentle art of skiing take on a superior air, and let it be known that the lowly snow-shoe has no caste at all in the world of winter sports. A trip to Snoqualmie Lodge is usually enough, however, to establish the snow-shoe solidly in favor as a very present help in trouble, with skis holding first place in the popular opinion on Lodge Lake and the toboggan course.

Snoqualmie Lodge is indeed an ideal mountain home, far enough

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up in the Cascade Range to be a center for trips to numbers of high peaks, yet accessible from Seattle and Tacoma for week-end parties at any season of the year. The big comfortable log cabin has been the scene of many a jolly gathering in the four years since it was built. Winter and summer, hardly a week-end is it left alone, for private parties are almost as common as scheduled trips, particularly in the summer time when members can take their vacations there. The policy of the Committee has been to make this mountain home available for outings to as many of the Club members as possible, and for that reason during the past year, trips were scheduled once a month.

The first winter outing of the year took place October 13 and 14, 1917, one that its members will not forget very soon, for the weather was perfect, the air clear, and the autumn colorings magnificent. One party climbed Silver Peak and another made the trip to Snow Lake. The sweet scents and gorgeous colorings of huckleberry, heather and mountain ash that cover the high park country above Snow Lake were reward enough for the long steep climb up the rocky slopes to the paradise that seems to nestle beyond them and to hang just above the Lake. In contrast with all this riot of autumn coloring the dark massive rocks and the deep blue of the mountain lake, set low among the steep hills is indescribably beautiful. In October of 1918, another party made the same trip, three of its members, Ben Mooers, Mrs. Lewis and Jules Guenther ambitiously side-tracking to climb Chair Peak as an after-lunch diversion. Still another group from this party, Fairman Lee, Norman Huber, and Llewellyn Lewis, made a record trip, climbing Mount Thompson and Red Mountain between Saturday morning and Sunday afternoon.

The second large outing to the Lodge to take place in the winter of 1917, was the annual New Year's trip. For several months the Bulletin had been holding out alluring promises of a New Year's High Jinx and Snow Shoe Carnival at Snoqualmie Lodge. But in spite of breathless anticipation the outing did not start very auspiciously for the week before was one of continuous rains. It was a fortunate few who left Seattle on Saturday morning, December 29, for the rains brought floods and the floods held up trains so that no additions could be made to that party. The snow so carefully prepared for had melted near Rockdale, the party was belated and the trail washed out, so that the trip to the Lodge was a real endurance test. Once up there, however, there was no lack of good fellowship and entertainment. Enough snow had survived the downpour to make short snow-shoe trips possible and the party made up for the lack of tobogganing by highly original indoor sports.

Those who were disappointed in December, found snow conditions all that they could desire for the annual Washington's Birthday

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outing. The snow was fresh and deep, making snowshoeing and skiing a delight, and the large party found the time joyfully occupied with tobogganing, races on the lake, trips to the Divide and attempts at skiiing. Nothing could be more beautiful than the woods during this season, the branches of the tall pines bending with fresh snow,

TOBOGANNING

Stanton G. Smith
Midwinter sport at Snoqualmie Lodge.

and making in every direction some new and striking picture where the powdery masses piled up in fantastic shapes around bushes and logs. Or again a distant view of one of the opposite peaks would be most effectively framed between the snow laden treetops. The long

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postponed snow-shoe carnival materialized on this outing. Indeed the sports and races occasioned such enthusiasm that a plan was formed for building a ski and toboggan slide that should end with a long course across Lodge Lake. The chairman, Reuben Hagman, carried the plan far enough to collect sufficient funds, so that now with the war over and the return of our soldiers in sight, it is to be hoped that some such dream may soon be realized.

Small outings to the Lodge have given opportunities for most interesting climbs. One little party, particularly, in March, 1918, felt sufficiently proud of what seemed a record trip, for they succeeded in reaching Silver Peak on snowshoes, only discarding those unwieldy appendages to climb the last one hundred feet through the tough little mountain pines, which, laden with ice and frozen snow served the purpose of icy ladders. That was a day of days for a snowshoe trip, very clear and sunlit, the snow packed fairly hard, and the distance views perfect. Every mountain seemed to be picked out of a clear blue background. The view from the ridge below Silver Peak was especially fine, the whole Humpback Range in sight, with Mount Rainier rising above them all as if enthroned, and bathed in the most delicate opalescent tints that transformed the stately monarch into a sort of mysterious fairy mountain. The trip back to the Lodge, as the sun declined and the long shadows began to suggest the chill of evening, made everyone in the little party remember his weakest thong. Indeed thongs and cord and even common string proved to be the dearest possession before the party finally caught the welcome twinkle of the kitchen lamp glimmering through the moonlit woods.

Other trips that have been most successful were an outing in May, and still a larger one over the Fourth of July, when a climb was made of Chair Peak.

For those who find the trips to Snoqualmie Lodge too ambitious, the Mountaineer's summer home, Kitsap Cabin, seems to fill a real need. Recently, the old farm house has been deserted for a new cabin on the clearing overlooking Hidden Ranch, where little parties or large gather for jolly evenings before the new fireplace that everyone has had a hand in making. No matter what the weather, Kitsap Cabin and the Rhododendron Park have a fascination. Even in the rain the tall pines with their festoons of gray moss seem to hold out a melancholy comfort to the belated home seeker, while in fine weather they stretch their heights upward with a fresh invigorating grace that seems to encourage the waving rhododendrons and to make way for the best view of sparkling huckleberry and lacy-patterned kinnikinnick. With vistas through the forests and glimpses of the blue distance and more wooded hills across the valley of Hidden Ranch, the lovers of Kitsap Cabin never are bored and never lose enthusiasm. This year the immediate and absorbing interest has been the building of the

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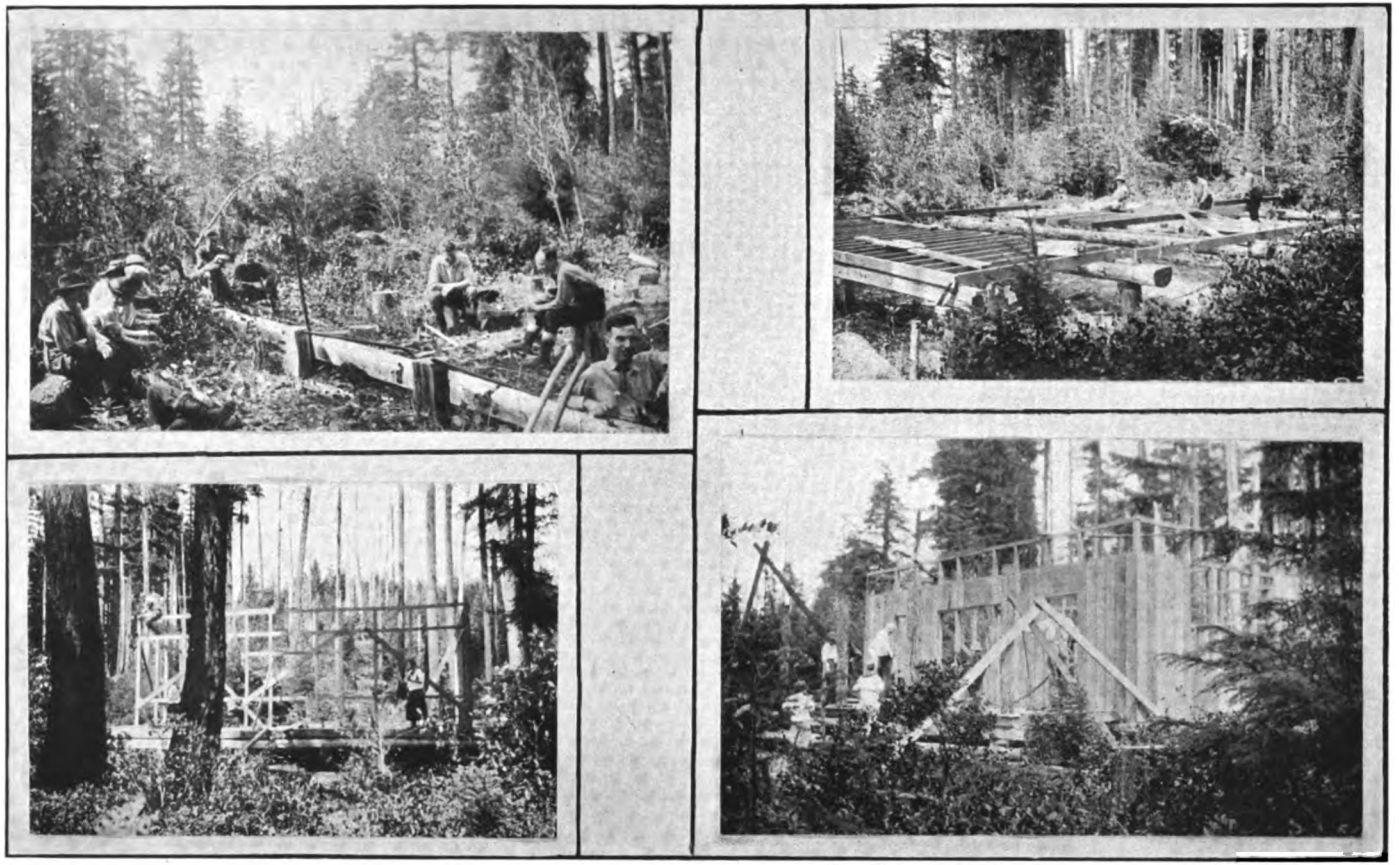

HOW KITSAP CABIN GREW Number one, May 25; Number two, June 2; Number three, June 16; Number four, June 22. *Mrs. C. M. Lewis*
H. McL. Myers

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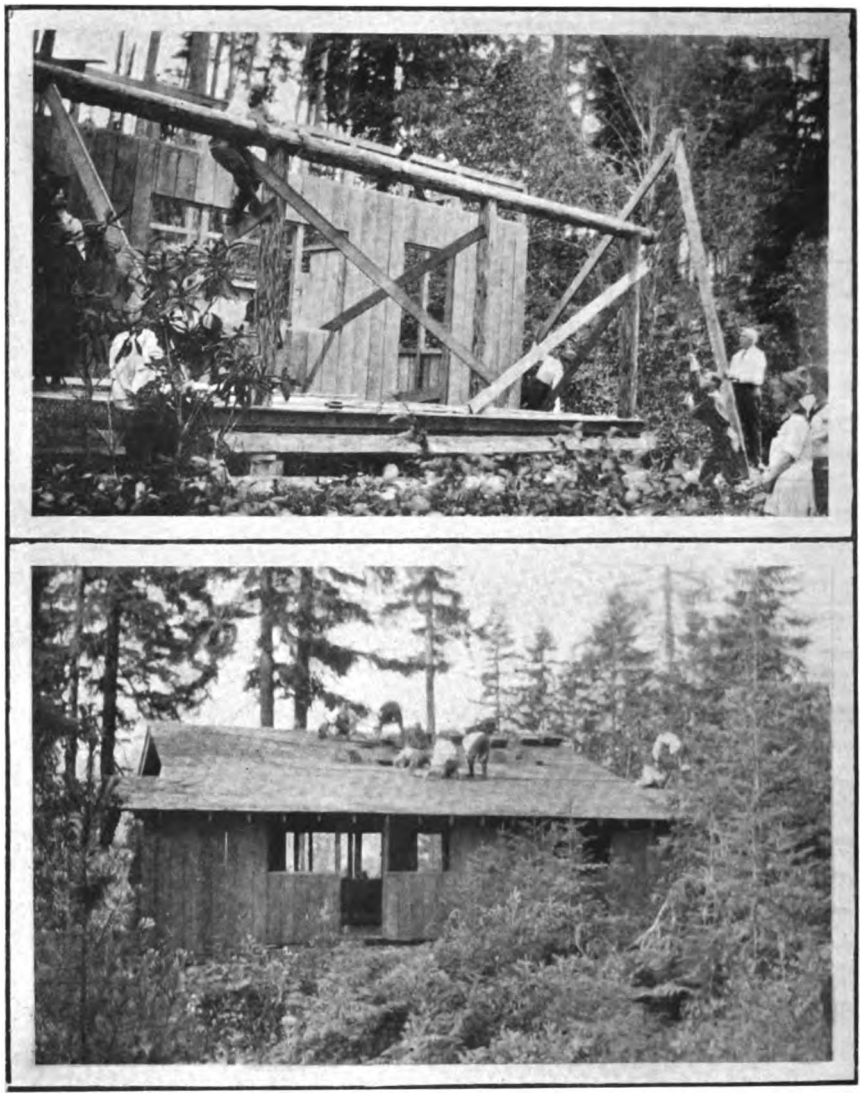

Mrs. C. M. Lewis

HOW KITSAP CABIN GREW — Placing the big log that the porch roofs rests upon; rear view, shingling.

new home. The chairman of the Committee, Harry Myers, displayed the most untiring energy in getting the Cabin built in six months, almost entirely by the work of members of the Club, who have given their week-ends ungrudgingly to do their bit. As a result the summer has brought little parties every week, and big "helping hand" parties every month to Kitsap. Here everyone turned shaker or splitter or hod carrier according to his particular inclination, and each Sunday the Cabin seemed to swarm like a hive of very earnest bees. This intimate association with one another, with the beautiful forest play-

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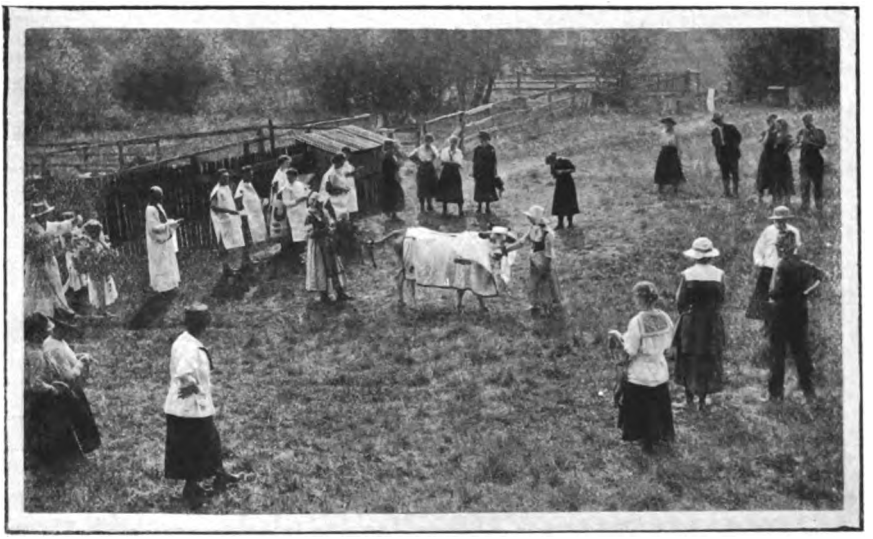
ground, with Hidden Ranch and its poet philosophers, Mr. Paschall and Mary Paschall, have made the new Cabin very dear to those Mountaineers who have been able to enjoy its privileges.

On some of the special trips quite unique entertainments have been featured and staged. The May Day Fête was perhaps the most delightful one. For who would not love to see L. A. Nelson, the dignified, decked out in all the splendor of a May Queen, with Peter McGregor and Harry Myers as ladies in waiting upon the Queen, and all intensely proud of trains and long curls. With these distinguished and imposing leaders of a gay procession, and all the regalia that is needed to create the illusion of an old English May Day Fête, with the lovely idyllic setting of the little valley of Hidden Ranch, on a tender sunshiny morning, no spectacle could have been more bewitchingly humorous, or ludicrously romantic. It is just this combination of imagination and romance, with the saving grace of spontaneous fun that makes the charm of Mountaineer entertainments always. Kitsap Cabin has had its Romany Camp fire too, with gypsy lads and lassies dancing in a ring, some of them fierce enough in appearance to be the survivors of the lost tribes. A circus there was, a Hallowe'en festival, a kitchen shower and finally the formal dedication of the Cabin itself, with stores of its history, told by the people who really had a hand in its making, as well as in the acquiring of the Rhododendron Park, such people as our pioneer President, Edmond S. Meany, Peter McGregor, Mary Paschall and Redick McKee.

But no account of the building of Kitsap Cabin is complete without some mention of the individual work of Mary Paschall, who as



Mabel Furry

CHRISTENING THE COW — A Kitsap Cabin party enjoying an impromptu entertainment at Hidden Ranch.

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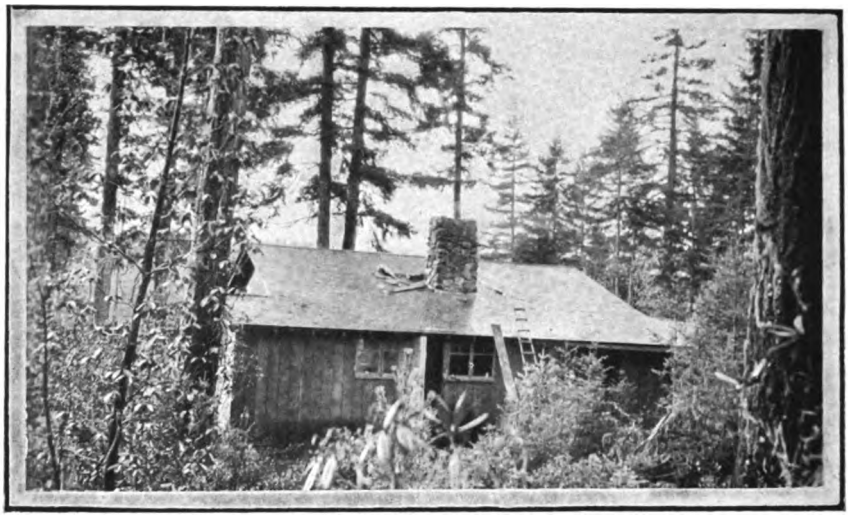

ALMOST COMPLETED

Norman Huber
Kitsap Cabin from behind, showing stone chimney.

amateur contractor and general overseer of the job, was always there and ever diligent for the best interests of the Club; and Otto Voll whose skill and resourcefulness have added so many conveniences, as well as artistic touches to the cabin, and who never knew what it meant to stop work until vociferous calls for dinner had come sounding through the woods.

In addition to the Sunday local walks and happy outings to Snoqualmie Lodge and Kitsap Cabin, certain special three or four day trips have become annual events because they offer an opportunity for adventure and mountain experience to those who cannot take time for the great event of the year, the summer outing. Of these, the Tacoma Annual Winter outing to Mount Rainier holds the most attractive possibilities. Those who have made the trips invariably return with such zeal and glowing enthusiasm that the

A CORNER OF THE KITCHEN
KITSAP CABIN

E. L. Chapman

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less fortunate are filled with envy. Rainier in summer time has first place as a happy hunting ground, but in winter the old mountain king, with his snow blanketed valleys, is even more alluring from his very aloofness. Then he must be attacked with hardihood, and only the most robust and stout of heart can visit him in his winter kingdom. The Christmas of 1917 will always be remembered as one of heavy rains and floods, and for that reason the trip to Mount Rainier, though not all that its leaders had planned, was nevertheless quite full enough of adventure to please all except the ski experts. The usual snowshoe trip from Ashford to Longmire Springs was made in a downpour without a trace of snow to be seen. At the entrance to the park the first obstacle in an eventful trip proved to be almost insurmountable. The

THE FIREPLACE KITSAP CABIN — *E. L. Chapman*

Mabel Furry

KITSAP CABIN COMPLETED — Taken November 24, 1918, the morning after the dedication.

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North Fork of the Little Tahoma River, usually a harmless little stream, had become a roaring torrent and had brought down so many fallen trees that the heavy concrete bridge was completely destroyed. The river was rapidly rising and in spite of all efforts made by Mr. Raeburn, the park supervisor, his foresters and our own men, no permanent footbridge could be maintained. Five people did get across and on to Longmire Springs that night, but the main party stayed at the park entrance, the men finding dry, if somewhat hard quarters in the office, the women most gratefully accepting the warm rug-covered floor of Mrs. Raeburn's studio. As the trip cartoonist put it, "We slept on beds of down—down on the floor."

But the next morning brought hope, for the river had subsided a few inches, and had changed its course sufficiently to expose a bed of gravel upon which a foot bridge could be safely anchored. This done, and a crossing effected, the whole party went on to Longmire Springs without further excitement. From the Springs to Paradise Valley in the afternoon and evening made a strenuous hike. After all sorts of minor mishaps, such as broken thongs, and lost trails, the last weary stragglers crawled in about nine o'clock to be revived by a hot meal and a warm fire. It was only possible to spend Sunday in Paradise Valley, for the unsettled weather, and consequently unreliable trails and trains made it necessary to leave two days for the return journey. Fortunately, however, that one Sunday was clear, so that a small party made the climb to McClure's Rock, and various small parties made the little climbs around the valley, with toboggans at their heels, to come kiting down over the bumps in the most sensational manner. It can hardly be said that the tobogganing and skiing conditions were ideal, but there was no lack of exciting adventure nevertheless, as witnessed by the lame backs and limping walks that were so apparent on the homeward journey.

The return trip was uneventful and the program that New Year's Eve, seemed to have lost none of its true mountain flavor for having been performed at Longmire Springs, instead of at Paradise Inn. At any rate no member of the party will ever listen with indifference to "Old Man Noah," or the parody "O, we came to a riber and we we couldn't get across, Singing rain, rain, rain go away," nor yet to "Rainier with some rain, dear" for they were all very distinctive products of a snowshoe outing of distinction.

In Mountaineer circles, the poor forlorn one who cannot spend a part of his summer in the mountains, consoles himself with the thought that at least he can go on one of the Labor Day Outings. Which one he shall choose presents a problem, usually. This year was no exception. The Tacoma branch had scheduled a most attractive three-day trip to the Tatoosh Range, with the chance to climb some hitherto unconquered peaks. The Seattle Local Walks Committee selected

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Hood Canal for their playground, with a fishing trip up the Hamma Hamma River in prospect, while Everett announced a two-day outing to Gold Bar, Wallace Falls and Lake Isabel.

The Tacoma party went in on Saturday, making their camp that night at Reflection Lake. From there the forbidding tusks of the Tatoosh Range rise abruptly, with the most tempting rocky slopes and tumbling cascades in plain sight. On Sunday one party climbed what has been called the Unnamed Peak, while a few set out to climb Mount Unicorn, which Mr. Weer, the leader, had partially scouted. This proved to be a very interesting climb with enough difficulty attached to satisfy the most intrepid. The last sharp spire was finally conquered by the aid of a rope, and the party returned to camp triumphant. The rest of the time was very happily occupied with short side trips in and around Reflection Lake and to Paradise Valley.

The Seattle party started out most gaily in the middle of a warm September afternoon for the long boat trip up the Sound. Though there were no sensational climbs, or startling experiences, the big jolly congenial crowd had no end of fun, and beautiful scenery. The first night, camp was made at the mouth of the Hamma Hamma River. Next day those who wished packed up the river to a temporary camp from which to take fishing excursions, or hikes through the lovely forest country for which the Olympics are so famous. The fine weather made it possible to realize each individual dream, of fishing in shaded pools, of exploration in the deep woods, of pleasant swims, and hikes along the wooded trails. When the party returned late on the evening of Labor Day it was with a sense of complete satisfaction in an entirely successful trip.

Perhaps the success of this last outing of the summer may be taken as an index of Mountaineer activities for the year. To one looking back over the year's work and play all the inevitable jars and imperfections seem to melt into a harmonious background where unity of purpose and ideals prevail.

The year has been a trying one, what with the gloom of war resting upon us all, and the loss of some of our most active members to war service, as the big service flag in the Club room with its eighty-one stars most eloquently attests. But the Club has tasted of the sweetness of adversity, and derived therefrom a closer union and greater fellowship than ever before. War and sorrow have made the healing influences of nature all the more necessary. No one can stand in the presence of the mountains, or wander through the garden meadows of Rainier, without feeling his faith renewed and his soul steadied by the presence of a Divinity that through all confusion still shapes our ends. It has been the duty and privilege of the Mountaineers Club this year to maintain as nearly as possible normal conditions in abnormal times: to keep up the morale of its members at

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home by giving them every possible chance to feel the sane and wholesome influence of the "good greenwood," and to keep in touch, as well, with its members in the service through the Correspondence work by means of the monthly service letters which are brimful of the doings and the spirit of the Club.

But the end of the war has brought visions of a new year for the Mountaineers, when activities can be resumed with the old time zest and energy. Soon the absent members will be coming home—from France, from Italy, from Russia, and perhaps—who knows—another summer trip may find them falling into the grub-line with the rest, and once more over the trails up the mountain side we shall see them—

"Trooping all together
Green jacket, red cap and white owl's feather."

GLIMPSES OF THE MOUNTAINEERS DURING THE WAR

WITH a roll of eighty-one members in active service in army, navy, Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. war work out of a total membership of little over five hundred it was to be expected that those who remained at home would also render service in manifold ways. No record will ever be made of the work carried on effectively but quietly by the Mountaineers who stayed at home. Special teaching, public speaking, civilian army training, industrial work of many kinds made necessary by labor shortage, service in the forest and on the mountain—do not cover all the forms of individual activity.

Three things The Mountaineers attempted as a group, the gathering of digitalis; sphagnum moss work including collecting, cleaning, and making into dressings; and a systematic correspondence that should keep members in the service in touch with the club and the club in touch with them.

In the fall of 1917 the National Council for Defense issued a call for a supply of digitalis to guard against possible shortage of the drug of the same name made from the leaves of the plant, an important heart stimulant. Digitalis, or common foxglove, grows wild in many parts of Western Washington and may be collected late into the winter. Under the leadership of Prof. Gavett, a Mountaineer on the University faculty, a series of walks was organized for the purpose of gathering digitalis leaves. As usual, the members responded most enthusiastically and before the frosts destroyed the plants great quantities of leaves were gathered and deposited at the University for drying. Later they were shipped to government laboratories.

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The fact that sphagnum grows in the Puget Sound region and the fact that The Mountaineers were equipped to go and get it early brought the club into that work. Later when it was found that a better quality of moss could be shipped in from more distant places all the club's efforts were centered upon making the moss up into surgical dressings. This began even before the work was definitely organized as it was eventually under the Northwest Division of the Red Cross. In all 5,390 dressings have been completed. Most of these were shipped immediately to France or Italy. Until October, 1918, all supplies were bought and paid for by voluntary contributions from the Mountaineer membership.

Because of the devoted work of a correspondence committee it has been possible to share somewhat widely the many delightful letters that have come from camps all over this country and from parts of England, France and Italy, even close up to the battlefront. And if we accept the never omitted expressions of pleasure over receipt of Mountaineer mail that all these letters contain much delightful correspondence must have gone the other way, too.

¶ Of the extracts that follow some were not written with a view to publication. The first Mountaineer to enter the army was Arthur C. Nation, back in the fall of 1914. He enlisted in Canada and was very soon sent overseas with the British Expeditionary Forces. He rose steadily until he attained the rank of Major. He has been in nearly all the engagements in which the Canadians have made such glorious records and has been decorated with the military cross and bar. On October 31, 1918, he wrote:

I have had a constant stream of the jolliest letters from all my old friends in The Mountaineers and I can tell you it bucks a man up to feel that he is not quite forgotten after so long.

As a poor Second in Command I am very hard worked just now and have had to take on the editorship of our paper, the "Listening Post," which requires no literary genius but a good deal of extra work.

Men are so very new now that all spare time must be devoted to training, and what with lectures, horse riding, listening to generals, talking to the Prince of Wales at times, and appeasing liberated French civilians, the poor old Hun is one of the least of our troubles.

¶ Those who have been on summer outings with The Mountaineers in remote, unfrequented mountain parks and known the joy of news from home after a week's isolation will respond with double sympathy to Peyton Farrer's account of when the mail comes in.

There is great joy on the station when the mail pennant flies. Your Buddie comes along and says, "Say, boy, three bags of new mail and I'll sure get a dozen letters. They are due me, aren't they, kid?"

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"I'll say so, but how will the rest of us come out if you do? Let's see!"

An immense crowd has gathered about the postoffice.

"Beaucoup mail!"

"How much mail, Jack?"

"Thirty bags."

"Thirty bags! Oh, boy! ain't it a grand and glorious feeling?"

The boys stand about while the mail is called alphabetically and thrown out to expectant hands. As each man gets his mail he scurries off to some secluded spot—if it's beaucoup—or opens it on the spot and reads it up the road with scarcely a navigating glance.

Nic and I beat it for our rooms like a chick with a worm, built up a fire, and settled comfortably on our cots with a board at our back. This is the supreme moment. It is, friends, without a doubt.

Now that the mail has been digested, let me tell you about our stove. It is the chief source of interest next to chow. It almost comes first with us. I grant that you appreciate in a small way how much we need heat here. This is how we solved the problem:

Nic discovered a new sheet-iron cuspidor and I found part of a bomb-dropper. It looks like a megaphone but I made a door for it. We put a few strips in the upper part of the cuspidor for a grate and made a damper hole, then set our cone on it, capped by a one and one-half inch pipe which we bent and ran through a small hole in a window pane. With a quart of water in the base and small wood, we get a safety-first fire which draws the crowd.

The boys come in one by one until we get a congenial circle arranged on cots, boxes, benches, and buckets. In fact, right now there are several circles. It is an amusing sight. As the stories have run out, the boys are variously engaged, some reading, others talking, and one or two sleeping. We had one or two trying occasions when one of the boys filled her up with wet wood and the neighbors complained of smoke, but on the whole, "This is the life."

¶ "Every time we arrive at a new location," writes Robert W. Reid, Battalion Sergeant Major, Hdqr. 2nd Division, A. E. F., "the first thing we inquire about is the mail. I certainly remember Queets basin and how glad we were to receive letters. It is the same way over here, except more so," and then he goes on with mention of some of the most effective fighting of the war.

"During the past three or four months things have been about as exciting as one would suppose. The division is what is known as a shock division; that is, it takes part in the attacks which are made, but when they are over it is relieved and other troops hold the line. This results in our moving about a great deal, resting in this town and then in the next or in a day or two being in a totally different part of the country. I would like to name some of the drives we have been in

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but I doubt if this would be permissible under censorship regulations. However, the whole country knows that the Second Division stopped the Germans at Chateau-Thierry and that the Marines of this Division captured the Bois de Belleau, which has been renamed and is now known as the Bois de la Brigade de Marines, Americain. This was in June. Since then we have been the first over the top in many other fights, and by the way, in this Division there are many boys from Washington and Seattle, and many a sunny slope and wooded hill has been bathed with their blood. In the last drive we pushed the Germans back in some places for 15 miles. That night, when the artillery opened up at one o'clock it seemed that every spot for a hundred miles around was the location of a gun which was firing its deadly missiles over into the enemy territory, and the next day when we went over the territory which had formerly been occupied by the Germans we saw what the artillery had done, village after village had been absolutely razed to the ground, nothing but a mass of ruins.

When the bombardment started at one o'clock the sky was clear, the stars were out. It had been raining for days, however, and the roads were in frightful condition. When the boys left from the jumping-off point at five o'clock it had started to rain again. All day the rain came down but the boys went on, and the next day, when I went over the field to our Advance P. C., many evidences could be seen of the excellent work they accomplished, for the Germans beat a hasty retreat leaving all kinds of booty behind them."

¶ The most popular days in camp are wash days. In the mountains laundry work is no lonely drudgery, but a primitive social sport. Any Mountaineer will make a wash-board of stones and a rinsing bowl of a deep pool. Wilfrid Harrison knows how and he knows some other things about camping, too.

"Today being Sunday, I spent the morning in washing clothes and taking a bath in the creek. Took my dirty clothes to one of the public washing pools. These are merely rectangular basins fed at one of the small ends by a spring and drained from the other. All four of the sides, or three of them, consist of sloping slabs of stone on the rough surface of which the washing is done, the rinsing being in the common pool. First of all one soaps the articles well, then pounds them with a wooden mallet and then rinses them off. A woman engaged in the same operation insisted on showing me how and lending her mallet, and when I was through insisted on bluing my white wash for me, so my laundry work looked quite good this time."

"Many of the boys kick at our living conditions, which are, of course, not so good or comfortable as in America, but I find my experience with The Mountaineers invaluable and manage to keep comfortable where many of them can not. We are quartered in an old

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chateau. So far our bedticks have failed to arrive so we needs must sleep on the floor and as we have only one thin blanket and a 'shelter half' each, the tiled floor makes a somewhat hard and cold bed. However, little Wilfie puts on his overcoat and takes off his shoes as his only preparation for sleep, spreads his shelter half on the floor, himself on it and the blanket on top and sleeps comfortably until about 3:00 a. m. when the high altitude, about 3,000 feet, or rather the cold at night that goes with it, reaches his bones and he rolls over onto the other side and dozes fitfully until reveille. Unfortunately the floor above is rotten and full of holes so that those quartered there send down a few loose boards and clouds of powdered lime every time they move—and they seem to move a lot. But I've slept in many a cabin that was much dirtier and make out very comfortably and fairly clean where some of the others do not seem able to. Have my green silk dunnage bag and it is invaluable in quarters, as we have no barracks bags any more (pack all our possessions on our backs now). Brings back lots of associations, particularly of July last year. So glad I did not sell it. Would give a whole lot for my old sleeping-bag and packboard, as I prefer them to the army pack and blankets."

¶ That the Mountaineer is never entirely lost in the soldier has been evidenced again and again in letters from training station and front line post. How easily a trail-finder through battle-plowed desolation may be transformed into a trail-follower up sunny Cascade ridges is demonstrated in the confession of C. F. Todd.

Perhaps it would interest the readers of the Annual to know that one of the most vivid war recollections of a Mountaineer over here is intimately connected with the Mountaineers.

Early in October, after the breaking of the Hindenberg line, our little signal detail was operating a telephone exchange in one of Jerry's pill-boxes. To make good his get-away Jerry was putting up a fierce rearguard action, drenching all the areas, through which our troops were advancing with shells. One shell finally landed in the door of our "exchange," wrecking it; and what remained of the detail was sent to the rear for re-organization.

We had been mauled pretty badly for ten days, and so, to the end of easing the mental tension of the men, a special detail of two was sent out to find our headquarters and get home mail.

From early morning throughout the whole day, without any dinner, the two of us wandered around in the primitive desolation of the devastated belt before we located the mail. Then, at about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with our trip but little more than half done, and no eats yet in sight, we sat on the roadside and read what had fallen to us personally. Here was this letter and that letter, and then—

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the Mountaineer monthly letter of the summer outing, telling us of *hot huckleberry pie!* Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Could such a thing have been designed to fall at such a time it would have been one of war's "atrocities." To soldiers famished as only soldiers can be famished, it was the refinement of cruelty, even though accidental. The Waters of Tantalus and the Dead Sea Fruit have a companion now to at least two soldiers in the line, and that is a vision of *hot huckleberry pie.*

As we sat there in the gathering evening, the poignancy of that vision was beyond words. All of our former memories, which we had fondly imagined indelible, were obscured. Our first air raid experience in camp when we lay still in our tents while Jerry zum-zum-zum-zum-ed back and forth above us through the night; the first night we arrived close enough to hear the long whine of the shells from the other side; the wonderful pyrotechnics of Ypres, where the ghostly star-shells, the rosy ground flares, the soaring signal rockets, and the streaming searchlights made every night a spectacle; the earth-rocking barrage that at Bellicourt ringed the horizon behind us with dazzling fire and spread its hurricane over the trenches in front; the long hikes in mud and darkness; the musty nights and days in the dugouts; and also those other memories of the battlefield after the storm has passed, all were forgotten, dimmed, softened by visions of the Great Northwest Blueberry in a pie.

I can assure you that to one, at least, that moment will ever remain as among the Great War's most unforgettable.

¶ The local walk bids fair to become popularized in France if Mountaineers are not too soon returned to western lands. To George H. King, Jr., Second Lieutenant of Battery E, 63rd Artillery Corps, A. E. F., belongs the honor of instituting local walks in sunny France.

"Promenade Locale, le cent vingtième. De Limoges à Aix sur Vienne revenant par La Plaisance et Auguille. Macadamized boulevard all the way. Distance twenty-six (26) kilometers. Bring full equipment, cootie exterminator and dictionaries. Those having four pairs of hands will do well to bring them as interpreters are scarce. Arrangements have been made with local authorities so that the party will not be arrested as crazy persons or dangerous aliens. Those straying from the walk will report to the Commissionaire Militaire, who will return them to billets. Trucks will follow the column to assist embuchés. Rations will not be eaten without an order from the leader. Units will form promptly at the designated hour and consolidation will follow on signal. Bring knife, fork and spoon."

But to the French mind the question is, "Why walk all that distance when one can sit on a terrace and drink wine all day Sunday. The wine at Aix is no better than here and there are not as many

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people to see or be seen by. Oh! these Americans!"

Well, let us take the walk! We meet at the Place de la Republique. The good Catholics are on their way to the Cathedral, that dream of stone lace centuries old, which holds the soul of France; the peasant farmers, men and women, tarry after early mass to sell garden truck, eggs, and rabbits to the citizens. They have traveled miles in the early morning in their burro carts. The priest walks among them. His left arm is gone and he wears a Croix de Guerre. He has done his bit at the front. He is still doing it here. The bell in the belfry rings and the hubbub ceases at once. Mass is commencing.

Across the Place we go and down the Boulevard Sadi Carnot, the martyr president of France. We pass beneath the statue, past the Place de Sadi Carnot and turn down the Rue St. Martial which leads to the Pont St. Martial built by Caesar. We are on the road the Roman legions trod. A part of the old wall of the city can be seen down by the river bank. It is crumbling fast but the bridge is still strong. No doubt it has been repaired at frequent intervals in the past. The stone floor of the bridge is worn in grooves by the feet of countless thousands; the balustrades are polished by the hands of many people. Looking down the river, we see the beautiful valley of the Vienne lost in a blue haze in the distance. The banks on either side are parked for miles. We cross the bridge and pass through the hamlet on the farther side—houses grouped together with winding streets. The houses were built first, the streets had to conform. Leaving the village we are out on one of the wide, straight roads of France. It is a white ribbon bordered with poplar trees as far as the eye can reach. We can trace it the entire distance over hill and through dale by the double rows of trees. Stone walls and hedges inclose small irregular fields, whose contrast in colors forms a patchwork quilt for the land; purple vineyards with velvet black shade; golden grain rippling in the sun; green grass and greener garden crops; orchards and plowed land; the clean, cool road; houses grouped together, their red tiled roofs glistening in the sun—all lend a part to make up the riot of color which is the country-side of France.

The road leads down to the river and we walk along its bank on the grass beneath the trees again.

Above the town of Aix among the farms is one of the many places where rumor has it that Christ was crucified. Whether the peasants really believe this or whether it is only symbolical, we cannot say. A path leads up the hill, tortuous and steep. On the path at intervals are the stations of the Cross, at the top there is a cave with a rock to close the mouth; above on the summit of the hill stand three crosses. On the crosses now three life-sized figures are placed. The figures are modern. At the foot of the center one, in a shrine, a candle burns.

We cross through Aix with its mills and shops and take the river

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road. It is longer than the new road but, oh, so much prettier. Along its shady way we go through the golden afternoon, to what, for the transient present, is our home.

¶ No Mountaineer has travelled greater distances in the past year than Miss Elizabeth Dickerson. Leaving Seattle in October, 1917, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. to work among women and girls of Russia, she landed at Vladivostok and from there went to Moscow, where work was started. The exigencies of the revolution drove her from there, and January, 1918, found her with work successfully started in Petrograd. But she was forced to leave there when the American embassy all left. By April she was again in Vladivostok and letters announced that she was leaving that place for Samara in southeastern Russia, where a June letter reported fairly comfortable living conditions and work becoming organized. But by the latter part of July after the Czechs had taken Samara it was necessary for her to leave, which she did in company with other Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. workers who had planned and succeeded in partially carrying out a boat trip along the Volga River, the men giving lectures and demonstrations, largely agricultural, the women taking charge of the baby and domestic department and recreation for girls. The next heard from Miss Dickerson was in September form Stockholm, Sweden, where she and her companions had been obliged to take refuge. From there she crossed Sweden and Norway and by boat around North Cape reached Archangel, where she is now engaged in canteen and other work among American troops.

In a letter written on the boat going up the Volga she says:

We passed through the Czech front. They had three armed ships across the river. Our papers passed us. We went on for about an hour when we came to the Bolshevik front. They fired a shot which, of course, means stop. We did. A row boat came out to us and five Bolsheviks went with us to their headquarters in the nearest town. Our papers passed us again. At Simbirsk we ran into a panic-stricken city. The soldiers had fled—the Bolsheviks. They thought the Czechs were coming. Many of the inhabitants were also leaving and shrapnel was dropping all around. There was a small town across the river from Simbirsk which was burning as a result of fighting. Now (at Kazan) they say trouble is going on up the river. Trouble! Trouble everywhere! One wonders if it will ever stop and if we shall ever be able to settle down in any one or two places and do regular work. The Russians all look to America and value her friendship. It is surprising to find the influence that a few Americans have. When we get discouraged about our roamings we are told that our mere presence in Russia means much. Rather slim arguing but if things do settle down we shall have had some real experience with Russian people and, of course, are getting the language all the time, which will be valuable in our future work.

¶ Several letters have been received telling how the news of the armistice was received. Capt. Harold O. Sexsmith writes from Italy on November 11:

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They are raising the very devil in this little old town tonight. The armistice with Germany was signed this morning. Two such signings in rapid succession are really too much for the Italian temperament to stand. Right now there is a mob of French soldiers outside and they are singing the Marseillaise at the top of their voices and punctuating the words with a pair of cymbals and a bass drum. The church bells have been ringing incessantly all day long. They (the Italians) are an excitable bunch but then I suppose we would go nutty, too, if we had been in the scrap as long as they have and suffered as much.

Believe me, they have suffered, too. I went across the Piave and Tagliamento behind the advancing army in the big drive. The devastation and suffering that was left by the Austrians would make a wooden Indian weep. The greatest ruin was done near the Piave, but starvation was everywhere. In some places people had actually lived on boiled grass.

The Austrians were little better off. I have seen thousands of them returning as prisoners and they are a hungry, dejected looking bunch. I saw hundreds of them that I would be ashamed to fight. They looked so weak and helpless it would have been like kicking a kitten. Their officers were the proud ones in the lot. They have not suffered like the men and their spirit in most cases is unbroken.

¶ Mrs. L. R. Frazeur, who has been on several annual outings with The Mountaineers and is well known to many, has been working for some months in a Y. M. C. A. rest station in Chambery, France. Writing on November 14 with reference to the armistice she says:

On the 7th we had rumors sufficient to indulge in a parade that astonished the natives—in fact the Americans do that all the time (and so do I when I wear my mountain boots down the street). We sang all the songs till we were hoarse. Then on the 11th the French began and have been celebrating ever since. They illuminated all the windows of the old castle opposite and every house is decorated with flags of all nations. But many of the people seem stunned and silently stare. So many here have lost their sons that victory only brings sorrowful memories.

At present we have boys in here from the Argonne woods where the fiercest fighting has been done—poor, tired, dirty boys who have been through a hell of the fiercest fighting of the war and have endured everything; all without new clothes, some without pay, muddy boots, cooties, but happy to be out of it all and proud of what they have done, never ceasing to tell their anecdotes of personal experiences.

Saturday I am to try another trip to the highest point near here, with the big aluminum cross on its top. It is a five hours ascent and many of them may turn back. Last week the whole number, twenty-six, made the top.

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¶ Mrs. Marion R. Parsons, who is engaged in civilian relief work under the Red Cross in Mont de Marsan, Landes, France, sends this most touching account of

HOW THE NEWS CAME TO ONE VILLAGE OF FRANCE

Labouheyre is a sleepy little village of about five thousand people, a cluster of simple white stone houses, with red tiled roofs, lying in the heart of the pine-frosted region of the Landes. A group of brown barracks at its eastern end shelters more than a hundred refugees from the invaded north of France. Farther to the north lies another group of barracks, housing the Women's Oversea Hospital, dedicated to the service of the civil population of France.

During that eventful week between November 3 and November 11, I was a convalescent at the hospital. Doctors, nurses, and patients alike lived only to see the daily newspaper, a meagre, single sheet that gave us tidings of what was happening at the front. Only once a day we got it, and not until noon at that.

Monday, November 11, was a clear, sunny day. A light wind drifted among the pine tops and sent the yellowing oak leaves sailing earthward. Everything was very quiet. No news about the armistice had appeared in the papers at noon. About two in the afternoon, as I was sitting, well wrapped in coats and steamer rugs, under the pines near my barracks, Dr. Mabel Seagrave came hurrying back from the village. "They've signed the armistice!" she cried. "Hurrah, the war is over! Come, everybody, the mayor wants us to go to the mairie with him."

We went just as we happened to be—nurses in uniforms and white veils; the pharmacist in a blue apron—the cook drying reddened hands on hers; the doctor with her cap on one side; and the convalescent from Mont de Marsan with her ankles swathed in woolly white socks of trooper size.

The mayor met us on the steps of his home. Short and fat, usually rather pasty-looking, today his eyes were snapping and his face was flushed. He had forgotten his hat but wore his ceremonial sash of office. With him were three French officers carrying flags of France and America and the red silk banner of Labouheyre on which in gold letters appeared the words, "Honneur, Patrie."

"Come, walk beside me," said the mayor. "I want Americans around me today."

The crowd was already gathering, drawn by the wild and joyous clangor of the church bells. At the gate swarms of women and children came hurrying to join us from the refugee barracks. A drum and a trumpet which was spasmodically sputtering out the notes of the Marseillaise swung into line too, and in a moment every voice in

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the crowd was singing, or shouting "Vive la France!"

At the mairie every window was crammed with shrieking small boys and a frenzied group was dancing on the flat roof. The mayor mounted the steps of his office and turning, faced the crowd. The flags fell into place behind him. The American women stood grouped right and left. And the crowd! The whole square was filled,—women, children, old people; but oh so few men in their prime! Refugees were here, whose homes were lost to them forever; mourners too for sons and husbands for whom the day of victory had never dawned. Many of the worn, tired faces smiled up at us through tears.

The mayor's speech was short, simple, and direct like the man himself. A good mayor he has been. His village is one of the few in the department where the refugees have not known suffering and want.

"My friends," he said, "the bells have already told you what I have to say. Germany has signed the armistice. The nightmare under which we have lived for four long years is over. In this hour of victory let our first thoughts, our first gratitude be for our noble dead. This is not a day for words. Our hearts are too full. Let us pay tribute, however, to our glorious allies, through whom civilization has triumphed over barbarism: England, Italy, Serbia—above all America, by whose unstinted help we have finally conquered. Let us remember that in our darkest hour America came to our aid; that America realized that if France perished, civilization itself was doomed. We have conquered. Victory is ours. Lift your voices now and cry with me Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!"

All the crowd went with us back to the mayor's house, shouting and singing the Marseillaise. "We must sing the Star Spangled Banner," I said. So we gathered together on the mayor's steps, fourteen American women, and sang with all our strength. The flags waved above us in the bright autumn sunshine. "Vive l'Amerique!" cried the crowd and "Vive la France!" we shouted in return. And then we went back to the hospital to rejoice among ourselves; to listen all day to the church bells ringing, to the shouts and songs of the children, the roll of drums, and, over and over again, wild and passionate, that chant of triumph and victory, the Marseillaise.

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MOUNTAINEER SERVICE LIST

Capt. Charles H. Alden
Q. M., U. S. A.,
A. E. F.

Sgt. Ed. A. Auzias de Turenne
8th Bn. C. R. T.
B. E. F., France

Candidate J. Albert Baker
34th Training Btry. F. A., C. O. T. S.
Camp Zachary Taylor, Ky.

Virginia Bartle
Am. Red Cross Commission
Paris, France

Walter C. Best
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Fort Lawton, Wash.

Alida Bigelow
Director Civilian Relief
Am. Red Cross
Post Restante, Tulle, Corrize, France

Herman Bohn
c/o Base Hospital, Camp Cody
Deming, N. Mex.

Capt. H. H. Braun
Engineers
Ft. Douglas, Utah

Corp. Glen F. Bremerman
Btry. F, 12th Regt. F. A. R. D.
Camp Jackson, S. C.

Vaughn Brown
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Wallace H. Burr
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Linda Coleman
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Mary H. Cutter
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Paris, France

Charles F. Depue
U. S. A. Hospital Train No. 50 S. O. S.
A. E. F., France

Earl B. Depue
70th Photo Division
A. E. F.

Elizabeth Dickerson
Y. W. C. A.
Archangel, Russia

Lt. M. Ross Downs
320th Ammunition Trains
Camp Knox, Ky.

Lt. Ford Q. Elvidge
13th Infantry
Camp Merritt, N. J.

Norman W. Engle
16th Co., 4th Bn., C. O. T. S.
Camp Lee, Va.

Corp. T. D. Everts
Co. D, 316 Ammunition Trains
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Ord. Dept., care Chief Ord. Office
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Corp. E. Wilfrid Harrison
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Lt. Ray C. Hazen
Wright Field
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Lt. Charles Hazlehurst
12th Trench Mortar Btry.
Camp McClellan, Ala.

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Sgt. Clyde Hobert
Co. I, 166 Depot Brigade
Camp Lewis, Wash.

Corp. Henry Howard, Jr.
Gas and Flame Corps
Princeton, N. J.

C. B. Humphreys
c/o Morgan Harjes & Co.
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Cadet Charles Sheafe Joslyn
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Mrs. Marion R. Parsons
Director Civilian Relief
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Mont de Marsan, Landes, France

Corp. Calvin Philips, Jr.
Co. B, Hq. Branch, G. H. Q.
A. E. F.

Sgt. H. W. Playter
Hq. Co., S. A. T. C.
Pullman, Wash.

C. R. Pritchard
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Camp Pike, Ark.

Olive Rand
C. Y., U. S. N. R.
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Sgt. Maj. Robert W. Reid
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Capt. George X. Riddell
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Lt. Ronald R. Ruddiman
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Carl H. Sakrison
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Alice Stenholm
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R. N., A. N. C., A. E. F.

Lt. Louis Svarz
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Maj. Lewis Terrell
318th Engrs.
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Lt. Ed. K. Triol
Engineers
Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va.

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Lt. Herbert N. Turrell, Jr.
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A. E. F., France

Henry S. Tusler
Motor Transport Corps
A. E. F., France

Edward P. Whiting
47th Co., 12th Btry.
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Camp Lewis, Wash.

TACOMA

Sgt. Walter P. Botsford
Co. D, Candidate's School, H. Art.
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Lt. Arthur Drips
Co. B, 1st Bn., 20th Engrs. N. A.
A. E. F., France

Sgt. Chauncey Engle
331st Supply Co., Q. M. C.
Am. P. O. 705, A. E. F.

Corp. Fred J. English
Btry. F, 63rd F. A.
33rd Brig., C. A. C.
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EVERETT

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Paris, France

Capt. Norman A. Imrie
Y. M. C. A., Hq., Canadian Corps
B. E. F., France

Anna Belle Lee
Base Hospital Unit 50
A. E. F., France

Lt. Russel C. Peterson
C. O. T. S.
Camp Pike, Ark.

J. A. Varley
S. A. T. C.
Pullman, Wash.

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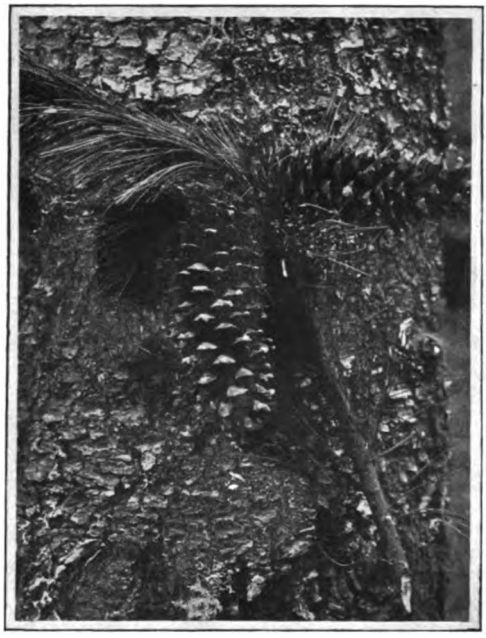

Asahel Curtis

PINUS MONTICOLA — The original photograph from which the design for the club emblem was made.

THE MOUNTAINEER EMBLEM

L. A. Nelson

OUR emblem is a branch showing needles, cones, and bark of the Western White Pine (pinus monticola). The meaning of monticola is "a dweller in the mountains," or a "Mountaineer." With this meaning it is a fitting emblem for our club and a happy choice.

The story of the adoption of the emblem is as follows: In 1907 there was a great deal of activity in designing an emblem, the most of which followed in a general way the idea of other mountain clubs or class pins. All were turned down. In May, 1908, while on a scouting expedition for the 1908 annual outing on the east side of Mount Baker a number of pines were observed on the Boulder Creek flats. These carried a large crop of cones and were indeed a wonderful sight. A branch was fastened to the trunk of one of the larger trees and photographed. A slide was made and shown at a club meeting and suggested as the club emblem. It was voted on and accepted. The scouts on the above trip were Asahel Curtis, who photographed the branch, John A. Best, Frank Epler and myself.

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LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE SUMMARY—YEAR OCTOBER 31, 1917, TO OCTOBER 31, 1918

Walk No.	Date 1917-1918	Route	Miles	Leader	Attendance	Cost
317	Nov. 10	Sphagnum Walk near Ronald	1	S. L. Boothroyd	25	$0.40
318	Nov. 11	Port Orchard to Port Orchard via lakes	12	Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Bixby	40	.60
319	Nov. 18	Scandia to Hood Canal to Scandia	10	Mrs. H. A. Nudd	79	.50
320	Dec. 2	Colby to Fragaria	9	E. Wilfrid Harrison	28	.60
321	Dec. 16	Chico to Kitsap Cabin to Chico, Xmas Greens Walk	6	Local Walks Committee	77	.75
322	Jan. 6	Cowen Park to end Ravenna Park car line	10	Chas. H. Buckley	54	.10
323	Jan. 13	Sphagnum Walk at Echo Lake	1	H. V. Abel	30	.50
324	Jan. 27	Suquamish to Poulsbo	8	J. P. Robinson, Jr.	123	.60
325	Feb. 3	Colby to Manchester	9	Mrs. J. T. Hazard	21	.60
326	Feb. 17	Lake Sammamish to Medina via Phantom Lake	12	L. T. Neikirk	41	.50
327	Mar. 3	Renton to Renton	8	Mrs. Margaret Weer	34	.40
328	Mar. 10	Sphagnum Walk to Echo Lake	1	H. V. Abel	10	.50
329	Mar. 17	Port Madison to Winslow	9	Celia D. Shelton	97	.60
330	Mar. 23	Sphagnum Walk (cancelled)	1	Sphagnum Commitee	....	.....
331	April 7	Ilahee to Enetai	9	Olive Rand	93	.60
332	April 14	South Park to Riverside	15	Ben C. Mooers	18	.10
333	April 21	Keyport to Gilberton via Island Lake	9½	H. A. Fuller	88	.60
334	May 5	Kingston to Kingston	9	J. N. Bowman	60	.60
335	May 12	Sphagnum Walk	6	Geo. B. Rigg	28	.60
336	May 19	Lake Ballinger to Echo Lake	10	Lloyd Small	22	.60
337	May 26	Chico to Chico, Rhododendron Walk	6	R. E. Leber	177	.60
338	June 9	Ilahee to Ilahee, Supper Walk	10	Hortense Beuschlein	37	.80
339	June 16	Houghton to Sunnyside, Strawberry Walk	10	Grace Howard	45	.50
340	June 30	Sphagnum Walk at Suquamish Marsh	6	H. A. Fuller	19	.80
341	Sept. 22	Kingston to Poulsbo	12	Mrs. H. A. Nudd	29	.80
342	Oct. 6	South Park to Endolyne	12	Ben C. Mooers	45	.10
343	Oct. 20	Lake Burien to Lake Burien	8	Norman Huber	25	.30
		Special Outings				
38	July 20	Beach Fire and Song-Fest near Yeomalt	....	Local Walks Committee	48	.60
39	Aug. 31-Sept. 2	Hood Canal–Labor Day, Hamma Hamma River	....	Local Walks Committee	45	5.00
					1438	

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Melody of Earth: An Anthology of Garden and Nature Poems from Present-Day Poets. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. $1.50 net.

Mrs. Waldo Richards has made a delightful selection of more than 250 recent poems for nature lovers by poets ranging from Tagore, Pai Ta-Shun and Verhaeren to Masefield and other British writers to the best of our American moderns, including Arthur Guiterman, whose "Hills" is an expression of the spirit of The Mountaineers and is known and loved by many of us.

C. C.

Our National Forests. By Richard H. D. Boerker, M. S. F., Ph. D. Macmillan Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net

Mr Boerker tells in an attractive way of the creation and organization of our national forests. He also deals with their administration and protection. Having been with the Forest Service for seven years he has a very intimate knowledge of the things of which he writes. The book is profusely illustrated and very readable.

L. J. S.

A Guide to the White Mountains. By M. F. Sweetser. Houghton Mifflin Co. With maps and views. $2.75 net.

A revision of an old and well known guide book which went through thirteen editions, the last in 1893, and then was allowed to go out of print owing to the death of the author. The old book has been made the basis of a new edition by John Nelson, aided by members of the Appalachian Mountain Club. Matter of transient value only has been eliminated, new material, gained from the development and exploration of a quarter of a century, added, until the book is in every way up-to-date. It is published in pocket size and both as a reference work and a companion for the tourist in the White Mountains is indispensable.

W. B.

Camping Out. By Warren H. Miller. George H. Doran Company, New York. Illustrated. $1.50 net.

A practical book, covering nearly all branches of camping, yet told in narrative form that is most enjoyable. The author's description of the preparation of the evening meal—especially that beautiful golden brown corn bread cooked over the camp fire—fairly brings the aroma to the reader's nostrils and he then and there begins planning a hike somewhere with his best chum.

Special emphasis has been laid upon using a light outfit and detailed descriptions of tents, beds, personal equipment, cooking utensils, etc., are given. A chapter is devoted to each variety of camping so that it is not necessary to read the whole book to get its many valuable suggestions. Mountaineers who contemplate camping in small parties, even though they are experienced, will find it profitable reading.

C. G. M.

Voyages on the Yukon and Its Tributaries: A narrative of summer travel in the interior of Alaska. By Hudson Stuck. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Maps and Illustrations. $4.50 net.

This book together with the author's "Ten Thousand Miles in a Dog Sled" rounds out an entire year of Alaskan travel. A man of Archbishop Stuck's vigorous personality, breadth of learning and experience, Christian ideals and gift of expression when dealing with a subject with which he is thoroughly

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familiar cannot fail to give a compelling charm to a book of travel. Whether he talks of the Klondike rush, the Canadian mounted police, the schools, the mushroom cities, the Indians, history, legend, sociology, description, through and above all runs the great human problem. Alaska is the land of the elemental, and it takes one who understands the elemental, both in its good and in its dangerous aspects, to reveal to us our obligations to this great primitive land. The book is well illustrated and should certainly be read by every neighbor of Alaska. W. B.

Practical Bait Casting. By Larry St. John. (Outing Handbooks.) Macmillan Co., New York. $1.00 net.

Take them away, I cannot work,
In inkwell seems a trout to lurk.
Me for the hills and purling stream,
To wade and fish, to rest and dream.

Perhaps it may seem out of place to begin a review with a poetical quotation. But not so. If there is a red blooded man any place who can read St. John's admirable discourse on Practical Bait Casting without the Silent Muse hovering over him or without wanting to drop everything and hie himself to the nearest stream, we would like to see the color of his hair. They are in error who suppose that all there is to fishing is to fish; that is but the body of the art. The art itself is knowing how to fish and how to select one's outfit. We are not an expert by any means; neither are we what is known as an "old-timer," so our judgment may not be worth much. But from our experience we can safely say that there is hardly an angle to the fishing game that St. John has failed to touch.

Summing it all up we believe that St. John's book should be the text book for those who are ready to enter the Kingdom of Angling. F. D.

Sign Talk. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Doubleday, Page and Co., Garden City, New York. 700 Illustrations by Author. $3.00 net.

"A Codification of signs from the Gesture Language of the Plains Indians, a few necessary signs from the Code of the Deaf of Europe and America, and others that are established among policemen, firemen, railroad men and school children. In all 1725 signs."

Mr. Seton has studied this subject for thirty years and presents it as a starting point for the establishing of a Universal Language of Signs. He believes there should be an International Society, whose function would be to keep this Language pure, to add new signs as they are needed and to aim at its complete development.

In the preparation of this book he was assisted by Gen. Hugh L. Scott, U. S. A., and by Lillian D. Powers, M. D. There is a sign alphabet, a treatment of the rules of syntax, and a dictionary of signs with their equivalents in English, French and German. F. M. W.

In Canada's Wonderful Northland. By W. Tees Curran and H. A. Calkins, B. Sc. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

A detailed and carefully written account of a trip of investigation and exploration in the Territory of New Quebec. In charge of twenty men divided into four parties the writers made the trip by way of Missinaibi and Moose

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rivers to James Bay and thence up the east coast of Hudson Bay to the mouth of the Nastapoka River with motor boats and canoes. The trip consumed eight months, various delays being occasioned by bad weather. A sojourn of seven weeks at Moose Factory became necessary while awaiting the freezing of the rivers so that the return could be made on snowshoes and with dog train. The story is simply but vividly told. Keenly sympathetic with and alive to the needs of the native population of these northern shores, and appreciative of the hardihood of the pioneer whites the authors look forward to the time when the natural resources of this New Quebec will make it a populous and very rich part of the Dominion. W. B.

The Human Side of Animals. By Royal Dixon. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

The author shows that many of the human traits and occupations have their parallel in the animal world. His statements are based on facts both new and old. Even the most indifferent would on reading this book, become enthusiastic champions of these creatures, wild and domestic, that are wrongfully called "dumb animals," for the book creates lovers of animals. We read of animals that practice camouflage, of musicians, of animals at play, at work, and at war; of mail-clad animals ("tanks"), of miners, excavators, engineers, loggers, and mathematicians; of self defense and home government; of tourists, and sight-seers; of boudoirs, hospitals, churches and health resorts. We read of the trained ferrets of the trenches, of the dogs at the front, and interesting accounts of other animals that are proving themselves the allies of man.

One who can so readily see the viewpoint of others is usually a humorist of the finest type, and we are not disappointed in this instance. F. M. W.

Steep Trails. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co. Illustrated. $3.00 net.

He is indeed fortunate who has heard at first hand reminiscences of John Muir. Second to such a one stands the reader of "Steep Trails." The volume is not a single faithful account of some one expedition into an unknown region. It is rather a loved comrade of the trail, ready to talk with you, at any time, Out-of-Door-Man-of-the-West, about any of Nature's Wonders of the Pacific States, in which you happen to be interested. Perhaps you have climbed Rainier. You will go over together the delights and difficulties of the trip. Or perhaps "Shasta Rambles" will bring to you memories of a like experience.

During the later twenty-nine years of his life, Muir wrote many letters and articles that escaped publication except in papers and magazines of limited circulation. These the editor, William Frederick Bade, of Berkeley, is presenting in "Steep Trails." A masterpiece of fine literature is "A Geologist's Winter Walk," a letter written to a friend and preserved to us in this book.

F. M. W.

The Cruise of the Corwin. By John Muir. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Illustrated. $2.50 net.

In putting this book into form William Frederick Bade has again rendered a valuable service to the admirers of John Muir and to the annals of exploration. The book, based on a series of letters by John Muir to the San Francisco Evening Bulletin together with extracts from his journal, is a scientific, yet humanly sympathetic account of the writer's observations and experiences in 1881 on the Thomas Corwin from San Francisco to Wrangell Land in search of the Jeannette, lost somewhere in the Arctic. There is a valuable introduction by the editor. W. B.

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Guide to the National Parks of America. By Edward Frank Allen. Robert McBride and Co. Maps and Illustrations. $1.25 net.

A pocket guide book to the great national parks of the United States giving detailed information to the tourist as to how to reach them, rates, accommodations, etc. Under the heading "What to see," the compiler not only tells the tourist what he wants to know but tells it in such style as ever to lure him on to new wonders. While not national parks proper the Hot Springs of Arkansas and the Grand Canyon of Arizona are on government reservations. Each is given a chapter in the book and another is devoted to the Canadian National Parks. This is a revised edition brought down to May, 1918.

W. B.

On the Headwaters of Peace River. By Paul Leland Haworth. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1917. Illustrated. $4.00 net.

A narrative of a thousand mile canoe trip to a little known range of the Canadian Rockies. Far up in northern British Columbia the might Peace River takes its rise. It breaks its way eastward through the barrier of the Rockies toward the Mackenzie and the Arctic Sea. The love of clear water and the open country induced the author to make this trip merely for experiences, the pleasure of hunting and fishing, and to determine somewhat generally the character of the unexplored mountain region. He took with him as guide and companion a French Canadian used to prospecting and trapping. There is no doubt in the reader's mind that his object was accomplished and that his ambitions for fishing and hunting big game were satisfied. The ascent of Observation Peak in the Quadacha region was made which gave a bird's eye view of the whole country.

K. S.

Sunset Canada: British Columbia and Beyond. (See America First series.) By Archie Bell. The Page Co., Boston. Illustrated. $3.50 net.

The writer takes a leisurely tour of Western Canada from Vancouver Island as far as Calgary, in Alberta. Often leaving the beaten paths of travel he gets a more inclusive view of this vast province. He sees it through the eyes of the historian, the traveller, the home-seeker, be he business man or farmer. In fact, the present, past, and future of this wondrously scenic land are all within his ken. Not the least interesting portions of the book are the part devoted to Steveston and the chapter on the Doukhobors. Besides many other excellent pictures there are eight color plates.

W. B.

Finding the Worth While in the Southwest. By Charles Francis Saunders. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.25 net.

While the lure of the fabled stores of gold and jewels in the southwestern states which led Coronado and other treasure seekers on to disappointment and death has lost its potency in this age, there is much to draw the seeker after adventure and recreation to this part of the country. The enchantment of the wonderful coloring, seemingly unearthly on account of being so different from anything seen elsewhere, the buildings of a different age, the old trails leading to these haunts of past generations, the magnificent views from the plateaus and the outlook from mountain peaks from which can be seen a good part of this southwestern district, would attract all lovers of nature. The greatest appeal of this book lies in the human interest associated with all the places mentioned, the records of Spanish explorers and missionaries and the

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legends and folklore of the primitive race of this section, whose poetic fancy, if we will follow, leads us to see so much more of the beauty and romance in all around than we do in our ordinary materialistic American course. S. K.

Tenting Tonight. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston and New York. Illustrated. $1.75 net.

An account of two trips in one summer, one in the western part of Glacier Park, especially featuring a boat trip down the Flathead River, the other from Lake Chelan to Lyman Lake, across Cloudy Pass, down Agnes Creek and over Cascade Pass into Western Washington. Certain portions of each trip had been untravelled or little travelled before and a party in search of adventure easily found it. To be sure any Mountaineer or out-of-door person is at a loss to understand why a party consisting of one woman, one man, and three boys should encumber themselves with a pack-train of thirty-one horses even after a "movie" man and a "still" photographer have been annexed and even though the object be adventure or writing a book, and no one cares to deny them the palm of being the only party that ever had (or ever will have) grapefruit regularly for breakfast on top of the Cascade Range. However, the style of the narrative is lively, the turn of expression distinctly feminine, and the book very readable. W. B.

REGULAR MONTHLY MEETINGS

December, 1917–November, 1918

December 21, 1917. Back-packing trips. Mount Rainier, Ben C. Mooers; Snoqualmie Lodge, J. T. Hazard; Unexplored portions of the Olympics, J. N. Bowman.

January 18, 1918. The 1917 trip of the British Columbia Mountaineering Club in the Mount Garibaldi region. Illustrated. Dr. H. B. Hinman.

February 15, 1918. To Mount St. Elias with the Duke of Abruzzi, Major E. S. Ingraham; The discovery and naming of Mount McKinley, W. A. Dickey.

March 15, 1918. The Alaska coast and its scenery. Illustrated. Captain D. Thomas Davies.

April 19, 1918. Meeting postponed. Members worked at cleaning sphagnum moss.

May 17, 1918. Stunt evening.

June, July, August. No meetings.

September 20, 1918. Summer experiences. In the Forest Service, Mabel McBain; At the gateway of Rainier, Miss Wilson; Ascent of Mount Rainier by Success Cleaver, Harry Myers; The first ascent of Mount Rainier in 1870 and how it was commemorated in 1918, Professor E. S. Meany.

October 18, 1918. Meeting omitted.

November 15, 1918. The Monte Cristo outing reviewed. Illustrated. Professor E. S. Meany.

GERTRUDE INEZ STREATOR, Historian.

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LOCATION OF RECORD CYLINDERS

Mr. R. H. McKee makes the following record of the location of the eighteen record cylinders purchased by the club four years ago and placed on the summits of prominent peaks:

No.	Mountain.	Year.
1	Chair Peak	1915
2	Mount Rainier	1915
3	McClellan Butte	1916
4	Pinnacle Peak	1915
5	Pyramid Peak	1915
6	Silver Tip Peak	1915
7	Granite Mountain	1915
8	Humpback Mountain	1916
9	Snoqualmie Mountain	1916
10	Kaleetan Peak	1916
11	Silver Peak	1916
12	Mount Shuksan	1916
13	Mount Baker	1916
14	Mount Del Campo	1918
15	Mount St. Helens	1917
16	Mount Adams	1917
17	Vesper Peak	1918
18	Cadet Peak	1918

REPORT OF COMMITTE ON GEOGRAPHIC NAMES

On the 1918 summer outing two names were authorized by the members of the outing:

Monte Cristo Peak—The prominent peak at the head and east of Glacier Basin, shown on the Skykomish quadrangle between the two glaciers northeast of Columbia Peak.

Columbia Glacier—Just east of Columbia Peak and debauching into Blanca Lake.

Through the courtesy of Mr. A. H. Sylvester, Supervisor of the Chelan National Forest, the committee received copies of the Mount Stuart, Chiwaukum and Stehekin quadrangles lettered with a large number of names which had been collected by Mr. Sylvester.

A few other names have been secured from the Forest Supervisor, as follows:

SKYKOMISH QUADRANGLE

Overcoat Peak—Peak one-fourth mile immediately northwest of Chimney Rock.

Chief Creek—Creek rising on eastern slope of summit of Chief Mountain and flowing easterly into Middle Fork of Clealum River.

Spade Creek—First creek flowing into the Middle Fork of Clealum above Waptus Lake.

Shovel Creek—Third creek on left bank of Middle Fork of Clealum above Waptus Lake.

Spade Lake and **Shovel Lake**—Lakes due east of Bears Breast Mountain, from which flow streams of the same names.

Iron Cap Mountain—Due north of end of word "Snoqualmie" in "Middle Fork Snoqualmie River."

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Eagle Lake—One mile northeast of Big Snow Mountain.

Myrtle Lake—One mile northwest of Big Snow Mountain.

Marmot Lake—Large lake north of two small lakes at head of East Fork of Foss River.

CEDAR LAKE QUADRANGLE

Preacher Mountain—Due west of small lake in northeast corner of quadrangle; elevation, 4,520 feet.

Findley Lake—Largest of three small lakes at head of south fork of Cedar River.

C. G. MORRISON, Chairman.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY

The secretary having been relieved of the details formerly attached to the office, his duties now consist in acting as secretary of the various meetings of the club, conducting the general correspondence of the club, acting as a sort of clearing house for club information and receiving members from other clubs. He is an ex-officio member of the Board of Trustees.

In conformity with the desire of the Board of Trustees to decrease the size of this year's annual, the secretary will confine this report to the statement that in all of the various functions of the office above indicated, the affairs of the club seem to have run serenely, despite war conditions. The enthusiasm of the membership has not weakened and the field for usefulness of the club is continually expanding.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Secretary.

SNOQUALMIE LODGE REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

The Snoqualmie Lodge has enjoyed great popularity this year, despite the ravages of war(our efficient chairman, Mr. R. J. Hagman, went into the service and perhaps in compensation for this government almost doubled the railroad fare to Rockdale). A large number of private parties, as well as several well attended scheduled trips, have taken place. Automobiling to the Denny Creek Camp and climbing to the lodge was successfully featured this summer. It is hoped that the club membership will make the lodge a center for the encouragement of winter sports in the Northwest.

EDWARD W. ALLEN, Acting Chairman.

LOCAL WALKS COMMITTEE REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

During the past year the Local Walks Committee has been under two heads, the first part of the year under Ralph Leber, and the latter part under the writer. The total attendance has been 1,443, an average of 49 for the 27 walks, a decrease from last year, as was to be expected. The attendance of 1,443 was divided up between 716 women members, 428 men members, 195 women guests and 79 men guests. The average cost of the walks has been 52 cents and the average length 8.1 miles. The most extensive outing of the year was on Hood Canal. The upper Hamma Hamma River and Elk Lake were the objectives and the party had a fine trip of two and a half days at a cost of $5. Financially, the Committee has been very successful, $50 being turned over to the general fund at the end of the year.

FAIRMAN B. LEE, Chairman.

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REPORT OF TACOMA MOUNTAINEERS FOR YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

Membership:

Men, 41; women, 46; total	87
New members during the year	17
Removals and withdrawals	19

Out-of-Doors Activities:

	Number	Attendance	Miles
Local Walks from October 1, 1917, to September 30, 1918	20	508	207
Special Bird Walk	1		
Week-end Outings	3		
Special Winter Outing	1	163	83
Rhododendron Outing	1		
Labor Day Outing	1		
Totals	27	671	290

MARY H. MUDGETT, Secretary-Treasurer.

FINANCIAL REPORTS OF COMMITTEES

Outing

	Receipts	Disbursements
Total receipts	$1,553.52	
Passenger transportation		$ 299.74
Freight and baggage		15.33
Pack train		152.12
Commissary		343.58
Cooks		200.00
Scouting		8.74
Outfit		36.40
Refunds		27.50
Miscellaneous		69.40
Profit, paid into general treasury		400.71
	$1,553.52	$1,553.52

Local Walks

	Receipts	Disbursements
Balance on hand, October 31, 1917	$ 62.62	
Receipts for year ending October 31, 1918	515.25	
Transportation, boat charters		$284.30
Committee, including scouting		32.90
Commissary		88.79
Miscellaneous; outfit, postage, reunions, etc.		28.35
Refunds on trips		15.15
Cook for outing		15.00
Balance on hand October 31, 1918		113.38
	$577.87	$577.87

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Kitsap Cabin

Construction Account	Receipts	Disbursements
Appropriation from general treasury	$ 600.00	
Transferred from Cabin Committee funds	187.45	
Loan	2.27	
Tools and equipment		$ 17.62
Labor		52.00
Building material, hardware, etc., including hauling of same		710.41
Freight and handling on kitchen range		7.42
Refund		2.27
	$ 789.72	$ 789.72

Committee Account		
Balance on hand October 31, 1917	$ 56.95	
Fees and party charges, etc.	449.30	
Transferred to construction account		$ 187.45
Commissary, hauling, etc.		302.46
Equipment		16.34
	$ 506.25	$ 506.25

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER 31, 1918

	Receipts	Disbursements
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1917	$ 625.28	
Dues	1,637.00	
Snoqualmie Lodge Maintenance and Operation	21.49	
Sale of Bonds	600.00	
Kitsap Cabin Permanent Construction		$ 600.00
Kitsap Cabin Maintenance and Operation		57.09
Advertising in Publications	194.50	
Annual Magazine Sales	37.55	
Interest on Bonds	81.17	
Pins and Fobs	7.50	
Annual Magazine Cost		683.52
Bulletin and Prospectus		415.81
Pictures, Slides and Albums		31.56
Printing, Stationery and Postage		216.48
Salary Financial Secretary		90.00
Refund to Everett		48.00
Refund to Tacoma		71.00
Rooms		79.77
Permanent Fund		172.86
Reserve for Permanent Fund	174.86	
Miscellaneous		297.81
Outing Committee 1917	12.00	
Outing Committee 1918	400.71	
Snoqualmie Lodge Special Wood Fund		13.39
Snoqualmie Special Trail Fund		79.29
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund	100.00	
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1918		1,035.48
	$3,892.06	$3,892.06

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Assets

Cash on Hand	$1,035.48
Investments (General Fund)	500.00
Permanent Fund (Bonds and Savings Deposits)	1,769.05
Snoqualmie Lodge	2,900.00
Kitsap Cabin	1,123.55
Club Rooms	299.27
	$7,627.35

Liabilities

Surplus	$5,574.24
Surplus—Outings	165.06
Snoqualmie Special Ski and Toboggan Fund	100.00
Reserve for Permanent Fund	1,788.05
	$7,627.35

Permanent Fund

Municipal Bonds	$ 600.00
Liberty Bonds	860.00
Deposits in Bank for Savings:	
Interest on Deposits	20.51
Interest on Bonds	57.35
Initiation Fees for Year	95.00
General	136.19
	$1,769.05

FRANK G. PUGSLEY, Treasurer.

MOUNT RAINIER
A WINTER VIEW

T. D. Everts

The Mountaineers announce the annual summer outing of 1919 in the parks of Mount Rainier.

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THE MOUNTAINEERS

OFFICERS AND TRUSTEES

Edmond S. Meany, president — Edward W. Allen, secretary
Redick H. McKee, vice-president — Frank G. Pugsley, treasurer
Gertrude Inez Streator, historian

Winona Bailey — C. G. Morrison
Clayton Crawford — H. L. Oldfield
Leslie F. Curtis — R. S. Wainwright
Ben C. Mooers — J. Harry Weer
George E. Wright

CHAIRMEN OF STANDING COMMITTEES

Outing, J. H. Weer — Snoqualmie Lodge (to be appointed)
Legislative, W. H. Gorham — Kitsap Cabin, Chas. H. Buckley
Local Walks, Fairman B. Lee — Entertainment, Nancy E. Jones
Membership, Mary E. Shelton

EVERETT BRANCH

George H. Thompson, chairman — A. G. Madden, treasurer
Mabel E. McBain, secretary — H. L. Oldfield, trustee
Louis Lesh, chairman Local Walks Committee

TACOMA BRANCH

J. H. Weer, president — Mary H. Mudgett, secretary-treasurer
Wm. P. Trowbridge, vice-president — R. S. Wainwright, trustee
W. W. Kilmer, chairman Local Walks Committee

MEMBERSHIP OF THE MOUNTAINEERS, NOVEMBER 1, 1918

	Men.	Women.	Total.
Seattle	194	183	377
Tacoma	38	41	79
Everett	24	25	49
Total	256	249	505

MRS. J. N. BOWMAN, Financial Secretary.

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MEMBERS

December 19, 1917

(Place is Seattle unless otherwise stated)

Abel, H. V., 2006 Boyer St.
Acheson, T. J., 1617 Broadway N.
Akers, Mrs. Mabel, 402 Sycamore Ave., Modesto, Cal.
Albertson, A. H., 727 Henry Bldg.
Albertson, Charles, care Aberdeen Shipbuilding Co., Aberdeen, Wn.
*Alden, Capt. Charles H., Asst. Depot Q. M., U. S. A., Boston, Mass.
Allen, Edward W., 402 Burke Bldg.
Alvey, Eva L., 1806 E. 73d St.
Amies, Irene R., 804 Virginia St.
Anderson, Crawford, 1520 7th Ave. W.
Anderson, Jennie L., 1902 Victoria Ave.
Anderson, Signe, 135 E. 63d St.
Anderson, Wm. H., 4464 Fremont Ave.
Andrews, C. L., 1802 E. 73d St.
*Auzias de Turenne, Sgt. Ed. A., 1205 E. Prospect St.
Auzias de Turenne, R., 1205 E. Prospect.

Bailey, Winona, 1426 Warren Ave.
*Baker, J. Albert, 34th Training Battery F. A., C. O. T. S., Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky.
Baker, Mary Neikirk, 106 Morningside Drive, Janus Court, Apt. 34, New York City.
Barnes, C. A., care King Bros.
Barry, Cornelius, 4759 Brooklyn Ave.
*Bartle, Virginia, care Commissioner for France, American Red Cross, Paris, France.
Beaton, Jessie, 212 15th Ave. N.
Beechler, Glenn C., 211 New York Block.
Belt, H. C., 4733 19th Ave. N. E.
Bennett, Edith Page, 2343 33d Ave. S.
Bennett, H. B., 5249 University Blvd.
*Best, Walter C., Q. M. Corps, Fort Lawton, Wn.
Beuschlein, Hortense, Otis Hotel, 804 Summit Ave.
*Bigelow, Alida, Poste Restante, Tulle (Corrize), France.
Bishop, Lottie G., 174 Grand Ave., New Haven, Conn.
Bissell, Morton L., care Safety Ladder Mfg. Co., 6258 Duwamish Ave.
Bixby, C. M., 1404 24th Ave.
Blackwood, Henry, care U. S. Customs.
Blake, J. Fred, 415 Pike St.
Bliss, Margaret, 4557 Brooklyn Ave.
Blough, Allie, 4713 14th Ave. N. E.
*Bohn, Herman, care Base Hospital, Camp City, Deming, New Mex.
Boothroyd S. L., 1402 E. 75th St.
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Bowman, Mrs. J. N., 2103 E. 52d St.
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Bremerman, Corp. Glenn, 5834 Woodlawn Ave.
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*Brown, Vaughn, R. 2, care C. P. Brown, Everson, Wn.
Bryant, Mrs. Grace T., 713 E. Olive St.
Buckley, Charles H., 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Buckley, Harry, 6226 27th Ave. N. E.
Burns, Lilian W., 1620 13th Ave.
*Burr, Wallace H., Co. F, 318th Engineers, American E. F.

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Carkeek, Vivian M., 1164 Empire Bldg.
Chambers, Eva, 900 Leary Bldg.
Chapman, Effie L., Public Library.
Christopher, Mrs. C. A., 3527 Woodlawn Ave.
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*Clark, I. M., Credit Lyonnaise ,Pau, Basses Pyrennes, France.
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*Coleman, Linda, Base Hospital Unit No. 50, American E. F.
Collins, W. G., 510 32d Ave. S.
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Cox, Edward G., 4325 15th Ave. N. E.
Craven, Inez H., 4719 15th Ave. N. E.
Crawford, Clayton, 645 New York Block.
*Croson, Carl E., 900 Leary Bldg.
Cruse, A. H., Assembly Hotel.
Culmer, Myrtle A., 4518 University Blvd.
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Curtis, Leslie F., University of Washington.
*Cutter, Mary H., American Red Cross Commission, Paris, France; 1106 E. Denny Way.

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Davidson, C. F., 509 American Bank Bldg.
Davis, Fidelia G., City Engineer's Office.
Davis, Irland, 403 White Bldg.
*Depue, Charles F., U. S. Army Hospital Train No. 50, S. O. S., American E. F.
*Depue, Earl B., 6th Co. U. S. S. A. P., Rochester, N. Y.
Derry, Faye G., 107 W. 50th St.
*Dickerson, Elizabeth, American Y. W. C. A., Archangel, Russia.
*Downs, Lieut. M. Ross, Battery F, 69th F. A., West Point, Kentucky.
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Edwards, Ernest Wm., 8605 55th Ave. S.
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*Everts, T. D., Co. D, 316 Ammunition Train, American P. O. 723, Amer. E. F., France.

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Granger, Mildred, 306 Electric Bldg.
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Gregg, Marjorie V., 557 Stuart Bldg.
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Hayden, Carrie A., 5612 42nd Ave. S. W.
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*Howard, Henry Jr., care Title Trust Co.
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Humes, G. W., Port Angeles, Wn.
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Oakley, June, 1722 W. 59th St.
Oakley, Mary, 1722 W. 59th St.
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Otis, B. J., care P. S. T. L. & P. Co., 7th and Olive Sts.

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Thornburg, Mildred, 1802 E. 72nd St.
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Tremper, Henry, 816 2nd Ave.
Triol, Mrs. Edw. K., 1708 E. 62nd St.
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*Turrell, Lieut Herbert N., Jr., 903 2nd Ave.
*Tusler, Henry S., care American Express Co., Paris, France.

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Voll, Mrs. Otto, Manette, Wn.

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Weer, Mrs. Natalee, 3826 Ashworth Ave.
Whithed, Houghton, 309 Cherry St.
*Whiting, Edward P., 1115 8th Ave. W.
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Wright, Mrs. George E., 1227 38th Ave. N.
Wynn, Inez, 4715 17th Ave. N. E.

TACOMA BRANCH

(Place is Tacoma unless otherwise stated)

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Bennett, Alice, 1517 South J St.
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Crisswell, Clare, 1304½ 6th Ave.

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*Drips, Lieut. Arthur, 817 S. L St.

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*Engle, Chauncey, 5218 S. Union Ave.
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Flett, J. B., Longmire, Ashford, Wn.
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Sails, Fred D., care Fidelity Trust Co.
Sails, J. C., care Vermont Marble Co.
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Scholes, Stella, 411 N. M St.
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*Whitacre, Major H. J., M. C. Evacuation Hospital No. 23, U. S. A. P. O. 909, Am. E. F.
Whitacre, Mrs. H. J., Stellacoom, Wn.
White, Elmina, 307 N. L St.

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*Anglin, Sgt. Maj. E. A., Headquarters, 4th Engr. Tr. Regt., Camp A. A. Humphreys, Virginia.

Bailey, Bernice E., Ridgeway Apts.
Bascom, E. T., Monroe, Wn.
Bennett, Charles A., 1 Denny Place
Blem, Bertha A., 1614 Broadway.
*Bordsen, Ed., U. S. S. South Dakota, care Postmaster, New York City.
Bratney, Nella M., 3909 Hoyt Ave.

Cady, Vernon E., care Post Office.
Clarke, Whit H., Monroe, Wn.
*Church, Sapper Geo. A., No. 2691332, Engineers Training Depot, St. Johns, Quebec.

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Crayton, Catherine, 3109 Colby Ave.
Crogstad, Alvina, 2711 Hoyt Ave.
*Cuthbertson, W. L., Co. D, S. A. T. C., Washington State College, Pullman, Wn.

Delwert, Myron M., 2132 Rockefeller Ave.
Delwert, Stella, 2132 Rockefeller Ave.

Earlywine, Ross W., 2315 Oak St.
*Erikson, Corp. Walter, Battery F, 65th Artillery, American E. F., France.

Gould, J. M., Gold Bar, Wn.

*Hinman, H. B., 1612½ Hewitt Ave.
Hinman, Mrs. H. B., 2605 Baker Ave.

*Imrie, Capt. Norman, Y. M. C. A. Hdg., Canadian Corps, B. E. F., France.

Johnson, Elsie E., 2227 Wetmore Ave.
*Lee, Anna Belle, Base Hospital Unit 50, A. E. F., France
Lesh, Louis, 1605 Hewitt Ave.
Madden, A. J., 3101 Nassau Ave.
McBain, Mabel E., 2532 Lombard Ave.
Mills, Jane, 3909 Hoyt Ave.
Moody, Robert, 2609 Hoyt Ave.
Moore, Hattie F., 2521 Rucker Ave.
Moore, Mae E., Merritt, Wn.

Nevius, Calla E., 3112 Rockefeller Ave.
Nimrick, Edith, 2403 Lombard Ave.

Oldfield, H. L., 1221 Colby Ave.

Petersen, Ernest, 3526 Broadway.
*Peterson, Russel, C. O. T. S., Camp Pike, Ark.
Pickett, Lee, Index, Wn.

Sawyer, Edna C., 2412 Rucker Ave.
Sexton, Mary Ellen, 2713 Pine St.

Thompson Nan, 2607 Everett Ave.
Thompson, Geo. D., 2429 Baker Ave.

*Varley, J. A., 3414 Oakes Ave.
Vikdal, Peter G., 1612½ Hewitt Ave.

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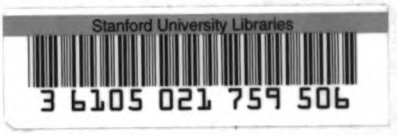

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